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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain,
Associate Editors

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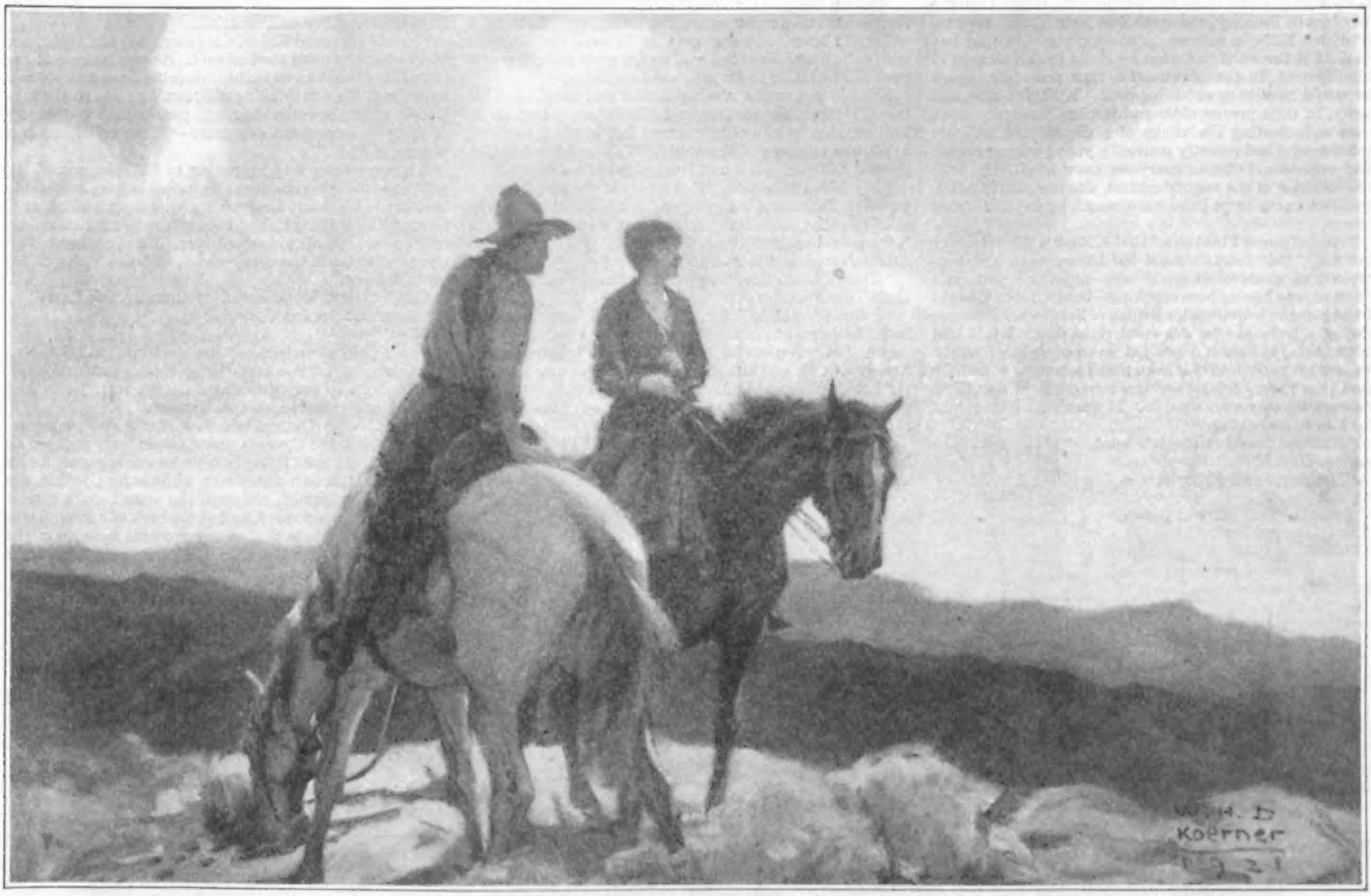
SWEET SYLLABLES



The Violet Circles Beneath Her Eyes Were Gone, and Her Eyes Were Clear as the Skies They Lived Beneath

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

AT THE age of thirty-eight Kilfoyle, returning from his ranch in Wyoming to New York in the flush of sunburned health and with pockets stuffed with the proceeds of advantageous cattle selling in Omaha, committed the greatest folly of a life that had by no means been dedicated to consistent common sense. He married Cynthia Collins—her real name was Ellen—who up to the moment had been occupying the honorable but inconspicuous position of a dancer in the cast of Don't Hate Your Wife.

Cynthia was not without intelligence, as you may already have gathered from her choice of a first name. A certain small clear farsightedness distinguished her. She realized, for instance, that the demure Cynthia presented a stimulating dramatic contrast to her own petite blond violet-eyed personality—with barely a second thought she had dismissed such obvious pitfalls as Lorraine or Elise or Bettina—and within limits she realized other things as well: That light blue became her vastly; that it was wise to save up a little money from time to time—she had three bonds in bank when Kilfoyle met her—and that although in order to enjoy the fullness of youth it was necessary to be very kind and amusing to the numerous sleek-haired young men who drifted in and out of her life, it was still more necessary to be amusing and nothing else. She was vaguely aware that there was such a thing as the future, and not unaware that second-rate dancing is an adventitious job, depending upon circumstances over which one has little control. In her more thoughtful moments she dreamed of rich, dark, stately men in fur overcoats, one of whom might some day carry her off, a cautiously blushing bride, to Riverside Drive or its environs. For many reasons, therefore, she was always spoken of by minor managers, in their apoplectic voices, as a good little girl.

Kilfoyle was dark and rich and stately, and he had bought a fur coat the day before, the second day after his arrival in New York. Obviously also, he was a man of taste and education. Rather a fascinating combination when you come to think of it, with his five feet eleven of lean sinew and his deep eyes and his background of books and big-game hunting and exploration, with here and there a city thrown in, and now cattle raising; all this with a dash of the charming but uncertain quickness of a man of Celtic descent. Besides, on the afternoon of the night on which he met Cynthia she had had a painful and disillusioning experience with one of the sleek-haired young men who had been more than particularly attentive to her during the past six months.

They had had tea together—the sleek-haired young man and Cynthia—in the tiny apartment Cynthia shared with a friend. At five o'clock, the city below them blossoming into its diurnal rows of fantastic crocuses and daffodils and tiger lilies, the yellow light shining up through the blue February dusk, the sleek-haired young man had tried to kiss Cynthia. She had permitted him to—of course. Kissing to the modern young woman is about where hand-holding was twenty years ago. Anything may become a convention if taken properly. But the sleek-haired young man had gone farther. He had captured Cynthia's waist, and standing there at the window looking down he had proposed a method of life, pleasant no doubt to him, and pleasant possibly to her,

until in a year or so, growing tired, his arm about the waist of another girl, he would be looking down once more upon the roofs of New York.

Cynthia's heart had stopped beating. She felt weary all of a sudden, and her mouth was dry. This was about the twentieth sleek-haired young man who had blithely laid before her the charms of a larger apartment, and not one—not a single one—had even thought her worth the bother of a pseudo-matrimonial lie. In her own words, she was fed up. She gently put away the arm.

"You go to hell!" she said without much enthusiasm.

Now it so happened that at this identical moment Kilfoyle, having tea with what remained of his family, an aunt and a married sister, in the latter's white-paneled drawing-room on an uptown side street, was also experiencing the aridity of life. He was moodily sipping his orange pekoe and hoping that his brother-in-law, whom he had learned to rehate after an interval of four years, would not be home in time from his office to add his inevitable final straw to the back of an already breaking conversation. Kilfoyle's brother-in-law was a large, rich, hay-colored man who patronized affably all the arts, including cattle raising, exploring, and the reading of books. Quite unfairly Kilfoyle had come to consider him, rather than the Woolworth Building, the symbol of New York. He contradicted Kilfoyle with an infuriating placidity that had back of it the weight of what he chose to call all men of intelligence. In the conversation then proceeding apace he would have been at his happiest. Kilfoyle's aunt and sister, in their precise elder and insolent younger voices, were adjudicating the affairs of a distant but intimate relative who had recently married a young woman no one had ever seen, but who everyone knew intuitively, with the intuition of the eagerly critical, was completely hands and feet and a large passionate mouth saying the wrong things.

"And of course I told him," said Kilfoyle's sister, stirring her tea, "that I didn't mind her having been a stenographer, or whatever it is she was—nowadays you can't mind anyone having been anything—but that if he thought I was going to help train his Beulah or Selah—she has some sort of silly name—he was vastly mistaken. I told him not to bring her around until, in seven or eight years, she knew what to do, and that even then I wouldn't be awfully glad to see her. I don't see why men can't arrange these matters the way they used to. It wasn't a bit necessary for him to marry her."

"Exactly!" said Kilfoyle's aunt. "What were you saying, Dana?"

"Nothing," said Kilfoyle.

He opened his mouth, shut it, and got to his feet and sauntered to the window, his hands, thrust deep in his trousers pockets, jingling the keys and change they found there.

"I'm glad," said his aunt. "You do say such strange things."

Kilfoyle stared into the street. What was the sense of talking to such people? They wouldn't understand you if you did. What possible outlook was there for a world so utterly lacking in kindness and common sense? It wasn't that he himself particularly approved of such marriages. Pragmatically they were a mistake. As a rule they didn't work. But once made, why not give everyone a chance? Why not always give everyone a chance? He had never found that he had lost anything by meeting people frankly, with a mind devoid of prepossessions, with an eagerness to help and a reluctance, if condemnation was necessary, to condemn. He felt very sorry for people. The slim figure of a girl crossing at the corner, the wind blowing her neat but shabby skirt about her, increased his sorrow. What chance had she? What chance had the majority? And yet almost everybody was willing to learn; almost everybody wanted to be finer.

Which shows you that despite much experience he—Kilfoyle—was still a romanticist. For almost everybody isn't willing to learn, and any number haven't the slightest wish to be finer. As a matter of fact, a great many haven't even the ambition to want to want anything.

Kilfoyle put on his evening clothes and sought out his friend Dutton. Dutton was a brilliant young lawyer, so brilliant that he had not a moment left in which to think about the opinions of the world. This reckless lucidity pleased Kilfoyle. He found Dutton in his rooms.

"My friend," he said, "if it were not for prohibition I would go downtown with you and drink a couple of cocktails decently; but since things are as they are, let's mix four apiece here and drown the memory of a sorry world. Afterwards we'll dine and go to a play."

"There's a new one," suggested Dutton, "called Don't Hate Your Wife."

"I don't," said Kilfoyle gloomily. "I haven't one to hate. And as far as I can see there isn't any modern young woman I can even like well enough to begin to hate. I want to meet a gentle girl who isn't crazy about her own legs."

"I see," observed Dutton, "that I'll have to introduce you to dancers and people like that. They're too busy to think of them."

Subservient to the rule of romance, Kilfoyle should have gone to Don't Hate Your Wife and have been immediately struck by the beauty and grace of the small violet-eyed girl who danced at the left of the stage in the final chorus of the first act, and who figured prominently as a pansy in the scene where everyone came out and tried to resemble flowers with which they were only vaguely familiar. But he wasn't. He was struck with nothing except the unexplained dullness of the average musical comedy.

"I don't see why they work so hard," he complained to Dutton. "Think how much easier it would be just to be funny!" And it was not until afterwards, at Murray's, that he noticed Cynthia at all.

She was seated at a table with another girl and two men when Dutton and Kilfoyle came in, and she nodded to Dutton, and then in a little while came over and sat beside him.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked. "I'm too restless to go home, and I'm too bored to sit any longer with those mutts over there."

"Those who?" asked Kilfoyle politely, awakening out of a dream in which he had been pondering upon the tender lines of Cynthia's red lips.

"Mutts," replied Cynthia. She talked somewhat out of the corner of her mouth and with a darting inelegance that showed she was metropolitan bred.

"Willy Boy Number One," she hastened on to explain, "is tight, and Willy Boy Number Two is makin' love to Zelda—sloppy as an old mop! Gee, they make me sick!" She raised a delicate hand to the straw which protruded from the ice of her cooling drink.

"I see!" observed Kilfoyle, although he hadn't seen, nor had he heard a word she had said. He was looking at her hand. He did not know that hands could be so delicate and appealing. He was thinking of Browning's line on the subject—you see, he really did read; people don't do this sort of thing to any extent any more—"Your soft hand is a woman of itself."

A strange thing was happening to Kilfoyle; something unlike anything that had ever happened before; something that made his heart beat with a choking rapidity, as if fingers, long holding it, had been relaxed—a mutation old as the world but always astonishing. His eyes traveled up Cynthia's arms to her eyes—violet, with dim violet circles beneath them.

"Oh," he said breathlessly, "you mustn't do that!"

"Do what?" asked Cynthia.

"Cry!"

Cynthia sighed and stared, then she turned to Dutton.

"He's nuttier," she said, "than most. But outside of that he isn't so very different from the rest." She had suffered, one gathered, disappointment.

After a while Dutton left them for a few moments. When he returned Cynthia and Kilfoyle were engaged to be married. At least Kilfoyle knew he was engaged, for he never went back on a statement; while as for Cynthia, she thought she might be, although she wasn't quite sure it was just what she wanted, and at the back of her mind was a lurking disquietude that at any moment Kilfoyle might be apprehended by the officers of the institution from which he had escaped.

"This is February," Kilfoyle had said calmly. "In a week I sail for England. I'll be back the beginning of May. Will you be ready then?"

Cynthia had been both amused and contemptuous.

"Say," she had asked, "do you think I'm goin' to fall for that kinda stuff? Back from England!"

"It's immaterial," Kilfoyle had observed, "whether you fall or not; it's going to happen."

He Walked Over to Cynthia and Her Companion. "When You Get Through, Cynthia," He Said, "I'd Like to See You in the Ranch House"

Kilfoyle enjoyed his wedding immensely. His brother-in-law's expression indicated so clearly that this was exactly what might have been expected from a grown-up man who ran cattle ranches and explored and read books, and his sister and aunt dwelt with such ingenuous enthusiasm upon the joys of Wyoming life—which they had never experienced—and the pleasure it would be to take a bride out there.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Kilfoyle wickedly. "I may rent a house in New York."

And he had been so hurried and amused and unused to everything he was doing that he was hardly aware he was

(Continued on Page 106)

IDLE HANDS

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

ON THE stroke of eight, as was his custom, Jim Alden opened his eyes and sat up in bed. With a brisk movement of his arm he threw back the covers. His mind was racing smoothly, efficiently, ready to tackle any problem no matter how hard or intricate. As his feet touched the rich rug beside his bed he suddenly remembered. A sense of bafflement, of despair, swept over him. His head sank forward on his breast.

Every morning was like this. Every morning he sat up in bed, craving an exciting active day as of old, only to recall a moment later that he was sixty and out of it, that he had retired, that he was dying by inches in a beautiful house in Southern California.

He walked slowly to his window and looked out. Pasadena is a city of leisure. There was no one in sight. He sighed and turned to his bath. The empty day that loomed ahead appalled him. It would be like all the other days through which he had wandered like a lost soul ever since he came out here three months before. Nothing to do, no place to go, no one to talk to. Torture, finished off by a dull dinner and then more torture—a long quiet evening while he waited for bedtime. Bed, sleep, leading to another day, exactly the same.

"Better dead!" he muttered.

In the bath his despair turned to bitter anger at the doctors who had condemned him to this. Why had he allowed himself to be frightened by their silly twaddle about high blood pressure, neuralgic heart, hardening arteries? Why had he listened to his wife and daughters when they urged him to sell his automobile interests in the East, to desert the famous Alden engine, the engine he had designed, the engine that was his baby? What would have happened if he had been firm, stuck to business? Death, perhaps—death in the harness. Well, that was where most men died; that was the place to die, the happy place.

To some men, he reflected as he dressed, this life of idleness might appeal. Arthur, Edie's husband, showed no inclination to work. But Arthur was a lazy young pup who had been born into the leisure class. And Carter Andrews, the bright young butterfly who was hovering about Angie, had apparently no other interests than polo and golf. All right, all right, Jim Alden thought, heartily disliking them both. It was not surprising they were fond of that sort of thing. They had never known anything else. That was where they had started.

But his own start had been so different. He thought back over his forty years in the harness. Twelve years a mechanic in the Pontiac shops, with soiled hands and vast ambitions. Then the birth of the Alden engine, the modest beginnings of the Alden car. The gradual increase in business—life working up to a big climax like a well-written play. Finally the office, electric with the thrills of trading, big decisions to be made amid the clicking of a hundred typewriters, the stream of telegrams and cables, big stacks of mail. And then to be suddenly pushed off into nothingness, to have all these things disappear as though they had never been. It was, he thought bitterly, too late. In forty years he had gone too far to stop.

He went gloomily down the stairs, grumbling a good morning to his Japanese butler in the hall. In the drawing-room beyond he heard Angie singing a foolish little song. His face brightened as he went in to her. She came toward him, fresh and beautiful as the California morning, the best beloved of all his possessions.

"How are you feeling, dad?" she asked as she kissed him.

"Me? Oh, I'm all right." The question annoyed him even when it was Angie who asked it. "Do I look like an invalid to you?"

"If You Breathe a Word of This You're No Child of Mine"

She glanced at him, then quickly turned away. He did look like an invalid, whether he knew it or not. The change that was to do so much for him had proved a ghastly failure. His hands were old and veined, his face pale, great dark pouches were under his eyes. Angie sighed unhappily.

"What you got there?" He pointed to a slip of paper in her hand.

"It's a cable from Carter Andrews. He's living up to his promise—a cable a day."

"Huh! He must be crazy about you."

"He claims to be," she smiled.

"Funny thing to me he'd leave you to go round the world."

"Oh, but he went on business! Business connected with his estate."

"Everyone knows why he went," Alden said. "His private stock gave out and he went abroad for a drink. He's drinking his way around the globe."

"Now, dad, that's not kind."

"It's the truth. I suppose he wants to marry you."

"He does, but don't worry. I'm not getting married just yet. Of course, Carter is amusing."

"So's a monkey, but you wouldn't marry one, would you?"

"Cross old dad! Come on in to breakfast."

They went into the breakfast room. Mrs. Alden, Edie and Arthur were already at the table. Dutifully Jim Alden went round and kissed his wife, a stern unbending woman of fifty. On his way to his seat he pecked fearfully at Edie's calcimined cheek. Arthur greeted him warmly, said how well he was looking. All the world looked well to Arthur. Jim Alden picked up his newspaper.

"Put that down, Jim," ordered his wife. "You've got all day to read it."

"So I have," he said humbly, obeying. "I forgot."

"What's your program for the day?" she asked.

"Me? Oh, I'll just run into Los Angeles to my office."

"Your office!" she said. "You came out here to get away from offices. Yet the first thing you do is go and rent one. What you need of it I can't see."

"Oh, we old fellows who've retired like to keep an office," he smiled. "It gives us an objective in the mornings—a place to answer our mail."

"Your mail!" Her tone was scornful. "All the mail you get you could answer here in the library in twenty minutes." He winced. This was true. "If you'd only go out and play golf," she complained.

"That's the ticket, dad!" cried Arthur with forced enthusiasm. "Edie and I are going to the club. Come along."

"No, no, thanks. Not to-day. Some other time."

"Glad to have you," lied Arthur, concealing his relief. He and Edie were skillful players, and were looking forward to a sporty foursome at ten dollars a hole.

"You ought to go," Mary Alden said. "Doctor Tillson told me——"

"Yes, yes," agreed Alden. "I'll get worked round to it. I'm not opposed to golf. It's all right—as a recreation after a hard day's work. But to make it the chief business of life, as some people do——"

"Edie," said Arthur, "he's looking at me!"

"Dad, you let Arthur alone," ordered Edie.

"Jim, you worry me," said his wife sharply. "You're not happy out here."

"Me? Of course I am!"

"You ought to be happy." She glared at him. "Be happy or I'll brain you," was her tone. "But you're not. The change isn't doing you a bit of good, and it's all your fault."

"Yes, I suppose it is," he admitted.

"You won't relax—won't let yourself go. I should think you might make the effort, if not for your own sake, why then for mine and that of the children."

"Speaking as one of the little darlings," put in Angie, "I say give the poor soul a chance. You've knocked all the props out from under him, and just now he's floating about in space. He'll settle down in time—become a nice old duffer kicking a ball round the links all day like the rest."

"Angie's said it!" cried Jim Alden gratefully. "I'll adjust myself in the end. Just now I don't quite know where I am."

"Well, you'd better find out," his wife told him. "I'm sure that in the past, when I've had to adapt myself to new conditions, I've always——"

She went on to tell what she had always done. Nobody listened—still, it passed the time.

After breakfast Jim Alden went out on the veranda. Edie and Arthur, brilliant figures in golf togs, followed. The latter had telephoned the chauffeur's room at the garage. A smart little runabout was waiting in the drive. Alden took out a cigar and defiantly lighted it.

"Better not let mother see you with that," admonished Edie. The policewoman to whom she referred appeared, evidently ready for a busy day.

"What's this, Jim?" she cried. "Smoking again!"

"The first to-day, Mary."

"But Doctor Tillson said——"

"He said to go slow on 'em, and I am, my dear—trust me."

"Not out of my sight, where smoking is concerned." She turned to her eldest daughter. "You and Arthur can drop me at the Book Club. There's a big luncheon and I'm on the committee. Now, Jim, do take things easy to-day—relax."

"Me? I'll relax all over the place."

He stood staring after the little car as it glided away down the sunny street. Angie came downstairs, a light and pretty wrap about her shoulders.

"Dad, I'll ride into town with you—if you don't mind. Got some shopping to do—and lunch with a girl from home."

"Delighted," he said, and went for his hat and coat. When he returned his limousine, with a stolid Jap at the wheel, was waiting. He helped Angie into it. "Let's go, Haku," he said.

They rolled along through the bright morning in the direction of Los Angeles. Angie put her hand on one of his, which lay idly in his lap.

"Dad, mother was right—you're not happy."

"Oh, now, Angie, I'm all right. Only something has happened—something I don't like. I mean—I'm an old man."

"Nonsense! Sixty isn't old."

"It didn't use to be, but nowadays it seems to be the finish. And it came on me—so sudden. In the past when something I didn't want was about to happen—I prevented it. But this time there was nothing I could do." She squeezed his hand. "I suppose all us old fellows feel like this—rebellious. We want to turn back the clock. You know, I'd give every penny I have if I could go back—back to the start—with the fun all ahead of me."

"And where would I be?" asked Angie.

"You? You'd be lying in your cradle in the old house down on Third Street—a lovely fluffy baby. That was a mighty happy year—that year you came—twenty-four years ago. I was just getting started. We were poor as the devil. I had a terrible time paying the doctor who brought you into the world, but it was the best investment I ever made."

Tears came into Angie's blue eyes. She looked away at a misty string of billboards, part of the famous scenery.

"Dad, it's just as mother said. You must brace up. If you'll only be contented you can live forever out in this country. Promise to try—for my sake."

"I promise, Angie," he said.

"If you could find something to take up your time," she went on, thinking aloud. "Something to turn your mind to ——"

Angie lapsed into silence. When the car came to a stop before the tall building where he maintained his absurd office she bent over and kissed him. He looked so forlorn and lonesome.

"Be here at five, as usual, Haku," said Alden as he left the car.

"At five!" Angie cried. "What in the world ——" She stopped. What in the world would he do with himself until five? But after all it was his problem. "Good-by, old dear," she called, smiling brightly.

Three minutes later he pushed open the door of his little office on the tenth floor. The room was hot and stuffy. He hastened to open a window, letting in the widely advertised fresh air. Coming back, he saw a single envelope lying on the carpet. He picked it up, opened it:

JAMES M. ALDEN.

Dear Sir: We beg to acknowledge the receipt of ten cents in stamps, in return for which we are sending you under separate cover, as per your request, a catalogue of the electrical appliances manufactured by our firm ——

"Under separate cover?"

He looked about. The catalogue had not arrived. He was disappointed. It had occurred to him that by studying it he might hit on some idea that would occupy his time. Rotten mail service!

He sat down before his flat-topped desk, clear save for an empty mail basket, a blotter and inkwell. With a key from his chain he unlocked the drawers, opening the top pair a few inches. Next he spread out his newspaper and began the morning's careful perusal. After the news columns, stock market and editorials—his daily routine—he turned to the obituary column.

"Died at his home here, Edward Mackay, former president of the Mackay Supply Company, retired from active business a year ago.

"Died at his home, Peter Faxton, retired.

"Henry Downs, gave up active business six months ago ——"

First they retired—then the obituary column. What a short step it was for most of them!

He tried to cheer up on the sporting page. Presently the moment arrived when there was nothing more to be found in the paper. He put it down regretfully and looked at his watch. Ten o'clock. Seven hours before the arrival of Haku and the car.

Seven hours! The movies—yes, but not until afternoon. He hated the movies, but went regularly. He knew he would go to-day. He took up the paper again, and after a careful study of the advertisements selected his afternoon's picture. But how about the morning? He might go for a long walk. Tillson had urged walking. Or he might sit in the park with other idlers. Or there was the public library, on the sixth floor of an office building, because Los Angeles, home of million-dollar picture theaters, had no better place to house it. There he could sit and read among his fellow derelicts, some of them smelly and unbathed.

The Younger Partner Wore Evening Clothes, and His Face Was as White as His Hard-Boiled Front

He stood at the window in that quiet little room. Outside sounded the roar and bustle of the world that had thrust him aside. Far down below, in the crowded street, men hurried about their business—their business!

Jim Alden went back to his desk, sat down limply and stared at the blotter Angie had helped him select. It was pink—a cheerful color, Angie had said. The door opened and a brisk young man stepped inside. He stood staring about him for a moment as though trying to decide just where he was.

"Ah—er—good morning," he said. "To whom am I speaking?"

"Alden's the name. Jim Alden."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Alden. Your name's not on the door, and I didn't notice it on the directory downstairs."

"No, my business doesn't require it. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Alden, I want to ask a favor. I want you to pause in the midst of life's busy whirl—to pause a moment and think."

"Of what?"

"Of the future."

"Ah, yes," smiled Jim Alden. "As a matter of fact, my boy, I was doing just that when you opened the door."

"You were? Fine for me! Then you must realize how uncertain the future is. In case anything happened to you, what would become of your family?"

"I've got you, son. You're selling insurance."

"I am. Life and accident. I don't imagine the company would care to write you a life policy at your age, but what about accident? Los Angeles is a mighty accidental city. Out of every thousand people walking these streets to-day five will be killed by automobiles before the year ends."

"Yes, but I'm careful. I lead a quiet life."

"That's just what Mr. Jamieson used to say. Poor Mr. Jamieson!

"He used to have an office in this very building—on this floor, I think it was. He used to sit leaning back in his chair, just as you're sitting now, when I called on him and tell me nothing was likely to happen to him. Do you know what happened?"

"No. What?"

"Well, one day his chair slipped out from under him." Jim Alden came forward quickly. "He hit his head on a radiator. I don't know what his last thoughts were, but at the end I'll bet he was wishing he'd listened to me."

"You're a cheerful visitor, son," Alden laughed. "I don't want any insurance to-day, but any time you're passing, drop in."

The young man stood up.

"Mr. Alden, I'm going to ask you a rather peculiar question," he said. "Are you inviting me to call again because there's a chance we might do business, or do you want me around to talk to?"

"Why, I—er ——"

"You're retired, aren't you?"

"Yes, three months ago."

"And you feel like a fish out of water? Just plain bored stiff?"

"You've said it!"

"I thought so. You see, I run into a lot of men in your position. There are hundreds of them in Los Angeles. They keep little offices like this, and sit in 'em day after day doing nothing. When I show up they greet me with open arms. They give me a cigar ——"

"Pardon me. Have a smoke."

"Thanks. And then they talk their heads off—politics, stock market, even religion. Now I'm sociable by nature, and I'd like nothing better than to hang round and chat, but I've got a family to support. You get me?"

"I do. So there are lots of men like me? I never thought of that."

"There's a dozen of them in this very building. I'm sorry for all of them, poor devils. I've offered some of them, free gratis, a little idea of mine, but up to now not one has been sport enough to act on it."

"An idea?" Jim Alden asked.

"This is a mighty good cigar," smiled the young man, resuming his seat. "I'll give you ten minutes more on the strength of it. You read your newspaper pretty carefully, I guess. But have you ever looked in the classified columns under Business Chances?"

"I can't say I have."

"Pass me the paper, please. Here we are—three columns of it: 'For Sale—Best Paying Barber Shop in San Diego—two chairs, three baths, steady trade.' No? Look! 'Butcher—Go in Business for Yourself . . . Partnership, Auto Top Trimming Shop, $650 . . . Half Interest in Busy Beauty Parlor.' No, keep away from the busy beauties. 'Wanted—Party with $1000 and Self, Half Interest Factory Manufacturing Pure California Fruit Juices . . . Investigate This! Half Interest Old Established Insurance Business.' Keep out of that, it's done to death. 'Transfer and Express . . . Man and Wife Can Purchase Good Restaurant . . . Partner Wanted, Auto Garage and Service Station.'"

"Ah, a garage," said Jim Alden thoughtfully.

"I haven't time to read them all," the young man said. "But you get my idea: If I was one of you retired millionaires I wouldn't sit down and wait for the undertaker. If they'd shooed me out of my regular business I'd get me an interest in one of these little places and I'd run it—just as a toy, of course. I'd have something to take my time and thought; I'd be happy and contented; I'd fool the doctors and live forever. Does it sound reasonable?"

"It certainly does," Jim Alden smiled.

"I'm glad you think so. I must run along now. If you decide to take my advice, and it works out O. K.—well, you'll owe me a little policy. How about it?"

"If, my boy, if. At any rate, drop in later on."

"Count on me. Kurtz is my name. I'll leave a card. So long, and don't get mixed up with the beauty parlor. Outside of that anything's worth a chance."

He breezed out, leaving Jim Alden with the paper in his hand. For a long time the designer of the famous Alden engine sat deep in thought. "Why not?" he asked himself. Why not a little garage somewhere, a place where he could go and meet people, gossip with them, discuss

engines with men like those he had known and been fond of in the Pontiac shops? A splendid idea!

But what would Mary say—and her stern ally, Doctor Tillson? No more business—he had sworn it! No more big business, that meant. And Mary wanted him to be contented—to stop fussing. Besides, she needn't know!

He sat there chuckling over this last thought. His was far from a deceitful nature, but it seemed that he was justified in following the trail to happiness wherever it led, without interference. Why not a bit of a double life? Only Angie need be told. Angie would understand, sympathize. Not two hours ago Angie had been wishing he had something to turn his mind to.

He read those three columns through carefully. There were many auto repair shops in the market, but one advertisement in particular appealed to him. He cut it out and read it a number of times:

PARTNER WANTED—Auto Repair Shop and Gas Station on busy road, outskirts of San Marco—$2500 buys half interest, tools, equipment, tow car, building and lease on lot. Books open to prospective buyer. Grab this—big bargain. Call San Marco 5376, ask for Petersen.

Jim Alden hesitated but a moment, then took up his seldom-used telephone and asked for the number. Petersen himself answered.

"I saw your ad," said the millionaire, "and I don't know—maybe we might do business. What's that—my name?" He paused for a moment. It would never do to mention Jim Alden, famous in the automobile trade. His secret would not last an hour. "Oh, this is John Grant talking," he went on, speaking the name of an old pal in the Pontiac shops. "I'd like to have a look at your establishment. You needn't do that. Well, if you insist. What time can you come? All right—at two. You'll find me in room 1018, the Surrey Building, Los Angeles. Know where it is? Fine! I'll be here."

He hung up the receiver and walked briskly to the window. His eyes were sparkling. At two that afternoon! He had an engagement—a business engagement!

"Better than the movies!" he thought exultantly.

II

MR. PETERSEN appeared promptly at the appointed hour. Jim Alden was ready to like him, but his first glance discouraged him. Petersen was an undersized man with mean, shifty eyes; not at all the jolly mechanic. Alden resolved at once to do no business with him. It seemed hardly polite, however, to break off relations at mere sight of the man, so he agreed to run out for a look at the property.

In a battered old flivver the garage man whisked Jim Alden out to San Marco by what seemed a rather roundabout route. When the designer of the Alden engine alighted before Petersen's garage he began to weaken. It stood amid beautiful surroundings at the meeting of two roads, one of which appeared to be much traveled. Across the street was an orange grove, and back of the little frame building, seeming much closer than they really were, the friendly snow-capped mountains stood on guard.

Petersen showed him over the place. He saw at once that the equipment was complete and in good condition. When they returned to the office three cars waited in line for gasoline.

"It's like that all day long," Petersen said, waving a hand. "I can prove it to you by the books. I want you to look 'em over."

For an hour Jim Alden studied the records. They extended over a period of three years and showed a steadily mounting trade, especially big during the last six months. Petersen returned.

"How does it look to you?" he inquired.

"Not bad," said Alden. "You own the building, eh? How about the ground?"

"Got it on lease," replied Petersen. "Pay eight hundred a year—you saw that in the books. Rent's cheap, everything considered."

"Seems so," agreed Alden. He didn't like Petersen, but the thing looked good. Probably he could get used to the man. And there was a bright cheerful boy named Al working about the place. "Make terms?" he asked.

"No," said Petersen sharply, "I got to have cash."

"U'm!" Jim Alden thought of the eleven million dollars for which he had sold his Eastern holdings, and smiled. "Well, I guess maybe I could raise the money."

"You'll buy in then?"

"Yes. I'll meet you to-morrow at ——" He stopped. He was about to say "at my lawyer's." But that wouldn't do. "Anywhere you say. I'll bring the cash with me."

"Good for you." Petersen managed a faint smile. "Have a cigar." He passed over a good ten-center.

"You'll come out by street car, I suppose. Get off at the corner of First and California, in San Marco—ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I know a lawyer. We'll go to his office and clinch the deal."

Jim Alden returned to his own office by trolley. He had just time to lock his desk and meet Haku and the limousine at the appointed hour. It hustled him a bit. He loved to be hustled. He was a happy man.

The next morning at the lawyer's it was decided that he was to assume his partnership on the first of the month, which happened to be the following Monday. This was Thursday. After the papers had been signed and the twenty-five hundred in cash reached a haven in Petersen's grimy hands the latter made a suggestion.

"Look here, Grant," he said. "I've had a lot of answers to my ad. I know it says in the agreement neither of us is to sell without the other's consent; but I been wondering—if I could dig you up a willing, good-natured guy, would you mind if I sold my interest to him? I'd like to clear out completely and go back to Dakota. What say?"

Alden smiled. Petersen was the one flaw in his happiness, and he would be glad to shake him.

"All right with me," he said. "Of course you'd get somebody who knew the business—a good mechanic." He realized for the first time that Petersen had made no such stipulation in his own case.

"Sure!" said the garage man. He asked for and received a memorandum giving him permission to sell. "Much obliged, Grant. Well, see you at the garage on Monday."

"With bells on," laughed Alden. Mr. Petersen must have caught the contagion of that laugh. He seemed in almost a gay mood when they parted.

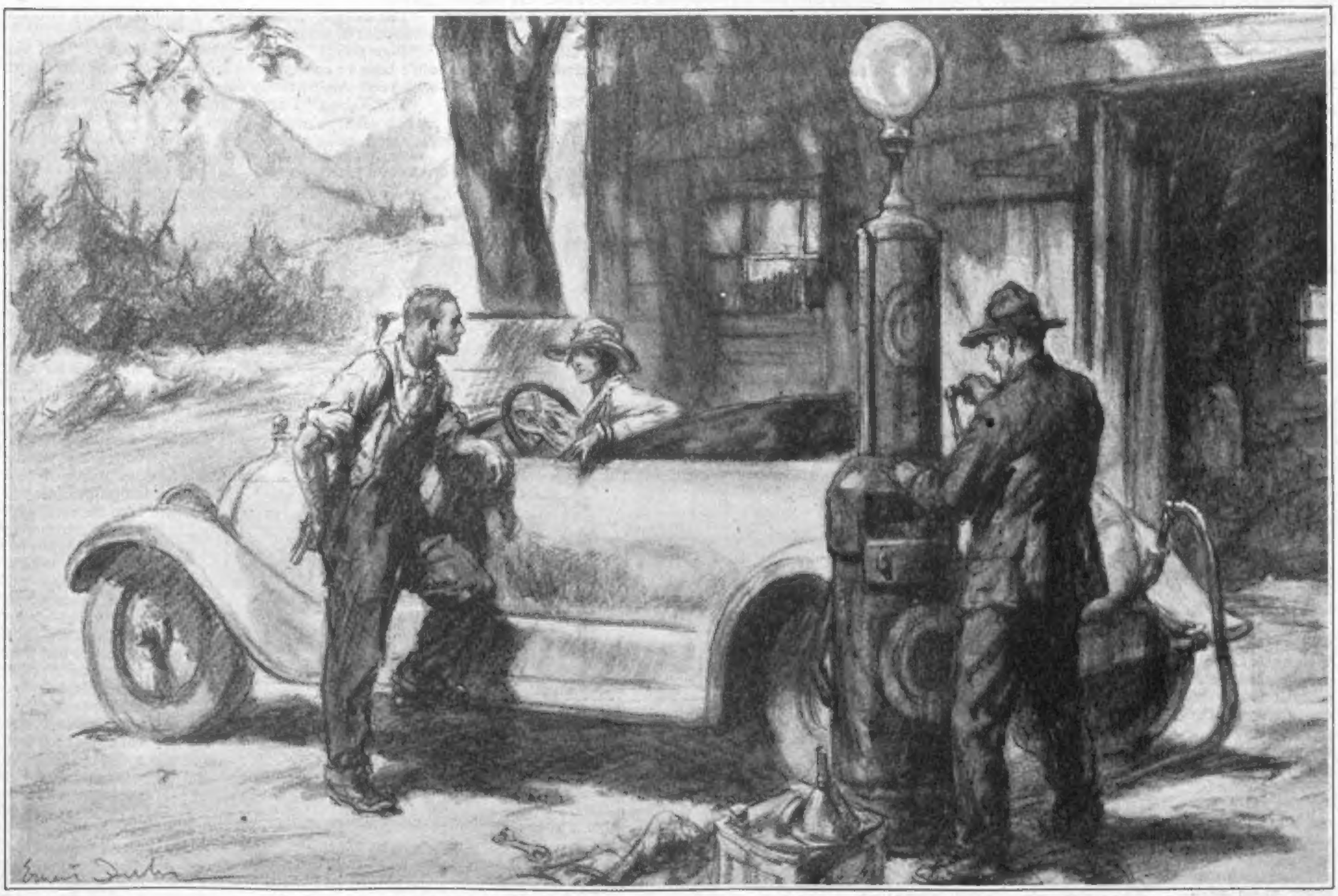
Sunday night Angie and her father happened to be alone in the library. He was puffing contentedly on a forbidden cigar.

"Mighty nice night, ain't it?" he said. "You know, Angie, I'm beginning to like California."

"I've noticed," she smiled. "You've been a new man the past few days. How do you account for it?"

"Oh, I'm just settling down, I guess. Getting used to idleness."

"Nonsense! You're up to some mischief. You can't fool me!" *(Continued on Page 41)*



"I Was Leaning Out the Window, Very Greedy, and You Came Along the Platform and Gave Me a Sandwich." "Ah, Yes! Ham or Cheese?"

His Excellency the Elephant

The Pitcher is "Winding Up" in the Most Approved Trunk-Delivery Manner

By L. B. YATES

NINE separate and distinct bands were smashing a variegated musical medley across the highways and byways. The sidewalks were lined with bouquets of expectant faces, all turned in one direction. Springtime and circus were in the air, and the parade of the big show was coming down the street.

At the rear of a pageant, described by a word-juggling press agent as a dream of Oriental splendor, came the elephants, walking in dignified array—these strangers from far-away and unknowable India, exiles from darkest Africa—making the spectacle complete by their ponderous presence. Why is it that when we consider the quintessence of majestic movement, nothing living can compare with this mysterious, brooding beast?

"Only twenty-seven of 'em!" protested a voice at my shoulder. "Shorty, over to Bridgeport, was tellin' me that they was goin' to carry forty-eight this season. That's like them troupers—they don't never get it right."

"I suppose you are familiar with elephants?" I hazarded.

"I'd oughter be," intoned the tall slim young man with passing conviction. "If one of them elephants was to write a letter it's ten to one he'd address it to my street an' number."

"Yes?" I interrogated, not knowing exactly how to combat this broad statement.

"Yep," he confirmed, nodding his head. "I know 'em!"

He relapsed into silence and watched the big beasts narrowly as they passed.

"There they go!" he exclaimed. "Alice an' Minnie an' Babe an' Daisy an' Diamond. Somebody told me that old bull croaked in winter quarters. Huh! Just shows how much them fellers knows."

"Know that elephant pretty well, I suppose?" I suggested.

"Do I know him?" vouchsafed my newly found friend. "Do I know him, huh? Ask anyone if Happy Haines knows old Diamond!"

"Strange," I mused; "they all look alike to me."

Four-Legged Cyclones

MR. HAINES regarded me askance. When he spoke I fully expected him to tell me that I was a poor fish. But he was charitable.

"Elephants is just as different as folks, only more so," he volunteered. "But you bet we know 'em all. Whenever you meet anybody who really belongs, he can give you the pedigree of nine-tenths of the elephants travelin' with the shows."

"You will pardon me, Mr. Haines," I exclaimed, "but I have always been singularly curious about these wonderful animals. There is something about them far more than the calm dignity with which they envelop themselves."

"The strangest part about a elephant is that no livin', breathin' human bein' can ever tell what he's thinking about," explained Mr. Haines. "He's the world's greatest specialist in the unexpected, an' when he starts—blooey! He's on his way!

"Big cats is easy. They always give you notice before they go to war. But when a elephant gets goin' you stack up against a cyclone. You go into a menagerie and you see 'em swingin' to an' fro, throwin' dust over their backs an' reachin' for peanuts, which is mostly camouflage—because that bird is thinkin' an' thinkin' hard. Do I know 'em, huh? Partner, you'll have to hand me a harder one than that."

He folded his arms and looked away off after the manner of one who has covered a subject exhaustively and turned his speech into other channels.

"See that feller playin' the calliope?" he inquired. "He's called the Calliope King. That agent thinks he has Paderewski backed off the boards. An' nerve? They do say that one winter he sauntered kind of casual over to the Metropolitan Opera House and wanted Gati Kazzuza, or whatever they call him, to sign him up. He's a good scout, though, when you get him away from that old thrashin' machine he operates. A first-class trouper, an' he's my friend."

"But you were talking about elephants," I hazarded. "You know, I think that these great tremendous beasts have a singular appeal for most folks. They intrigue me—if I might use the term."

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF RINGLING BROTHERS AND BARNUM & BAILEY

There is Plenty of Reclining Room on an Elephant—if You Pick a Mild-Eyed One Like This

The Elephantine Appetite

"DO THEY?" interjected Mr. Haines. "That last one went kind of wild, but I gather from it all that you're nursin' a yen to own a elephant. Am I right an' do you get me?"

"I'm halfway round now," I replied, falling into the vernacular in an amateurish way.

"Poor feller!" he soliloquized solicitously. "An' you ain't been to no doctor to find out what was the matter with you? Ain't nobody diagnosed your symptoms?"

"Mr. Haines," I maintained with decision, "I have always wanted to own an elephant."

"Oncet upon a time—an' it wasn't so very long ago, either—I was feedin' five of 'em," reminisced Mr. Haines. "An' when you talk about annihilatin' the available food supply of any man's country, the elephant goes to the head of the class. A hefty bale of hay is regarded by the average big bull merely as an appetizer. Every ten days you can bet your life he has put himself outside a ton of it, an' I remember we was payin' forty dollars for swamp grass. All you need is a pencil and a pad of paper to figure that three times forty is a hundred an' twenty. If you have five elephants it means that every time you change the calendar you have throwed six hundred dollars out of the window.

"The elephant works with the show about seven months in the year. He is idle five, an' all winter he is eatin' from eighty to one hundred and twenty dollars' worth of feed every month, which means that he owes you a lot of money when you take the road with him again. Oh, yes! It's some contract to own a elephant! There ain't anythin' in that talk about a man havin' a white elephant on his hands. It'd be just as bad if he was green or yeller. Every elephant is a hay destroyer."

"Couldn't you cut down their feed a little in the wintertime?" I suggested.

"No, sir-ree!" responded my mentor in tones of emphasis. "You can deal short rations for anything else

which belongs to the menagerie, but you don't want to go puttin' a elephant on a diet. If you do he's liable to get bad on you, an' when a elephant gets started there ain't nothin' to do but climb a tree. Even then you ain't safe."

"Ah," said I, "I presume you have had some experience along those lines."

"Experience is right!" confirmed Mr. Haines. "A friend of mine oncet buys a elephant over on the other side. He wires me to meet him in New York an' take him off of the boat. Then I'm supposed to put him aboard a train an' ship him South. That was one time when they wished a sure-enough contract on me.

"Well, sir, when the big ship docks, an' the minute I lamped that big bull, I knowed he'd been livin' on shavin's.

"'Cap,' says I to the main squeeze which was runnin' that ship, 'Cap, this bull looks to me to be kind of drawed an' hungry. Would it be fair to ask you how much provender he et on the way over?'

"'Mate,' says he, 'I ain't a-goin' to lie to you. The purser ordered a couple of tons of hay, but the feed man in Liverpool forgot to send it, so we didn't have nothin' to feed him but seedcake an' truffles an' such.'

"'Didn't you give him anythin' but dessert?' says I. 'When a elephant starts in to make a meal he commences with soup an' makes a dignified progress through the program of events till he gets a holt of the nut crackers.'

"'Oh,' says the main guy, 'we give him some bread. He ate an awful lot. Do you know, he'd eat a whole loaf at a meal! Oh, we took good care of him.'

"'You could of give him forty bloomin' loaves,' says I, 'without any danger of his dyin' of indigestion.'

"Well, sir, I realized I had my hands full then, but I took him an' herded him across town to the other depot an' got him down to the freight yard. Then I knowed I had to feed him before I went any further, so I chains him to a telegraph pole an' starts out to look for a feed store. I wasn't gone more'n half an hour, but when I got back there was no elephant in sight, an' the telegraph pole was layin' flat on the ground. That's where my troubles really did begin."

Personally Conducting Old Diamond

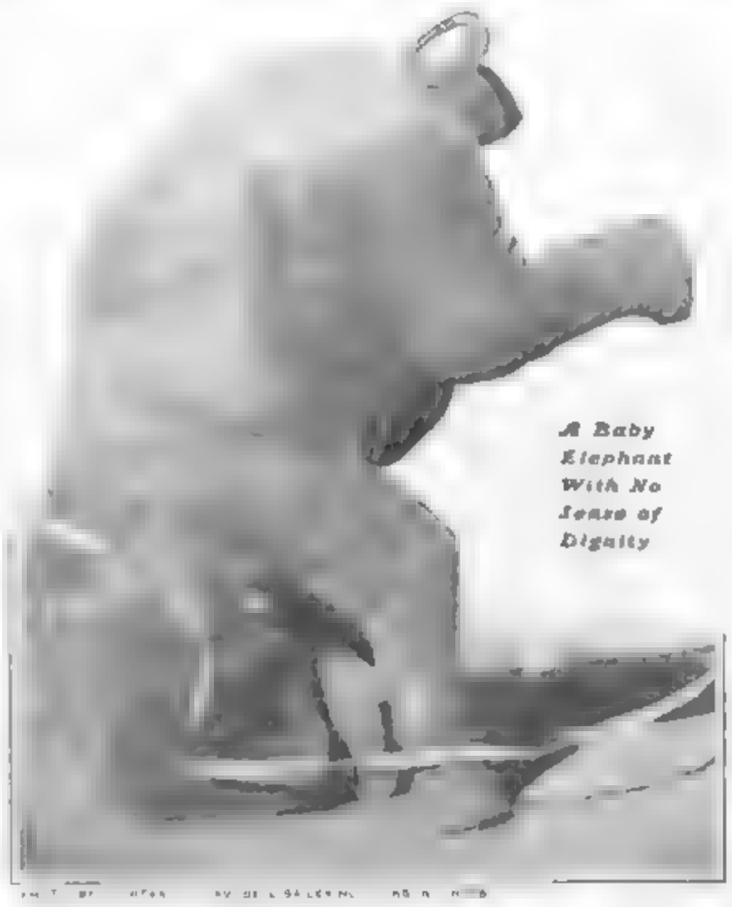
"I HOTFOOTED it out in the direction they told me he had went, an' followed him away beyond the Harlem River. Finally I seen a crowd of folks standin' in front of a schoolhouse, an' when I took another look I seen part of old Diamond stickin' out through the door. He had tried to go in head first, an' stuck when he got halfway. There was a situation for you—as they would say."

"What did you do then, Mr. Haines?" I queried. "Went up and claimed him, I suppose?"

"Not me!" vouchsafed that worthy. "I just stuck around in the crowd to see what would happen. It's a dangerous business to own a elephant after he's run amuck. He can do ten thousand dollars' worth of damage while you clap your hands. So I just stuck around till I found out that he hadn't done anythin' out of the way when he made his little journey through the big city. Then I volunteered to get him out of that schoolhouse."

"You had a job on your hands!"

"Job is right!" confirmed Mr. Haines. "Had to climb through a window an' back him out. He was stuck tight an' when he finally did come he brought the casin's of both doors with him. A big policeman came along an' was goin' to make trouble, but you bet I bluffed him. Says I: 'Who are you talkin' to? I don't own this elephant, an' if you want him you just take him. I'm only tryin' to help out and see that he don't do no other damage, but I ain't got no time to stick around here an' have a cop threaten to throw me in jail just



A Baby Elephant With No Sense of Dignity

because I'm tryin' to make a good feller of myself! Now,' says I, 'what do you want me to do? Do you want me to take this elephant an' try to hunt up the guy that owns him, or is it your idea that you'd like to handle the case yourself? Better tell me quick because I've got to be on my way.'"

"Of course the policeman took him?" I suggested.

"Listen," returned Mr. Haines. "There's one animal in the world that no towner wants to monkey with, an' that's a elephant. They was all willin' to let me convey him single-handed and alone to some place where he wouldn't push New York into the North River. I marched off with him without a protestin' voice, an' I never heard nothin' about it since. Huh! Old Diamond, eh? I guess that elephant has good reason to know Happy Haines!"

My meeting with Mr. Haines occurred many, many years ago. I had no idea then that I should be connected with a circus in an official capacity. But few of us can mortgage the future, and in my subsequent journeyings up and down the country with the people of the restless foot I had plenty of time and opportunity to study the elephant in captivity and his many-sided personality.

I say "many-sided" advisedly, because I never met anyone who knew just exactly all there was to know about an elephant. There are many great elephant trainers in this country. They have made a deep study of this huge beast, but nearly all of them will tell you that there is much that is mysterious and inscrutable about him, and that the sum total of their observations has left a good deal yet to surmise.

There are two distinct species of elephants. One is a native of Asia, and the other of Africa. To the ordinary observer they apparently bear the closest resemblance, so far as external form is concerned, but in constitution, habits and intelligence they differ widely. The best way to determine the nativity of an elephant is to look at his ears. The African elephant has enormous, umbrellalike appendages, which almost meet behind the head and hang down below the throttle. On the other hand, the Asiatic elephant has a comparatively small ear, sitting low on the skull and reaching scarcely halfway down the jaws. In the Indian species only the males have tusks. Sometimes even males are found without them, whereas both male and female of the African variety are equipped with these much sought after accessories. These huge weapons of ivory will average about a hundred and twenty pounds.

The foot of a male elephant is easily distinguished from that of the opposite sex, the former being almost round, while that of the female is nearly oval. Even if you do not see an elephant, but merely get an opportunity to inspect the track made by him in the dust or mud, you not only can tell his sex but also how high he is at the shoulder. This latter can be ascertained by measuring the impression, because twice the circumference of the elephant's foot is equal to his height.

Another way to determine the country to which an elephant belongs is to examine his molars. The enamel on the surface of the African species is formed in five or six diamond-shaped folds, while the formation of those of the Asiatic is molded in a number of bands, like folds of ribbon. Each molar seems to be composed of a number of flat, broad teeth fastened closely together.

When an elephant's tooth is worn away it falls from the jaw and its place is immediately taken by another which has been forming behind it. An elephant sheds his molars six or seven times in the course of a lifetime. His tusks, however, are retained through life.

A Ticklish Bit of Dentistry

MANY elephants in captivity suffer at some time or another from toothache, and it also might be mentioned that it is no sinecure to play dentist to an elephant! In order to perform this operation it is necessary to throw this huge animal and shackle him by all fours to stakes driven deep in the ground. Strong chains are fastened about his neck and anchored in a similar manner. Even then the operation is attended with considerable danger. I remember one time in winter quarters it was found necessary to extract one of the molars of an enormous bull elephant. The forceps used by the veterinary on this occasion was a huge pair of blacksmith's pincers. Before the tooth was removed a hard day's work had been performed.

Most writers greatly exaggerate the height of an elephant. Not long ago I was reading a narrative by one who claimed to be letter-perfect on the subject. In this he stated that fourteen to sixteen feet was the ordinary height, and that they sometimes even attained to twenty feet. The real fact of the matter is that the animal's enormous bulk makes his height appear much greater than it actually is. If you take the average, between eight and nine feet comes nearer to it. Some elephants, it is true, measure ten at the shoulder, but they are the exceptions.

One heard a good deal, too, about white elephants, but they are never seen in this country, although in Burma and Siam they are not uncommon. The color of this animal is not exactly white—it is more of a pink order, something like the nose of a white horse. The King of Ava, whom they used to call Lord of the White Elephants, had a monopoly on the albinos of the breed. We are told that he employed them solely for purposes of state, decorating them profusely with priceless gems, pearls and gold coins, stabling them in the most magnificent

(Continued on Page 36)

From the Glum Facial Expression, This Elephant's Feelings Were Hurt Also

DELILAH

By W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

STEWART OWEN handed a telegram to the Man from the Desert, saying, "Andrews, I gave that wire at noon to the blonde you can see down there in the telegraph office, an' to-night I get it back. It didn't get through."

"Wasn't sent, Tootie?" Mrs. Owen gasped.

"No, Delilah; an' I was goin' to buy you a sparkler with that easy money."

"Of course it wouldn't get through, young man," Jack Andrews declared. "You wrote, 'Bet one thousand on Little Boy third race.'"

"An' Little Boy won," Owen wailed.

"That word 'bet' would stop it, Mr. Owen, 'cause it's agin the law to send bettin' information. If you'd wrote 'invest' or 'buy' it would've got through."

"The phones an' the telegraph are run the same way.

"I tried to get Rob McKee at Buffalo on the phone, but couldn't get through. The operator gave me the tip to get my party early in the mornin' next time, an' that's what I'm goin' to do to-morrow. What about it, uncle? I'll call Rob up at eight in the mornin' an' put two thousand on Drummer, eh?"

"I got rheumatiz," the old man declared tangentially.

"That's too bad, Mr. Andrews," Delilah soothed.

"'Tain't that that's too bad," Andrews objected.

"'Tain't 'em leetle kinks that's botherin'. It's jus' that it's a sign of wuss—it's a pointer."

"Oh, cheer up, uncle," Owen advised. "You won't get laid up. You've just got that indigestion again."

"I ain't worryin' 'bout myself, young feller. What 'em kinks means is that it's goin' to rain. When the knuckles of my hands gets feelin's if each was a funny bone that'd been whacked, then I know there's a storm comin'."

"Oh, dear," Delilah exclaimed, "if it rains to-morrow I can't go over to the track to see your horse Drummer win."

"No, missis, if it rains there won't none of us see him win."

"I get you, Andrews. Drummer is a fast-track horse, eh?" Owen said.

"Well, he kinder isn't jus' a fast-track hawse, but he ain't web-footed—he ain't no duck. A good hawse'll run on any kind of a track, but some hawses'll run nigh as fast in the mud as they will on a lightnin' track. Some breeds is all like that. The Hastin's, they was regular mud boats; an' mos' colts got by Burnt Bread is fust cousins to mud turtles."

The Man from the Desert contemplated his cigar as if recuperating from this excessive garrulity.

"Any mud turtles in to-morrow, uncle?" Owen queried.

Andrews rubbed his left knee, his old, old face twisting into a few more lines of tribulation.

"Yes, sir-ree, Mr. Owen, that's what! Slipper Dance is the gol-dangedest mud-runnin' fool I ever see. Ordinar'ly he ain't nothin' but a high-class sellin' plater—nothin' else. The Dakota Stock Farm people bred him. He's by Burnt Bread, an' they sold him to Barney Lee for three thousand; sold him ——"

Andrews suddenly draped his shaggy head over the balcony in which they sat and, pointing a lean finger down to the rotunda, said, "There's the man as bought him—Barney Lee."

Delilah, following the line of direction the lean finger indicated, saw a smart, dapper, dark-faced man talking to the blond telegraph girl. As Barney Lee turned his face in answer to a tap on his shoulder she recognized him. Her thin-penciled black eyebrows drew down from their graceful arch and her dark eyes took on the look that changed them to red amber. Barney Lee was the man she had caught several times with his eye cocked up at her from the lawn of the race course that afternoon. Once he had come up into a box next where she sat, evidently well known to its occupants, who were racing people. Delilah had known that his voice had been raised to reach her ears to impress her with his magnitude as a man of money in the horse game. She had no puritanical ideas about anything, but she was imperious, and more or less a big-game hunter. So far as men were concerned she was cold-blooded. The best going for Delilah was all that interested her. On the face of things physically, malleably, her husband outclassed most of the men she met, and with the lucky spoon in his mouth he had been able and willing to get her the things she loved. Her fingers bore glittering testimony to that.

There Was Something So Contemptuous in Owen's Attitude: It Was Like a Mastiff Thrusting a Terrier Out of His Way

Evidently the man who had sought her recognition had been under the impression she was alone, for Stewart, big boy with a new toy, had inconsequentially been in the box very little. He had been busy, spending his time in the paddock waiting for information almost until the horses went out; then a frantic dash for the iron men, the betting machines.

The Man from the Desert, drooling along, roused Delilah from this retrospect of Barney Lee's importunity.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "that cuss down there don't look much in 'em dood clothes, but he's sharper'n a pricker on a hawse's bridle. He's a department store in the racin' game. You can get mos' any kind of goods you want outer that feller—if you pay the price. He's behind two or three bookmakers; he's got a contrac' on a good jock, Billy Wells, an' an unwrote contrac' on a couple more. When he wants to make a boat race of it ——"

"A boat race, Mr. Andrews?" Delilah queried.

"Yes, ma'am. When it's rigged up in a hawse race for two or three of the jocks to shoo in one that the wise money's on, that's called a boat race; an' Barney Lee's as clever a skipper in a boat race as I know of."

"I get you, uncle," Owen said. "That little wasp down there might make it a boat race to-morrow for Slipper Dance?"

"No, he can't frame up my boy Kelly; an' if it's a fas' track, same's 'tis to-day, Slipper Dance couldn't run fas' enough to hide the play. The whole bunch'd get ruled off."

"Well, where does that Dago come in? Looks to me's if you'd cop with Drummer."

The patriarch held up his left hand and gently caressed the knuckles of it.

"An' this bunch of fives is same's if they was a bees' nest—rheumatiz."

"Then it's goin' to rain, uncle?"

"That's all I'm feared of—all. There ain't nothin' else. If she breaks to-night that course can turn into a canal quicker'n any I ever see. An' Slipper Dance'll come sailin' up that stretch same's he was a hyderplane. I've saw him win a race in the mud, an' when the boy'd yanked the saddle off him he looked like a plaster-cast hawse like you see on moniments. All you could see in his face was his big eye winkin' at the judge. He had his braided tail cocked up like a rooster. You wouldn't think he'd been in a race at all. The other hawses was standin' there, their legs propped out like posts an' their flanks a-heavin', all in."

"I guess you named him right, uncle—a mud-runnin' fool."

"Yes, sir; Slipper Dance is let into this handicap with a hundred an' four pounds on his back, 'cause, you see, the handicap was made three days ago for a bone-dry track. Drummer's got a hundred an' eight, which ain't too bad; an' Devastator, which is a great hawse, carries a steadier of a hundred an' thirty-one pounds."

"Gad, uncle, Devastator is one of the best horses in the country, eh?"

"He's all of that, son, an' some more. But he ain't arrived from Saratoga yet. He won't get here till the mornin' now, an' he'll be seasick when they take him out of the car. I ain't feared of him."

"You're just afraid of the mud, eh?"

"There's a leetle somethin' else that I wish I knowed the rights of. I've heerd that Slipper Dance stepped in a hole on the other track an' is lame. If that's so I could beat him out if there was a leetle rain that only made the track sloppy, not heavy holdin'. It's this way about muddy tracks an' mud-runnin' hawses: If it was to rain to-night or in the mornin' the hawses in the first three races'd chew that track up till it was heavy, an' these slow dogs that run on their strength would wallow through it. It would be agin Drummer, 'cause he's a long-stridin' hawse, an' he don't seem to find his speed on a holdin' track; but if it was to rain a little in the afternoon, an' the water lay on top, hadn't time to make the goin' soft underneath, Drummer'd run purty well."

"What is it you want to find out? Perhaps I could ——"

"No, you can't. Nobody can get Mr. Barney Lee to blab. He'll only tell 'em lies. I got as smart a boy workin' on the outside as lives on oats. He's hung around Lee's stable, an' he ain't found out nothin'—nothin' but lies. All the rail-birds has got it that the hawse ain't workin' none too good; an' Lee's trainer, Jack Burt, says he's off his feed. If he's like that, an' the track was only half decent, I could beat him."

"Perhaps he is off, uncle."

"When Barney Lee's gang says anythin' 'bout a hawse of their own you can jus' figger that ain't the facts an' start guessin' what is. Besides, Barney paid eighty dollars—what they call acceptance money—to-day, givin' his hawse a chance to start. See? If the hawse was wrong he'd 've declared him out of the handicap an' saved 'em eighty bucks. An' I've heerd that Slipper Dance can run on a fast track, but I don't believe that."

The old man relapsed into the task of caressing his sore knuckles, with an alternate rub of his knee; and a curious twisted train of thought took possession of Delilah's active mind. How many times in the past had she smiled out of a man tips on mine stocks? She could see below the man

The Black, Wells Low Crouched on His Back, as Motionless as a Sleeping Bird, Was Catching Up

who had placed himself so studiously in her line of vision at the track in the congested mass of humanity that fairly packed the alleyways of the hotel, and watching his face she knew that it carried no suggestion of strength and depth. The face held a vulpine cunning, that was all. He would be potter's clay in the hands of an attractive, clever woman.

Stewart now declared, "If the track's muddy to-morrow, real muddy, we could win a big bet on Slipper Dance if we knew he was good—eh, uncle?"

"Yes, if you knowed he was good; an' if he wasn't good you'd blow your money, 'cause Devastator'd win—that's in the mud."

"Well, if it doesn't rain to-night, an' the sky is set for fair in the mornin', I'll phone Rob McKee at his house in Buffalo early an' back Drummer for two thousand," Owen declared decisively.

"I'll allow it would cut your odds if you was bettin' two thousand on Drummer at the track. You'd be playin' agin your own money, but it'd be safer," Andrews objected—"safer to see how my hawse was."

"But if the track gets heavy you won't start him; then my bet would be off."

"Yes, moe' like I'd put the pen through his name if the track was real heavy; but he'd have a chancet, 'cause he's game, if it wasn't too bad. Jus' a bit sticky on top wouldn't take away all his chances agin Slipper Dance. How'd you like to come over to the track in the mornin' to see Drummer, Mr. Owen, an' bring the missis? There ain't no nicer outin' for a man than a bright chirpy mornin', the air full of brace an' the sun sayin' 'Hello, boys,' an' 'em thoroughbreds full of it, jus' lovin' it; the boys havin' their arms tugged out by the hawses tryin' to make a race of it when they're only wanted to do a nice gallop. There never was anythin' as nice in a theater or a picnic."

"Lovely!" Delilah exclaimed. "Don't you remember in the West, Stewart, when we used to take our broncs in the early morning and gallop out to the mine and back?"

"I might do that little thing, uncle," Owen said with a moderated compliance. "What time d'you get up?"

"Six o'clock, son."

Owen chuckled.

"Why bother going to bed? Just stick around till six. But I'll see. I'll put in a call to have a rooster crow, an' if the spirit moves I'll be with you."

"I'll go, Mr. Andrews," Delilah declared emphatically. "I know Stewart will back out. I love horses, and I'd like to see them when everybody wasn't talking about betting and winning money over them. When Mr. Owen makes a big win over a mine I'm going to take my share and buy a lovely thoroughbred and give him to you to train, Mr. Andrews."

"He's a Department Store in the Racin' Game"

The saturnine patriarch almost smiled; his face lost some of its austerity.

"Well, Mrs. Owen, anybody that loves the greatest creature on earth, a thoroughbred hawse, is purty human, purty human. I guess I come nigh likin' hawses better'n anythin'. A man's got to if he's much with 'em. If I was a rich man like Belmont I'd race hawses jus' for the love of seein' 'em gallop, jus' as he does. I wouldn't want to bet a cent, 'cause the two feelin's is dif'rent."

The old gentleman rose from his chair, his limbs performing their duty somewhat grudgingly.

"I'll say good night, Mrs. Owen. I ain't feelin' none too chipper."

When the patriarch had gone Stewart laughed.

"It's funny to hear the old gent grouse about the crooked owners. He'd like 'em all to be honest. He figures he's got a copyright on all the horse tricks."

"But you string with him, Tootie. He doesn't throw you down."

"He's too clever. Besides, there's a curious streak in the old man. He'll play on the level with his pals if they don't try to cold-deck him." Owen pulled out his watch. "Great snakes! I've got to beat it!"

"Stella, or poker?"

Owen looked hurt.

"Cut it out, Lilah! I'm goin' to meet John P. Withers at his house at 9:30. He's roundin' up a bunch of money-bag holders here that's goin' to take a half million block of stock in the Red Ledge Mine. I get 25 per cent for placin' it. John P. is a big broker."

"Tootie, you're all for Stewart Owen. I've got to sit here alone or go to bed."

"Go in to the supper dance, girl. Have a swell little supper an' watch the shimmy. I'll be back by bedtime."

Delilah, peering down over the rail, saw Stewart pass with his swinging saunter, his muscularity imperceptibly clearing a path in the forest of lesser humanity below. As if ebbing back into the wake of Owen's passage, Barney Lee cut Delilah's line of vision, and her previous opinion as to his ductibility under subtle feminine influence returned to her. It would be joyous recreation to utilize his self-complacency.

There was a curious metamorphosis taking place in Delilah's mind. At the race track she had felt like implanting a hand on the cheek of the dapper stranger; now she had a desire to pit her feminine mind against his man's cunning.

Andrews had admitted sorrowfully the impossibility of finding out just what Slipper Dance was like.

Delilah's mind was diverted from subtle cogitation by the advent of a Mrs. Wicks, who swept down upon her with bustling eagerness.

"Thank goodness, Mrs. Owen, I've found someone nice to talk to. I'm blue with keeping my own company. Mr. Wicks, as usual, is down somewhere in that mob talking horses."

"And my husband has gone out to talk mines," Delilah added, making room on the lounge for her stout visitor.

Strains of negro jazz were floating up to the balcony from the supper dance, and Delilah suggested that they move down closer to the music.

"I'll be glad to go, Mrs. Owen. The darky music just floats me back home. I was born down in Kentucky. I guess that is why I'm wrapped up in horses. Everybody there is, and I don't see that it has done them any harm. I guess Kentucky's the cleanest state in the Union. It's kind of as if it'd been placed out in the open, and not full of slums and big money men robbin' the public."

They had hardly taken a table in the supper room before Delilah saw Barney Lee enter and seat himself at a small table near them. She had seen this under lowered eyelids, a faint smile twitching her red lips, for she surmised that the little man had seen them pass through the foyer and had followed.

Lee had chosen his seat diplomatically, facing Delilah's companion. At the first opportunity he nodded and smiled. The unsuspicious Mrs. Wicks acknowledged this genially, and Barney, seizing the opportunity, came over to congratulate her upon Viper's great race.

Nothing could have ingratiated him more completely. Mrs. Wicks introduced him to Delilah, and as he loitered she said: "We are two grass widows, Mr. Lee. My husband is talking horses, of course, and Mr. Owen has gone out to plot mines. Why not sit here and brighten us up? I've got a blue streak on. I guess women talk too much about their own troubles if there ain't men present to chaff them."

It did seem as if the gods of chance had dealt Barney Lee four aces. He sat down feeling that he had beaten the barrier in his race for an acquaintance with the beautiful woman he had taken a fancy to. Paradoxically Delilah was possessed of an impression that Fate had delivered Lee into her hands, using Mrs. Wicks as the medium. If the persistent one did not impart to her the knowledge Andrews had said could not be obtained, Delilah would feel that she was losing her magnetism.

(Continued on Page 76)

GRUBSTAKING CINDERELLA

By Christine Jope Slade

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

HE TRIED to read Emerson on that hot evening in his sweaty little tailor's shop; tried to shut out the stink of gaberdines and serges that were half jute; tried to make a mental barricade of smooth-rolling words and specious philosophy between himself and the sickening welter of the mean street beyond his glass door.

His clean olive-colored neck burned inside his clean white collar; his clean, queer, romantic young soul burned within him with a hot, fierce resentment against intolerable crudeness and unrefinement, against the blatant vulgarity, the ugliness of the procession that went on beyond his door—girls hot and greasy, their flapping mouths open with unheard laughter; men with vapid eyes or eyes keen with desire; old women shuffling hungrily toward the public house; children playing in the gutter with hair heat-matted above their dirty faces. A fitting muck hole in which to bury high-faluting dreams, a meet grave for unfulfilled ambition.

At the moment he sent the Emerson crashing against the chintz he had crazily hoped to sell as jumpers the door opened and the girl and her mother came in. For a second the heat and unrest and smell of the street poured into his little shop with them like the fumes from a witches' caldron; the next second it seemed that for a breath of time he and the girl stood quite still, staring at each other in a sort of vacuum.

"My daughter," the elder woman said, "wanted a gray coat frock. We liked the cut of that blue gaberdine in the window." Her eyes had the hard brightness of a robin's.

He found himself stupidly shuffling into explanations with his eyes on the girl. He had come there because all sorts of people came to the French and Italian cafés in the quarter. He had hoped to catch their eye. He was a dress designer, like Bakst, like Poiret. He tried to climb above the meanness of his little shop by a string of names and found himself dangling on them, defenseless before the sheer incomprehension of their eyes.

"But you make coat frocks?" said the mother.

"I can make anything."

"My daughter wanted one in gray."

Then suddenly the girl crumpled before his eyes. Her tall young willowiness became pitiful, childish.

"Eulalie!" screamed the mother. "Eulalie!"

"I've a sofa," he said, "in there. Open the door."

In the inner room he stood staring down at her, staring down at the pale gold of her hair on his black sofa cushions. She was like Lillian Gish—a tall Lillian Gish. She had that same tremulous illusiveness, incredible frailty.

"Eulalie! Eulalie!" The mother was rubbing her hands, crying, pecking at her words. "It's that restaurant! It's too hard for her, too hard! She wasn't brought up to work. Heat like this—and she had to help with the washing up to-day."

He looked down at the girl's hands. They were coarsened, reddened, rough.

"Did the restaurant do that?" He stared at them. "It's the wrong life for a girl like that—the wrong life."

"Do you suppose if I saw a way out—if there was a way out—oh, Eulalie!"

The girl opened her long blue eyes. Over her mother's anxious head Bartholomew Wintern looked into them.

"There must be a way out for such as you," he thought. "There must be a way out for such as you."

He did not know till afterward that that was the moment when he pledged himself.

They sat in the twilight in his little room and watched the uninspired sunset fade in streaks like a Neapolitan ice between the chimneys.

"What did you mean her to be?" he asked the mother.

"A rich man's wife, that's what I meant her to be—always—always."

"And then her father died?"

"He shot himself—just two years ago."

He looked at their shabby black dresses. Then they must have worn them two years. The girl Eulalie still lay on his sofa. The dress and the background had become one. Only her face and her revealing hands glimmered with the pallor of casts laid on black velvet.

"He was a big confectioner—he died bankrupt. They took everything. He hadn't protected us. He hadn't thought of us." He felt her hatred of the man spreading its black wings. He sensed the girl on the sofa crouched in the sable shadow of them, silent and suffering.

"Eulalie was only trained as a lady. I'd trained myself too. I had lessons—learned to speak properly. I was breeding out trade. Then I was going to take Eulalie abroad and get her married, stay at big hotels—Cannes, Monte Carlo, Deauville, Blankenburg—places where men could see her; and then he died like that." He felt the spleen of her hatred of the dead man. "Damn him! Damn him! Eulalie could marry anyone with those looks! She's always been wonderful! Always!"

It was queer that she could lie there so detached and immobile while the fury of maternal disappointment and the bitterness of frustrated ambition beat back on themselves. He stole a look at her. The sweet benign brooding of her white face chilled him a little.

"She's not strong enough for the work she's doing."

"It'll kill her. She's always fainting—always."

"Have you no friends?"

"I didn't want them. I didn't want the friends a baker and his wife have. They'd have been a handicap when I started Eulalie's career. I didn't want those friends for her. She went to a private boarding school at Brighton. She never brought her friends home. I kept the house nicely. Refinement was part of my scheme; but we were saving—saving for her marriage."

"Who was going to dress her?"

"Poiret—Jenny—someone. I used to take fashion magazines. I knew where to go and what to do when the time came. I—I lived for that. Sometimes I thought she'd marry some foreign prince and live abroad with him."

"And you didn't mind?"

"Mind?" Her voice soared. He heard in it the unmistakable note of the fanatic. "I lived for her!"

It was quite dark in his little back parlor now. He turned on the electric light. The shade he had painted himself—camels and Bedouins in India ink on amber vellum. He drew the amber curtains he had dyed himself.

"How long," he said, "would it take her to marry?"

The robin-bright eyes focused on him, seeing him suddenly for the first time, not as an emotional outlet in an intolerable moment but as an entity. He felt the brain focus and then crisp into one explosive question, "Why?"

"I had a scheme," he said slowly—"a sort of scheme."

He looked at the girl lying wan and palely gold in the gold of the light. She was almost mystic in her peculiar unconscious detachment from them both. As the mother's eyes flashed to the girl he felt the force of that single "Why?" splinter and break into a thousand wild conjectures and hopes and fears in her brain. She questioned him with the one word again, but now gently and fearfully, as if her memory were suddenly strewn with the corpses of bitter old disappointments—"Why?"

"I thought perhaps I could grubstake Cinderella."

"You mean ——"

"If you could manage three months—four months—at a big hotel I would dress you both. You could pay me after. It is," he ceded after a pause, "a queer idea of mine."

Eulalie sat up. She had a long Burne-Jones throat, very full, almost voluptuous. On it her little golden head sat almost elfishly, a queer languor in her sexless, dreaming eyes.

"It's sweet of you," she said—"sweet of you. One couldn't."

"I've always longed to make dresses for someone like you," he said. "It would be wonderful. You lend yourself."

"One couldn't," she repeated.

He had never heard hopeless weariness like the hopeless weariness of her voice. It stabbed him, though it secretly exulted him, because it lifted him into the position of her possible savior. The incurable romanticism, the vein of idealism in his make-up savored the idea and found it intoxicating.

"I've four hundred pounds," the mother said.

"Mother!"

"I didn't tell you, Eulalie. Why should I? I hoped you'd meet someone."

"At the restaurant, mother?" There was tired raillery in her voice.

"Even there! I always hoped, Eulalie, I always knew that, given the chance—you don't know what sort of girl you are, Eulalie! You don't know!"

"If you don't marry, what has life to offer?" he said.

"She's not clever," the mother said. "You're not clever, dear, are you?"

"No, I'm not clever."

"You don't need to be," he said. "You're lovely."

He wondered if she demanded subconsciously, or if they gave to her because they could not help it, that queer tribute of impersonality. They spoke of her loveliness before her as unselfconsciously as if it were the attribute of a flower or a sleeping child.

The mother bent forward and whispered to him. That whisper seemed to bind them in fealty, to unite them definitely in service to the wonderful girl.

"The doctor said she couldn't stand that work long."

He whispered, "Come and see me alone to-morrow."

Her beady eyes implored him.

"You'll do what you can?"

"I'll do everything I can."

"Eulalie could marry anyone. She only wants her chance."

The girl had risen. She was touching his household gods with her coarsened, reddened, stub-nailed fingers—his black elephants on the black-enameled mantelpiece, the queer little silver-gilt Buddha. It seemed to him that her every movement was poetry. Something in him took fire at her and flamed. Such dresses he would make for her tall lithe young goldenness! With her advent life had become fluid and luminous. His released imagination swam through it to inconceivable possibilities. Cinderella's fairy godmother should beat him only by her golden coach and her rats that became horses.

Eulalie turned her exquisite blue eyes on him.

"It's a nice room," she submitted prosaically.

Eulalie in the blue gaberdine traveling coat he had made for her.

Eulalie's mother in the blue gaberdine traveling coat he had made for her.

He stood level with the door of the first-class carriage, a little neatly made man with a slightly humped back, and he looked in at them with the soft eyes of the pilgrim who has at length achieved the shrine.

"It fits!" he exulted. "It fits like a glove!"

The girl's mother leaned out. Her crumb-starved robin's eyes glittered their gratitude.

"You shan't lose by this. We'll write you. You'll see! You'll see! She'll marry millions, and then we'll set you up in Conduit Street or Bond Street or South Molton Street."

He said without heeding: "Rachel can make hats. She can almost make hats as I can make frocks. That hat is just right."

He peered at Eulalie. He was like an artist who parts with his *chef-d'œuvre*.

"Maybe she'll marry a lord."

The mother was tremulous, a little incoherent; but the girl was pale and tranquil, almost unconcerned. She was like a queen concerned only with ultimate issues and final results. The fret and worry and effort of obtaining them she ignored as calmly as a queen ignores details and ways and means.

"Rachel hates me," Eulalie said. "Why does she hate me?"

"Anything female will hate you, Eulalie. You've got to reckon with that," the mother said.

The girl came to the window and smiled down at him.

"This is very, very good of you, Mr. Wintern," she murmured. "I can never forget—and I shall repay."

Was it her very quietness, her lack of animation that made her seem so regal, so removed from him and the hurly-burly of the busy station and even alien from the brown-eyed author of her being?

"You must love him," he said. "You must love him—mustn't marry without—wait!"

Her smile was exquisite and entirely uncomprehending as the train carried her gently from him.

Going home through the humid drizzle of a thundery evening he etched that smile on his heart. He never for one second realized that she was as stupid as she was beautiful. He saw himself as a humble instrument helping her to some high and obscure destiny, creating happiness and material comfort for her by the art of the needle and the knowledge of line that had somehow been born in him. He stopped to look in the shop windows as he passed, choosing colors and fabrics for Eulalie with the absorbed care of a lover selecting a frame for the photo of the beloved. He did not quite grasp that she had become an obsession.

He was little and insignificant, but a man in a small shiny closed coupé recognized his back and slowed up. For a second he sat contemplating him through his gleaming windows speckled with rain. He was coarse and handsome. His mouth, pursed thoughtfully, was like a puckered scarlet wound above his cleft chin. He climbed out, towered above Bartholomew Wintern and shot his words down the back of his neck:

"Still hanging out your sign in that dustbin, Wintern?"

He was rather fine in his dark domineering masculinity, his square solid animal strength. One knew instinctively that his chest under his pink-striped shirt was hairy, that he rippled bones and muscles under his swarthy skin. Bartholomew's thin little smile was as frosted as his nod.

"Won't throw in with me, Wintern? I want you—you and that Rachel girl. Together we'll design in millions for the millions."

"And kill individuality—in that designer and the wearer?" The little tailor was suddenly fierce, hectic. "Mass production in clothes is wrong, Hildershimer."

Percy Hildershimer's prominent brown eyes—the full, lazy, bright eyes—traveled from his shiny car to the toes of his shiny boots.

"Seems pretty good to me," he submitted. "Have a sense of humor, man! What's the art in sitting on a muck heap designing original models for women whose idea of dressing is to take their hair curlers out? That's what you're doing."

"I'll move."

"Lower down the road on the shady side in your old age? All you art fellows—you're dippy, clean dippy! Prune your ideas, cut out the line and all that bilge and come and design for me. I'm starting a branch in Holloway and one at Norbury—it's growing. Same scheme as the others—Eve, Unlimited, in silver on grass-green, all the paint grass-green." He brooded on the vision of this a moment, his eyes snapping and jewel bright in his dark face. "What all women want is the thrill without the risk. My shops have atmosphere. The labels suggest a naughty chic. My assistants are dressed in grass-green gaberdine, and we don't turn out a thing that isn't duplicated five times a year in paper patterns by every twopenny woman's paper in the land. Do you know how many ninon jumpers we got rid of last month?"

He plunged into figures, breasting them with deep laughter. He had a way of dashing them about as if to prove his own power. Against them he seemed to glow, a born colossus of commerce. He seemed to glow physically, standing beside the little pale man in the rain. His lips became more richly ruby, his eyes more glitteringly brown, his black hair curled more crisply.

"You're not married, Hildershimer?" Bartholomew Wintern broke in unexpectedly.

Somehow he had to stop the flow of statistics. In his present odd mood it was the throb of the brass band creeping into the church where the devotee knelt to pray. He resented it. Hildershimer stared.

"Married? No. When I marry I want a looker—a real looker. I don't want a feeler. I can do all the feeling, provided she looks what makes me feel. What in heaven's name made you ask me that?"

"I don't know."

Hildershimer's grip on his arm was titanic. It seemed to push him, bruised and helpless, farther and farther away from his dreams of Eulalie, to wipe out the warm delight of his secret planning for her.

"See here, Wintern, I want you to design the frocks and blouses for Eve, Unlimited, and I want Rachel to design the hats. I want Rachel even more than I want you. Many women think they'd have made successful *cocottes*—they like to think it. It pleases them. I pander to that. I send them home clothes their husbands approve of in boxes that ——"

"You make me sick!"

"Nothing makes an Englishman so sick as a knowledge of human nature. There's five hundred pounds for both of you the day you sign your contracts with me. Rachel would come if you came."

"What makes you say that?"

"My knowledge of human nature. If you get sick of sweating in your back alley any time let me know. I'm going to Paris next month. I've never been to Paris before. All day now I'm doing things I've never done before. That's one of the chief delights of money. Percy Hildershimer, Eve, Unlimited, London, will find me any time. Tell Rachel what I said. We started level, you and I and Rachel—my offer's good any time. I've got a fine limousine on order. Give me the fleshpots of Egypt and you can keep your artistic soul and all the rest of the flimflam. Dresses with individuality? How many individuals are there in the world? Throw it up, Wintern, come to Paris with me and collect a few ideas."

"No," said Bartholomew Wintern.

But he went on his way through the rain chastened and saddened. It was as if a boisterous carnival crowd had dashed between him and his secret altar. It was not less secret or less his, now that he was alone with it again, but it was farther off, less gloriously real.

He had unlocked the door of the shop and let himself in dispiritedly before he was aware of the light in the inner room and the smell of muffins. The dark girl with the thick short white neck who was kneeling before the fire toasting them looked up as he entered.

"Rachel," he said, "you here?"

"I got the duplicate key from Mrs. Bundy."

"She looked wonderful in your hat—wonderful!"

Something in her quiet look of incomprehension chilled him. It was as if he had cried about the miracle of the blue sky to a blind woman.

"Suppose your Cinderella doesn't marry?" she said. "All those dresses—hats—everything ——"

Her clear, deep, level blue eyes rested on him gravely.

"I saw Percy Hildershimer in a car," he jerked.

His mind took in subconsciously the effects of the subtle atmosphere of refinement she carried always with her, the quiet magic her white hands had wrought, the marigolds in the black pot, the daintiness of the tea table with its honey-colored china.

"His car?"

"He still wants us. Why don't you go?"

Her eyes rebuked him silently.

"My friend, why don't you?"

Eulalie wrote from Folkestone—stiff little notes like a schoolgirl's exercise:

"There is no one here possible. I am trying. Mother is disappointed. They are all elderly and married. Mother gets so cross with me. It isn't my fault. I think we shall move. It is so expensive. We have a nice room."

Meanwhile summer clung to autumn with sticky brazen hands. The days broke mistily and the hours fed the thermometer as if it had been a furnace. Sweating greasily, he dreamed of Eulalie beside an incredibly blue sea, walking on incredibly golden sand.

Rachel, coming in one evening and finding him stitching a violet lining in a violet coat, stormed at him gently:

"Oh, Bart, why do you? Why do you? Have you looked in the glass? Have you seen yourself? Like a ghost, you are, just like a ghost! Come out and have an ice-cream soda. There's no need for you to crucify yourself to get that girl married."

Her eyes yearned over him as he crouched in the pool of light from the incandescent burner, stitching, stitching. They were beautiful eyes, dark, sane, motherly, lit with great intelligence and intuition. She roamed about with the freedom of an old friend, touching things, opening boxes.

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"I've Always Longed to Make Dresses for Someone Like You," He Said. "You Lend Yourself"

THREE OF A KIND

By Louise Dutton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE Three of a Kind Club was meeting with Madgie Carr. It met Saturday afternoons at two, and Sally Belle was late; but she stood before her dresser, with the high tilted mirror, and looked up and in. The dresser and the things in her room were all large and dark and old, but the mirror was beautiful. It was set deep in the frame so that you looked far in. The glass was blurred and dim, and it was loose in the frame and moved while you looked. It moved just enough, like something that was alive and could not quite keep still. There was snow on the lawn outside and snow on the long bare branches of the big tree near the window. The sun was bright on the snow, and made little wavering patches of light on the clouded glass. They twinkled like candlelight.

Sally Belle was a small, soft little girl with a fuzzy red tam and a shaggy coat and skirts that were an inch shorter than her best friend Lillian's, and brown hair in two long fat braids that would not curl or stay straight. She was the youngest freshman in high school, but you could not see all that in the mirror; you saw just a face—a dim vague face that smiled at you and looked at you. It was your face and not your face.

If you half closed your eyes and looked it might be a stranger's face, the face of somebody almost beautiful, somebody quite old—eighteen. It had pink cheeks and round bright eyes.

"Eyes Like the Sea," whispered Sally Belle. That was the title of a book she had never read. "Was—was this the face that wrecked a thousand ships?" she added after a minute.

That was a quotation, she did not know from what, but she loved it. Now she came close to the mirror and made her voice very low, so that she hardly heard it, and shut her eyes when she spoke, because the next words were so hard to say, so solemn, almost like swearing.

"Walter," she said then—"Walter Clark, dear Walter, dearest, my dear," and again, for she liked the sound of it: "Dear—dear ——"

She listened. Mother was safe downstairs making cake for the village-improvement meeting. She jerked open the dresser drawer; not the top drawer—mother opened that too often—but the third drawer, the one that stuck, the underclothes drawer. It was packed tight with things in neat piles, ugly winter things made of heavy long cloth and trimmed with Hamburg edging instead of lace. Under them was a blue sachet, scented with orris instead of real scent. Under that was white printer's paper; under that a layer of newspaper; and under everything else a collection of small scattered objects—a stiff cabinet photograph, tintypes, two Japanese napkins, a paper rose. She groped among them expertly and pulled out a small red book. She held it against her heart and looked into the mirror and sighed deeply; then she opened it and began to read, turning the pages tenderly, and whispering phrases and words to herself. You could not say them out loud—they were too sweet.

"When the lamps are lit in the mirrored room, Walter, my Walter ——"

The book was bright red, like blood—heart's blood—with a small red pencil tied to it that was worn to a stub already. It was a memorandum book, and it was an advertisement for common-sense shoes. There was advertising printed on half the pages, but she had pasted them together two by two, so that only blank pages showed. She had written on almost all—on the first page, at the top—"Saw him," and under that a list of dates. Some of the dates were starred. The stars meant "Saw and talked with him." After the dates came pages of writing, cramped and close, but neat. Pig had given her the book last week out of his father's store. Since then no eye but hers had seen it; not Lillian's, not Madgie Carr's. It was her book, her very own. On the cover in silver letters was the motto for the shoes—what they printed on the boxes to sell them; but under it she had written something else in white ink:

Humanity Requires It.
i. e.—some outlet to my emotions.

It looked quite neat and very beautiful.

"When the lamps are lit in the mirrored room—gloom—perfume—tomb," said Sally Belle. That was not a quotation. It was a poem—a poem she was writing herself. Two months ago she had never written a poem, and now this book was half full. She chewed the red pencil hard.

"Doom," she began doubtfully, "bloom, groom, bridegroom ——"

It Was a Beautiful Poem, and This Was a Beautiful Minute. She Wet the Pencil Between Her Lips and Began to Write

She stopped, closing the book tight and standing very still. Mother was coming to the foot of the stairs.

"Have you gone?" mother called.

"No."

That always seemed a silly question to ask, and any question, any talk at all, drove the poems away. But they always came back, and the next line would come, too, though it was coming so hard. She kissed the book solemnly, once, and tried to push it into her coat pocket, which was too small for it. You could not hide things in your bosom when your clothes all buttoned behind in the kiddish way that her plaid dress did. You could not hide things under the rug—it was sweeping day. And the dresser drawer would not come open. She pulled her skating bag down from the closet door and dropped the book in with the skates and knotted the draw string tight. The book would be safe, and perhaps—just perhaps—she would show it to Lillian—Lillian, not Madgie Carr. When the poems were printed they would be dedicated to Lillian.

Mother was calling again. She swung the bag over her shoulder and hurried downstairs. Mother stopped her and looked at her.

"Your cheeks are flushed. You ought to be out in this nice fresh air," she said. "What were you doing upstairs so long?"

"Nothing."

"You have your skates. That's right. You and Marguerite Carr and Lillian spend too much time in the house. Let me see that bag. It wants mending."

"No!"

"No what, daughter?"

"No, I thank you. I can't wait. I'm late to the club."

"What club?"

"The T. O. A. K."

"What does that stand for?"

"Nothing. It's the name of the club. A—a club's got to be named."

"What is your club for?"

"Nothing. It's a club, that's all. It meets. It's a secret club."

"Don't you want to tell secrets to your mother?"

"I can't. I promised. Can I go now?"

Mother sat down on the stairs and folded her hands under her apron.

"Sally Belle," she said, "I tell father we ought not to let you go to this Clark boy's party."

"You promised."

"That is not a nice thing to say to your mother. These Clarks are new people. They have not lived here two months. Mrs. Clark is active in church work, but she wears very large hats. Mr. Clark has good manners, but there is no room for an insurance agency in Franklinville. And this boy Walter ——"

"It's his birthday party. He's fourteen. And it's not till two weeks from to-night. And you promised. You did! Oh, mother!"

"This boy Walter is too old for you. So is Marguerite Carr—an affected little girl. Now Harold Plummer, or Pig—why will you call him that?—is a nice little friend for you. He just drove past in a sleigh. If he had seen you he might have given you a ride. Mother likes you to play with little boys, you know—play with them sensibly, just as if they were little girls."

"They aren't."

"What's that, dear? Don't mutter. Enunciate clearly. You are a good little girl, but you are a very secretive little girl. All the Smiths are secretive. You are like your father. He says you are passing through a phase just now which is harmless but painful while it lasts, like grippe or the measles. You are certainly very nervous, and you get excited about little things. But I will talk with your father about this party. Run along now and get some fresh air."

"Yes, mother."

"I don't like this club of yours. I shall be glad when it breaks up."

Sally Belle shut the door gently behind her. If you banged it mother called you back. Mother was sweet, but she talked too much. If you did not answer, but just said yes and no in the right places, she stopped sooner. While she talked Sally Belle had been watching for something. She opened the storm door a crack and looked, then started out of the yard and up the street. She saw it then, but it was too late to go back. She stood still and waited. A sleigh was coming toward her down Carr's Hill. It was a small yellow sleigh with loud jangling bells and a large high-shouldered white horse. The horse was Queen Bess, the sleigh was the Plummers' sleigh, and a fat little boy was driving. He wore a red toboggan cap and a blue Mackinaw, both too tight, so that they made him look much fatter, and he was very angry. You could see that a long way off—he sat up so straight. He drove up and stopped and raised the fur robe to make room for her, but did not speak.

"Hello!" she said. "Hello, Pig! Going riding?"

"Me? No, I'm going after blueberries. Get in."

"Pig, I told you I can't go riding to-day. You don't have to get mad. I've got another engagement. I can't!"

"Going skating?"

"I may and I may not."

"Yes, you are! I know where you're going, and Tissue Doyle knows, and Stubby Giles knows."

"Let them! It's no disgrace."

"Well, I can take you there, can't I? There's no law against it. You've got to get there. You can't fly."

"No," said Sally Belle uncertainly.

"Get in here. I've got a bone to pick with you."

Sally Belle sighed and slipped into the warm place beside him. He tucked her in very tight and started Queen Bess up Main Street, clucking very loud to her. He looked straight ahead as he drove, and his eyes looked large and round. They always did when he was angry, and his chin wiggled. He could not help it. It was wiggling now. There was a quarrel coming, but it had to come sometime They turned into High Street, where it was clear of snow and good for trotting, and Queen Bess always walked. Then Pig spoke, very slowly and solemnly:

"I'm not mad. I'm hurt."

"What hurt you?" Pig had stopped as if he had nothing more to say.

"Hurt, that's what I am. And I won't stand much more."

"Pig, I don't know what you mean."

"Stubby Giles and Tissue Doyle and I won't stand much more. That's what I mean. Stub won't stand much more from Madgie, Tish won't stand much more from Lillian and I won't stand much more from you. When a fellow is going with a girl he has got some rights."

"Who says he hasn't?"

"He—he wants the pleasure of her society. When a girl won't hardly talk to him at recess, but stays in the cloakroom with girls and giggles and won't come out—when a girl stays cooped up all Saturday afternoon doing the Lord knows what, and calls it a club ——"

"It is a club."

"What's the name of it?"

"I won't tell you."

"What do you do at it?"

"That's our business."

"Will you let Stub and Tish and me join?"

"We can't. It's a girls' club. It's a secret club." Pig's chin wiggled.

"When a fellow is going with a girl," he began, "and the girl has secrets and won't tell them and won't go riding and dodges into the house when she sees a fellow coming—and a fellow is going with a girl ——"

"If you mean you and me," said Sally Belle with dignity, "say you and me and don't talk in hints. I don't like hints."

"You," said Pig bitterly; "you and your club! Your club and your Walter Clark!"

"Pig, don't start that again!"

"Walter Clark! Sissy Clark! Smart Aleck! Fool! Thinks he can get any girl in town."

"He can."

"Has he got a girl to go with? Has he? He has not! Thinks he's too good for all the girls—too good to speak to common folks, too good to join a class in high school. Takes a special course and thinks he's in a class by himself. Walter Clark! Sis Clark!"

"If he hears you call him that you'll be sorry"

"I will, will I?"

"And if I was going with a girl and wanted to be jealous I'd take somebody the girl had spoken to more than six times," said Sally Belle calmly. "The—the one you are talking about, he wouldn't look at me."

"Will you answer me two questions?"

"If I feel like it."

"Has your club got anything to do with this Walter Clark fellow?"

"How could it? It's a girls' club."

"Have you or have you not got a crush on Walter Clark?"

"I have not."

"Will you cross your heart and say that?"

"No, it's kiddish to cross your heart."

"Will you resign from your darn fool club and promise never to speak to Walter Clark again?"

"Don't be silly!"

"Will you?"

"No!"

"This is the last time I'll ask you."

"It's not the first time."

"Well, it's the last time all right." Pig's chin did not wiggle. He made a great effort and kept it stiff and still. "Now you can take the consequences."

"What consequences?"

"I don't know," said Pig frankly; "I don't know what we'll do, but I know when we'll do it. Two weeks from to-day, the day he's going to have his party—or thinks he is. That's when, if you want to know."

"I don't," said Sally Belle.

"Stub and Tish and I have got together on this, and Stub and Tish and I won't stand any more."

"Stub and Tish and you are silly little boys," said Sally Belle sweetly.

"All right for you, Miss Smith!"

"All right for you, Mr. Plummer!"

"Come on, Baby! Come on, Bess!"

Pig talked to Bess only when he was angry. She did not need it. She always took her own pace. She swung with a plunging lope through the crosscut to the Carrs', brought up with a jerk under the porte-cochère and stood with her head hung down. The porte-cochère was yellow and white and large, like the house, and it was the only porte-cochère in town, but Bess never looked happy there. Pig had not spoken again, and did not help Sally Belle out. He went down the long drive and out of sight, sitting up very straight and talking in a low angry voice to Queen Bess Poor Pig! Two months ago she used to cry when she quarreled with Pig—two little months ago. She was a child then. She gave the T. O. A. K. whistle, one long note and two short, and opened the Carrs' front door.

It was dark in the Carrs' front hall, and you could see the lights in the room at the end. They showed under the crack of the door. She dropped her things in a heap on the hat-rack and tiptoed toward the door. It was locked; that was why they met here. No other member of the T. O. A. K. had a door that would lock. She gave the signal knock, like the whistle, one long rap and two short, then announced herself in a whisper, with her face close to the keyhole:

"Pixie!"

"Nixie and Trixie!" said a voice inside—Madge Carr's voice, but she could make it sound quite different—mysterious and low. "Give the password."

"Constancy!"

"Lock, lock, double lock!" said the voice, and the door opened and closed quickly behind her. She was in the Carrs' play room. Mrs. Carr would call it that still and would not put away Madgie's dolls; but she was also in the clubroom of the T. O. A. K.

Sally Belle drew a long breath of delight. What a clubroom it was! This was the seventh meeting, but she was not used to it yet. It had never been so impressive, never so finished in effect as to-day. The white hard light of the sun on the snow could not get in here. The blinds were shut and every curtain was drawn—green shades, white

(Continued on Page 60)

"I Know Where You're Going, and Tissue Doyle Knows, and Stubby Giles Knows." "Let Them! It's No Disgrace"

THE THREE-PLANE NAVY

By Edward G. Lowry

IN DAYS of old when knights were bold battles were fought on the surface of the land and on the surface of the sea—that is, on one plane. Now they are fought on the surface of the land and sea, in the air over the land and sea, and under the surface of the earth and the face of the waters—that is, on three planes. A recognition of this fact has started a guessing contest among the men whose profession is war. This is a costly process and since it is all charged up to our account we may fitly participate in it. Whether they guess right or wrong, we pay for it in money, and if they make a wrong guess we pay the penalty also.

The World War was not a bit as the soldiers thought it would be. They based their expectations on past wars. They didn't know or imagine what could or would be done with tanks, airplanes, submarines, bombs of all descriptions, from the Mills hand bomb up to the 1600-pound airplane bomb filled with TNT, flame throwers, poison gas, and all the other new and effective devices for killing and maiming. Their prewar outlook neglected the essential fact that the war to be won was not the last war, but the next war.

It is an odd and singular fact, too, as Rear Admiral Fiske has pointed out, that "while new weapons have been produced, almost no weapons ever used before have ever been wholly discarded. In the World War, for instance, men fought against each other with not only the most highly specialized and scientific instruments that the intellects of all the world could devise, but with their fists and feet and clubs and bayonets; while many of the highly specialized means were merely revivals in improved forms of old contrivances; for instance, the highly specialized submarine was a development of submarine vessels moved by hand power in our Civil War; the mortars that attacked the tops of the Belgian forts were developments of the old ballista; and poison gas was an improvement on the ancient Chinese stinkpot."

The Canadians who started the night trench-raiding business wore steel helmets like King Arthur's knights of the Round Table and carried spiked clubs as did the prehistoric cave man. They also carried modern hand grenades and bombs. Some of the men in the trenches wore armor breastplates and some carried flame throwers. I remember precisely and clearly one scene that brought it home to me what a mixed business it all was and how unlike modern warfare was to what we had been told it would be.

Stripped for Action

AUGUST 21, 1918, in Northern France, was a piping hot, dry day, with a heavy ground mist early in the morning. The British Third Army jumped off at 3:30 A.M., as nearly as I remember, to make an attack on the line of the Arras-Albert railway from Boiseaux to Puiseaux. It turned out to be a highly successful little binge, and despite the great heat and frightful dust everybody was as happy as children on a picnic. Sometimes it was like that.

A little after noon near Ayette I ran into two young fellows in a gale of high spirits larking along beside their engines of destruction. One of them was in command of a tank and the other had an armored motor car. They were coming out of the battle; their job was done. They had been sent ramping out into the blue through the mist in the early morning just at the time of the jump-off. Their job was to range wide and free ahead of the infantry and raise as much hell as they could by way of surprising and frightening the enemy. This they had done.

They had knocked up the sleeping Germans out of their nests and pursued them by squads and platoons over the countryside, firing at them meantime with automatics and light machine guns. They had in their own phrase put the wind up old Fritz. When I encountered them they were tired, covered with grease, oil, muck and dust, and very happy. While thus engaged in furthering the progress of civilization and making the world safe for democracy, they wore—and this is what struck me—steel helmets, commonly known as tin hats, sleeveless undershirts and running drawers more than ready for the laundry, and tennis sneakers.

I thought of Cæsar in Gaul, Napoleon at Austerlitz, Wellington at Waterloo, Grant at Appomattox; and it came upon me that if by any chance I met these great captains in the Elysian Fields and they brought up the subject of war I should be able to tell them a few things. None of them had ever sent out a twenty-two-year-old lad dressed in his underclothes to rampage around in the early morning hours in a fast armored motor car to arouse, pursue and pop at with a Hotchkiss gun the bewildered and annoyed enemy.

A Sun Bath on the Superstructure of a U. S. Submarine

I simply recite this to show that you don't get any fair idea of what war is by reading of what war was as described in the school and text books. It makes me chary of advancing a definite opinion about what the next war will be like, but without going into details it seems safe to say that however devilish the war just ended was, the next one will be a horror beyond all present imagination.

We have learned a few things about destroying men and cities. From the present outlook, unless we find a substitute for armed conflict, posterity won't have a Chinaman's chance. But that is all by the way and not my present concern.

The point is now that we have these modern engines of destruction and we must decide how far they are to supplement and how far they are to supplant the older weapons with which we are familiar. Concretely the immediate decision to be made is how far the value and effectiveness of battleships have been affected and impaired by airplanes and submarines. Is the battleship the capital ship of a modern fleet or has it been supplanted by the airplane carrier? We are in the way of having one of the greatest surface navies in the world, if not actually the greatest, but provision has not yet been made for a submarine and for a naval air force in proportion to the surface fleet.

That is the problem for Congress to solve this summer, and as the solution may cost you $500,000,000 or more I thought you might be interested in considering it for yourself. The advocates of airplanes say that if we put our money in battleships we shall be buying last year's bird's nests and a virtually obsolete type of weapon that cannot live on the sea if the enemy sends airplanes against them. A modern battleship costs about $40,000,000 to build and equip, and the Lord knows how much to maintain. This estimate of the price paid for one of the new superdreadnoughts is supplied by the Navy Department and confirmed by the House Committee on Naval Affairs and is based on a cost of $21,000,000 for hull and machinery, $15,000,000 for armor and armament, and $4,000,000 for ammunition and equipment. They retain their usefulness for about ten years. For the cost of one battleship we can buy 1000 modern bombing planes, with a great flying radius, any one of which by a properly discharged torpedo or one-ton bomb can destroy or, at any rate, completely disable a battleship; at least, that is the claim of the airplane champions. As you see, it is not only a question of effectiveness but of an immense saving in money. Laymen will have to decide after the sailors have made their arguments, and seagoing folk are notoriously the most conservative people in the world.

From Sail to Steam

THE primary purpose of a warship is to transport destructive power to a place where it can be used against an enemy. That is its main job, just to carry engines of destruction to the place where they can be most effectively used. For thirty centuries the armed rowing galley was the capital ship of the world's navies. Rowers pulling oars supplied motive power even as late as the Battle of Lepanto, in 1571. When the Spanish Armada made its attempted invasion of England in 1588 many of the Spanish ships were propelled by oars as well as sails. Rear Admiral Fiske, to whom I am indebted for this bit of historical perspective, also points out that it was the invention of guns that finally caused the galley to be supplanted by the sailing ship.

The large sailing ship, moved by the wind alone, and armed with guns on each broadside, was the highest development of armed power that could then be used upon the sea. It was superior to the oar-rowed galley in cruising distance, but inferior in quickness of maneuver. Had the gun not been invented one can only guess whether the oar would have continued the main motive power for warships. But the gun was so superior to the sword and the arrow that it soon became the main offensive weapon of the ship, and the power of sails to carry this weapon over great distances without pausing resulted in the battleship of the line.

But its rule was of brief duration compared with that of its immediate predecessor, the armed galley, for the galley was lord of all it surveyed for thirty centuries that we know of, while the armed sailing ship reigned only from the closing days of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century, a period of less than three centuries.

The sailing man-of-war supplanted the rowed armed galley mainly because it could transport destructive agencies more quickly over long distances; and the steam man-of-war supplanted the sailing man-of-war for precisely the same reason.

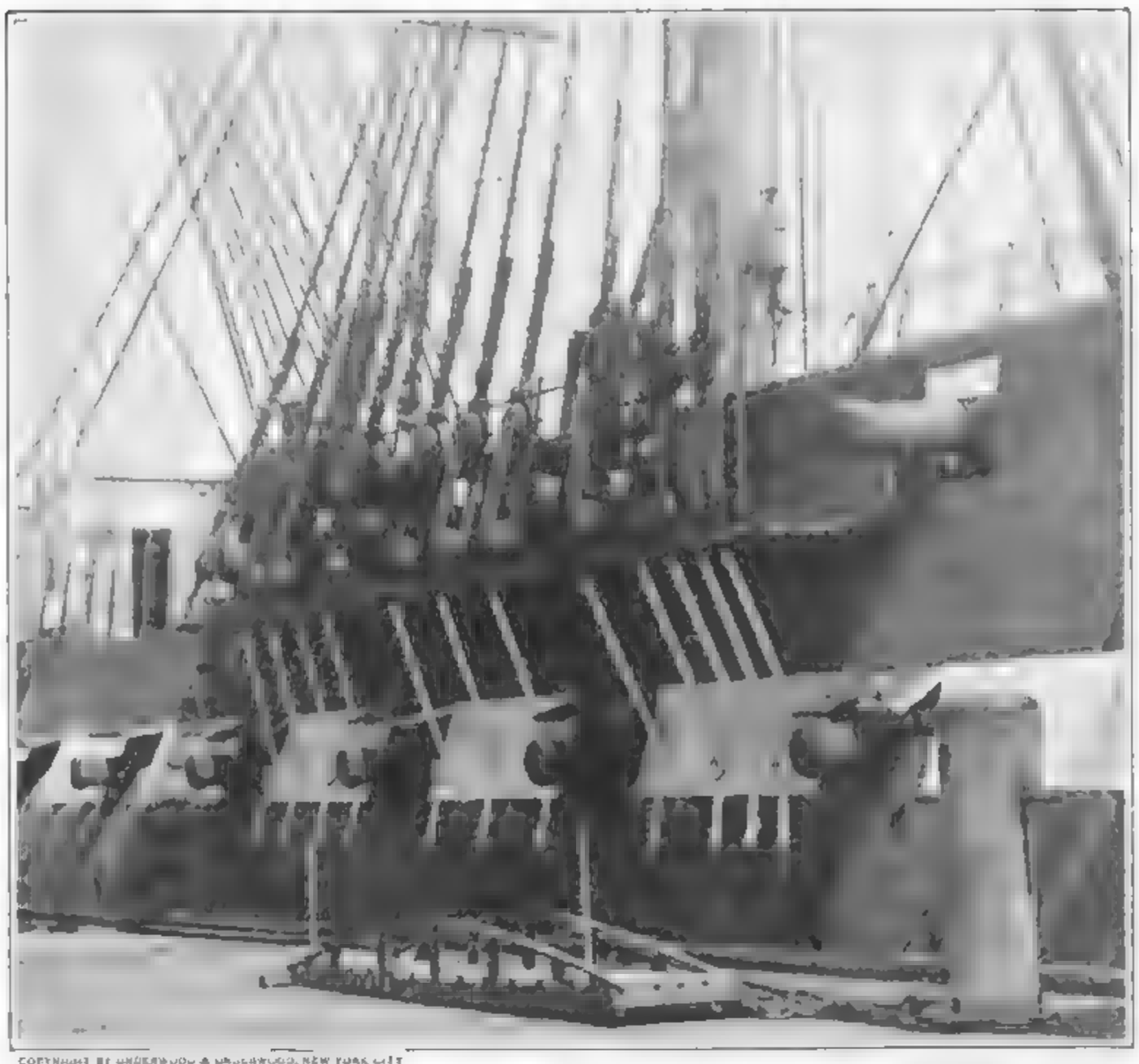
Admiral Fiske himself saw the change from the sailing ship to the steam-propelled war vessel and says of it:

"It is instructive to realize that the going of the sailing warship and the coming of the modern battleship were strenuously resisted by the majority of the naval officers. The fight did not really begin until about 1880, and it was not actually ended before 1900. I was on duty in the Bureau of Ordnance from 1883 till 1885, and afterward in the Atlanta, our first new fighting ship, and can bear personal witness to the bitterness of the fight that was waged to prevent the coming of what were called 'mechanical gun carriages' and the abolition of sails. As late as February, 1897, most of the trip from San Francisco to Yokohama made by the U. S. S. Petrel was made under sail as well as steam.

"It would surprise many of the present generation to know how stubbornly the change from the 'old navy' to the 'new navy' was resisted, and how bitterly some officers now rear admirals on the retired list fought against it. As late as December, 1885, one of these officers, late the commander in chief of a fleet, argued with the present writer in the wardroom of the old Brooklyn that the Brooklyn was a better man-of-war than the Atlanta.

"The coming of electricity was resisted in the same way; so was the telescope sight, the range finder, the torpedo, and, in fact, nine in ten of the methods and appliances that have increased the effectiveness of navies.

"That the gradual abolition of the sailing warship should have been resisted may easily be understood, however; for it was the sailing warship that had built up the great prestige of navies. It was the sailing warship that had carried the flags of the great naval nations in all the seas, and that, under the command of Drake and Raleigh and Rodney and Howe and Nelson and John Paul Jones and Decatur and nearly all the great men of naval history, had put the navy officer on a plane only a little below that held by the army officer as the decider of the destinies of nations. The sailing warship had been the queen of the ocean for three centuries, and she had reigned with power and glory and success. Why dethrone her and substitute instead a dirty tank of iron, filled with coal, and vomiting black greasy smoke over the beautiful blue ocean and the beautiful white deck?"



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The Constitution, Better Known as "Old Ironsides," Tied Up in the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston

Naval Conservatism

"BY AN easily understood action—or inaction—of the mind we unconsciously regard the present as the end of time, and unconsciously regard the appliances of the present as finalities. Nelson could not picture any warship except the kind he knew about—and the same remark is approximately true concerning some officers of a much later day. Even after our Civil War ended, as late as 1865, despite the fact that all the battles had been fought under steam, the majority of officers favored the retention of sails and resisted the coming of steam."

Great Britain has been the foremost naval power of the world for more than a century, and has constantly led the other navies both in size and in modernity of equipment. Yet I find Admiral Sir Herbert King-Hall conceding:

"The English are a conservative race, and the British Navy is a conservative service. The Navy obtained its first steamship in 1823; for the next generation we still built magnificent 90-gun line-of-battle ships and large frigates whose sole means of movement was their sail power, and which under most circumstances were at the mercy of the steamer. Nor was it until the 80's of the last century that we thought it safe to build men-of-war without sail power. Further, it was not until the beginning of the twentieth century that the last seagoing man-of-war with sail power was put out of commission, and that canvas finally disappeared from the Navy, nearly a century after the first appearance of steam.

"From this we may estimate the time it is likely to take before the submarine—developed out of all recognition—comes into its own."

In the face of this tradition it is small wonder that the bulk of naval officers are reluctant to face and concede the eclipse of the battleship. Before the war the Germans had a new navy without traditions. They were not an old seagoing people. For the most part they copied the English as nearly as they could. But they saw first the possibilities of the submarine, though they had only a vague and limited idea of its usefulness.

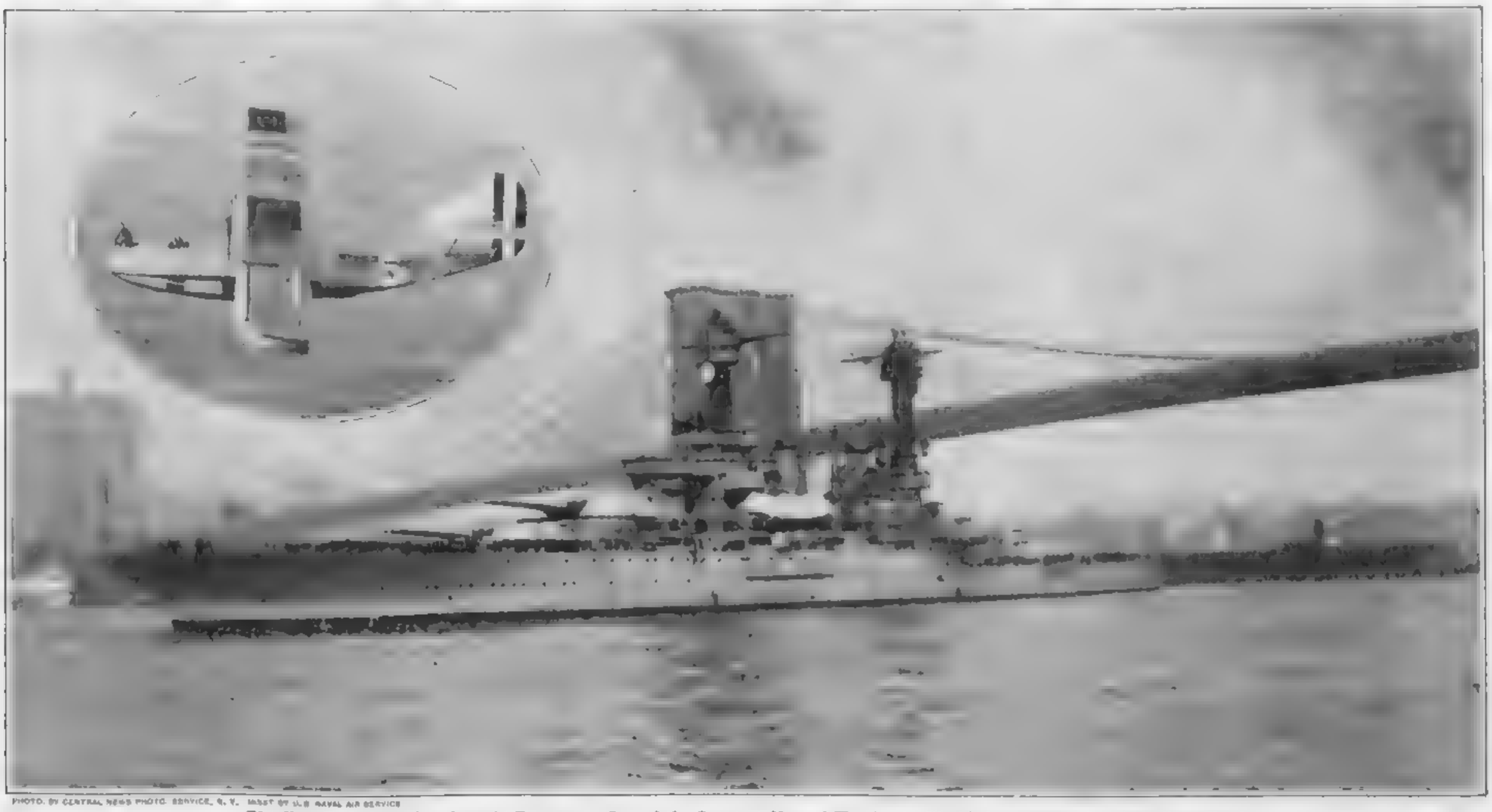
Sims on Submarines

THERE are not lacking competent naval officers who declare that had Germany had fifty more submarines in commission in 1914 she would have won the war. But as I have heard Admiral Sims say:

"Nobody in the navy—or rather no admiralty or any such body—understood the submarine and its qualifications in 1914. I wanted to make that statement in some article I was writing, and I looked up the record of the reports of boards and of the principal European officers, and of some American officers, and I did not find anything enthusiastically in favor of submarines. On the contrary, I found almost universal condemnation of the submarine. According to those reports it was a thing that could perform 'circus stunts in fair weather'; that it would destroy the health of the crew inside of a week; and that it had to operate with a mother ship alongside it. When the Audacious was torpedoed off the northwest coast of Ireland the British Admiralty made a minute investigation of the western coast of Ireland and of Scotland to see where the submarine's base was. They did not for a moment suspect that the submarine that laid the mines that sank the Audacious could have been based at Wilhelmshaven.

"Much less did they imagine that they could operate at a distance of 300 miles off the western coast of Ireland, and the larger ones even remain three months in the neighborhood of the Azores. There was a complete misunderstanding of its capabilities. Germany misunderstood the submarine in the same way, but to a less extent.

(Continued on Page 72)



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The New U. S. Superdreadnought Tennessee, One of the Greatest Men-of-War in the World, Leaving the Brooklyn Navy Yard for Active Service. In the Oval—The Navy Airplane, F-5-L No. 5, Photographed in Flight From Another Plane

MILE HIGH

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

V

PATRICIA and the two men retired early but Léontine lingered to talk to Mr. Hartwell, their host. The man interested and attracted her and she desired to know him better. Perhaps she felt instinctively that he might have something to say to her, and in this her intuition was correct, for presently he remarked abruptly: "Your niece, Miss Melton, is the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

Léontine smiled. "Patricia's beauty is of an unusual type."

"That's just it," he answered eagerly. "When they made her they broke the mold—and it was some mold! I don't believe there's another like her on earth. I'd never have believed there was any such girl. She's like a fairy, but a splendid strong wonderful sort of fairy."

"Be careful not to tell her so," warned Léontine. "Other people have made the same remark, and for some reason it angers her. It would sound very silly to you if I were to tell you that her father's mother, who was of the Irish nobility, was said to be a sort of witch. The peasants of the region where she lived were all afraid of her and used to cross themselves when she passed. None of them would go near the castle at night if they could help it. Of course Ireland is full of superstitions, but I often feel there is something uncanny about Patricia. Many people are tremendously attracted to her, while others she seems to repel."

"You can put me in the first class," said the sheriff in his vibrant voice. "I reckon it's not the thing for me to say, countess, being just a plain ranchman, but the minute I laid eyes on her I felt as if I had grabbed a live wire."

Léontine shook her finger at him in smiling reproof. "Ah! That's because you are a very strong man, and you live alone. You should have married years ago."

"Well, there was another reason besides what I told you about not feeling right in bringing a woman here. You remember I spoke about being station agent on the U. P."

"Yes."

"That gave me a different idea of girls. These big through trains used to stop there and the passengers get out and walk round and frolic, and often I'd come out to sort of entertain them like they were my guests. Nearly always there'd be some wonderful girls with beautiful faces and soft hair nicely done up and dressed like the pictures you see in the magazines of society girls. I used to call them my Pullman girls—to myself, I mean. Sometimes I would talk to one who would make such an impression on me I'd think of her for days."

"You'd fall in love?"

"No. It wasn't just that. I'd say to myself, 'Bob, those girls are not for you. You're not their kind.' And then I'd say, 'Why not? Why shouldn't I win one like that some day?' It sort of took away my interest in our prairie girls, and some of these were mighty pretty too. But I wanted class. I wanted that fine smooth sort that dressed just right and spoke just right and knew what it was to live in fine houses with servants to wait on them, and go to dances and theaters and operas and travel with high-toned people.

"I said to myself: 'You make your pile, boy, and then we'll see.'"

He rose suddenly from his chair and began to stride up and down. "And now, countess, I've made my pile, and if I don't cut me out one I'll know the reason why. But somehow since I've seen Miss Melton these others seem like pink fluffy children. I've seen a real woman, and it's put me off all the rest."

"You Must Put Miss Melton Out of Your Mind, Dear Host"

Léontine appeared to reflect for a moment. Despite her past criminal life with its outrageous episodes, there was a quality about this plainsman that moved her. Unlike Patricia, Léontine's unlawful past had contained its love episodes, these of varying duration, depending principally upon the caprice of her temperamental Slavic nature. It was impossible for Léontine to think of life without food and sleep and other vital necessities. But knowing Patricia as well as she did, Léontine did not believe that this curiously typeless girl had ever so much as submitted to the slightest masculine caress. They were both thieves—master thieves, thoroughly trained in a finished school of crime, and though their natures were alike in a relish for the game itself and for its increment there was this difference between them, that Léontine had always worked with a partner, like a marauding lioness, whereas Patricia had always worked alone. And there was a more sinister difference of method. Léontine had always hated bloodshed; not shrunk from it precisely, but deplored it as unsportsmanlike, and only necessary where there was a lack of finesse. But she was now convinced that Patricia, like Chu-Chu the Shearer, loved to combine a killing with a theft. There was something inhuman about this girl which, though it did not repel Léontine, often appalled her.

Léontine in the course of the war, when she had given herself to the service of the Allied cause, had found her soul. She was still a criminal in spite of herself, but rather as a musician would be obliged to remain a musician even though he found the profession of cowboy more profitable. But her experiences had softened her, whereas those of Patricia, an alleged propagandist, which had brought her in contact with a great many different sorts of men, appeared to have made her a sort of anthropophobe. Léontine knew that Patricia hated men as sincerely as a cat hates dogs. Sir Harold and Stephan knew this even better than Léontine. So now the beautiful Russian cosmopolitan thief regarded the sheriff a good deal as some months before she might have looked with pitying eyes at a poilu brought in shot through the abdomen—a fatal case. But then, Patricia was a fatal girl, and men had loved her with that result which legend attaches to the wooing of a siren or Nereid or water nymph.

Léontine was rather sorry for the sheriff but she could think of nothing much to do for him; so she answered gently: "A great many men, some high, some low, some clever and some merely rich, have wanted to marry Patricia. She has never listened to one for a moment. I confess I don't understand such a nature as hers any more than I do a masculine one like yours which can live womanless. You may be a ranchman by profession, but I should say you were an idealist, perhaps a poet, at heart."

The sheriff shook his head. "No, countess," said he, "you've got me wrong. I can see what you mean, though. I've known men like that, who live, so to speak, up in the clouds. But my life has been close to the earth. I love the soil. I love to help it do the work for which God Almighty intended it. Let me tell you, countess, that there have been days in the early summer when I have ridden over the prairie and seen it green with sprouting crops as far as the eye could reach, and rich with the promise of an abundant yield. Somehow I never looked at it the way a good many of my neighbors do, and never went back to figure out in dollars and cents what it was going to bring me if we worked through without some sort of blight. It seemed to me to cut deeper than that—and when I've seen the crops waist high and strong and vigorous and the breeze running through in waves, and smelled the corn tassels, it made me feel like a father to the whole thing—as if the crops were my children, and sometimes I've sat on my horse and looked out across it and felt as if I wanted to cry."

"I was right," murmured Léontine. "I said you were a poet."

The sheriff laughed, not in his boyish way but with a short ironic mirth.

"Some of the men I've had to go after and get might not agree with you, countess. I like poetry and I read it a good deal winter nights when I'm alone, but I'm no poet."

"What men have you had to go after and get?" Léontine asked.

"Well, you see, I'm sheriff, and every place has got its roughnecks, and sometimes there's trouble. It's stopped mostly since I was sheriff here," he added with unconscious egoism. "They have found out that it ain't worth while with me on the job."

"Are you so severe?" Léontine asked. "So conscientious in your duty to the state?"

The sheriff appeared to reflect for a brief instant. "No, I don't think it's altogether that," said he. "But I just naturally hate a thief like my old collie hates a coyote. I can't abide dishonest people, and then when they get rounded up and turn and show their fangs, it kills whatever mercy might be in me. In the old days we had a good many of that sort trailin' along the big continental lines.

Twice I was held up in my station, and both times ——" He checked himself suddenly. Léontine leaned forward, her dark eyes burning into his.

"What?" she breathed.

"Oh, don't let's talk about it," said the sheriff. "I'm gettin' away from my subject."

"Please, Mr. Hartwell, I want to know. What happened?"

"It ain't the sort of thing to talk about to a lady."

"But I insist. You don't know how much you have interested me, and you can't shock a woman who served at the Front during this terrible war."

The sheriff looked embarrassed. "That's so," said he. "It's plain to see you're not a Pullman girl, nor Miss Melton either. Well then, one time I managed to get to my gun and killed all four. The other time I crawled out pretty well shot up, but nothing to cripple me, and got me together a posse and killed 'em in the rocks on the edge of the Black Hills. They didn't mean to go to jail and I didn't want to take 'em there. Two of 'em had been friends of mine and I sent the daughters of one of them to school." He gave a short apologetic laugh. "We don't do things here like they do in the East. When good men go wrong they don't play the bet with their money. They play it with their lives. Now look here, countess, I've got clean away from what I wanted to tell you."

Léontine dropped her elbows on the table, cupped her chin in her hands and gave him a look that had turned the heads of more worldly men. Her lips were slightly apart and there was a glow on her high Slavic cheek bones. If the sheriff had possessed the slightest feministic experience he would have felt at once a conquest not far removed. For despite her elegance and finished perfection of *femme du monde*, Léontine had been for many years a thief and the associate of thieves not all of whom were such finished products as herself. She was a past mistress of crime and of fatal criminal men in most of whom the ferocious beast was not far below the surface, and it had always been the primitive, the elemental in a man which, backed by a ruthless courage that in such malefactors often obtained, most appealed to her.

But now, at the age of thirty-six, her nature had changed. Recent war experiences had taught her that men could be just as ferocious at times with an even higher courage and more indomitable strength than are to be found in the criminal class. She had tended men fresh from the carnage with the glare of battle still blazing in their eyes. Her point of view had undergone a renaissance. She was still criminal herself from long association with this class, but her brilliant and passionate temperamental mind had deflected her admiration from its former objectives, such types as the polished Count Ivan, master of thieves, and the dread Chu-Chu the Shearer, his chief operative.

The sheriff had impressed her from the first as a man of iron nature, inflexibility of will and purpose and a certain grim ruthlessness directed not against society but against its enemies. She felt that he could be as deadly as Chu-Chu himself, though from a different angle; that he was a sworn enemy to wrongdoers, to whom in the pursuit of his official duties he would show scant mercy: and that once started on the trail of any objective, whether it be man or woman or merely the conquest of the soil, he was not one to be deflected from his purpose. It was true that they were dog and she-wolf, but in her case the lupine strain was not without its influence of domestication just as his canine one held its full measure of the wild. So their types converged, and though she still possessed a primitive hatred for the upholders of the law this man was not without his powerful appeal to her.

Physically he pleased her infinitely. She did not insist that a man should have a mundane polish in look or speech or *savoir-faire*. It was the force in him that was her lure, and she was thrilled by his sheer virility and strength, while subtly enticed by face and features, lined and weather roughened but bold and clean-cut and handsome in their molding.

For a moment she was conscious of a flame of resentment against Patricia. It seemed to Léontine that if this man had fallen under the spell of her own great charm and beauty with the same concentrated passion she could scarcely have refused him. But she knew that Patricia, aside from her curious aversion to men as a sex, was also fastidious to the point of repulsion to an individual who, though masculine, was not to the last degree a finished product. She had always suspected the girl of having been stirred by the only two men who had ever mastered her, not only in finesse but by *force majeure:* one Captain Phineas Plunkett, and Clamp, the Peddler, both gentlemen in every sense of the word, both young and with the scrupulous nicety at every point to be found in the gentleman athlete or sportsman.

She could not imagine Patricia being moved by such a man as the sheriff, whose powerful hands were toil roughened and features seamed not with age but exposure to such weather as they had recently sampled. His cleanliness was that of the out of doors, and it permeated him to an extent which one might not often find in the mere surface cleanliness of the city man. One felt his very soul to be clean, but this actual fact was not such as to make its appeal to the subtle malice of Patricia's bad-fairy nature.

So now as he stared at Léontine with a burning eagerness in his clear blue eyes she shook her head and answered gently: "You must put Miss Melton out of your mind, dear host. Something has been left out in the making of her. I doubt if any man has ever won even so much as her friendship, let alone her love. She may flirt, but in a malicious way as if she liked to tantalize. Her enticements are those of a siren or wicked fairy. I don't believe that any man has ever moved her."

The sheriff did not look convinced. His thick black eyebrows drew a straight line across his broad forehead and beneath them the eyes, unusually clear, shone like sapphires while his face set with a sort of grim satisfaction at Léontine's statement.

"So much the better," said he. "That gets rid of one obstacle, since there's nobody else in the way. But after all she's human, countess."

"Some of us are not so sure," murmured Léontine.

"Oh, shucks! I beg your pardon, but I've got no faith in this different-from-anybody-else theory. We've all got our bodies to live in while we're on this old earth, and those bodies have their natural feelings. If we're healthy—and Miss Melton is certainly that; no young woman made as perfect as she is can be shy the instincts that make men men, and women women."

"But haven't you lived all these years womanless yourself?"

"Maybe I was waiting for the hour when the alarm clock goes off. Well, it's come."

"Perhaps Patricia is waiting too," Léontine suggested.

"Maybe. But if that's the case it's up to me to set it ringing. Listen, countess. Somehow I can't believe that a man as strong as I am could feel as I do about this girl and not get some reaction in her. I'm a lot older, of course, in years. But for one thing, I've run like a well-oiled, well-driven machine without much wear or friction. Good hard healthy work doesn't age a sound man. And besides, I've got a mighty strong hunch that a young fellow her own age wouldn't be the proper mate for a girl like that. She'll need some holding. I've handled blooded stock and I know the traits. My own family is a good sound colonial one that emigrated out here from the East when my father was a boy. I'm rich, even for to-day, and I figure to be a lot richer. She wouldn't have to live here. We'd go where she liked and live where she liked, in any way she might choose. You tell me she hasn't got a cent herself, and is going to tackle the movies. That's no job for a thoroughbred like her. The day she married me—if she could ever see it that way—I'll settle a cold million on her, and if at the end of a year's time she thinks she's made a mistake she can leave me and go her own way—get a divorce—anything she likes. If I can't hold her after

(Continued on Page 51)

Léontine Regarded the Chinaman With a Thoughtful Expression. "I Imagine Mr. Hartwell Would Not be an Easy Man to Get Away From"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11, 1921

Civilization Shock

DR. STEWART PATON, of Princeton University, made a highly significant statement the other day when he told a learned society that a great deal of radicalism and Bolshevism we see about us represents the defense reactions of inadequates afraid of facing their own personal problems.

There is a growing tendency upon the part of men of science to regard the social unrest that produces blind radicalism not as a political evolution, not as sheer cussedness, but as a symptom of an epidemic disease characterized by abnormal mental and nervous states. According to the authority already quoted, healthy-minded men manifest normality by joy of living, pleasure in their work, willingness to face things as they are, moderation in wishful thinking, a wholesome sense of self-sufficiency, prompt action in emergencies and behavior controlled by normal and not by supernormal idealism.

The mental lame ducks whose malady is pushing them downhill into the slough of radicalism exhibit contrasting characteristics. They are continually put to the blush by a shaming sense of their own inadequacy. They experience mental depression or unwholesome exhilaration. Assuming the defensive, they dodge critical situations, they argue in vague platitudes, focus their attention upon class problems rather than upon personal exigencies, and assume a chimerical idealism that will enable them to cut a fine figure in the eyes of their fellows.

Like frightened sheep, the inadequates herd together. Personal failure, realization of general unfitness and the misery that loves company are their common bonds of fellowship. These unfortunates have fallen victims to vicious habits of the mind, and nothing short of a drastic course in correct mental hygiene will restore them to normality.

More than ever before, medical men are concerning themselves with the diseased conditions of life's failures. They are beginning to realize, perhaps rather tardily, that for every case of shell shock, to which they have devoted such intensive study, there are a thousand uncured cases of civilization shock, cases of pronounced mental and nervous wear and tear consequent upon the struggle for existence, that their science is not fully prepared to master.

What every great city really needs is a well-equipped clinic for the study of persons, not organ by organ but as social units. As a leading advocate of such clinics truly says: "It is just as scientific to try and find the reason why Jones raises the devil at the breakfast table when surrounded by his family, and later in the day speaks eloquently on the famine in China, as it is to measure his reflexes and analyze his digestive processes."

In time we shall have such clinics. In the meanwhile, if a young man finds himself slipping into the toils of red radicalism he can do himself no better turn than to consult a wise physician. If none is at hand he might do far worse than to cultivate healthful habits of thought through wholesome reading. Let him study and reflect upon Emerson's Essays, for example, especially those on Self-Reliance and on Compensation. Let him plunge into Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship and in general read about those men who came to be masters of their fates and captains of their souls in spite of handicaps a thousandfold more burdensome than his own.

Man Wages and Money Wages

LIKE a good ship covered with barnacles or a fine piece of metal that has been allowed to rust, the sound and just principle that human life is more important than money is being covered over and embroidered with all sorts of unwise and untruthful implications and distorted meanings. In a recent dispute between a group of corporations and unions a labor leader declared that "the real issue in this case is the wages of man versus the wages of money." In every sentence of his plea the implication was made that the wages of money mattered very little and could be brushed aside as of no import.

Yet if the extreme demands of the unions had been granted, if they had been able to get all they asked for, the man wages of yesterday would have been in part jeopardized and lost for great numbers of workers. For if every wildest allegation of stock watering and financial graft and mismanagement be admitted, the fact remains that millions of people of all classes have a stake, which they have saved from their wages and salaries, in the great transportation and other industries of the country.

But it is said that the worker's few shares of stock or even his savings-bank account and life-insurance policy are far less important to him than his work, than his job. That is granted. It is granted also that any attempt to scare the worker from getting a decent wage and decent working conditions by pointing out the danger to his bank account or insurance policy is both unfair and futile.

Fair wages to men, however, depend in the long run upon fair and reasonable wages to money. It is not only the inventor who has built up great industries which in turn have extended and widened the scope of employment. Most of the great discoveries would not have been put to practical use and become the foundations of industry without the aid of capital and capitalist, without the promoter, the administrator and even the banker—that is, without money wages. Nor is there any evidence that unsuccessful concerns, those which pay no dividends, are the ones which grow fastest and open up the most new avenues for every sort of worker. Is it probable that either the automobile or the motion-picture industry would have reached its present greatness if the wages of money had been left out of reckoning?

It is said that the human factor is the vital, predominant force in industry. It is. But this human factor may be overgreedy or unwise in the form of labor-union demands just as it sometimes is in the form of a Wall Street operation. The householder, father of a large family, paying taxes both Federal and local, harassed on every side by expenses which he can hardly meet, has a leaky faucet which he cannot repair. He telephones to a plumbing contractor explaining exactly what is wrong. Shortly there arrives a competent, intelligent journeyman, with an ample bag of tools, who without the slightest difficulty makes the repair. He needs no assistance, asks for none, and does all the work himself. But he is accompanied by a husky assistant, who watches him and does no work at all. The householder is forced to pay for the time of the assistant exactly as he does for that of the mechanic.

Now when that householder reads in the paper that the leaders of the railroad brotherhoods accuse the managers of waste and inefficiency, and the managers accuse the unions of desiring regulations which protect and countenance widespread waste and inefficiency of labor, the householder is not so sure that there is much to choose between them. It has never been proved that waste, inefficiency and graft are the sole prerogatives of any group or class. It does not require much shrewdness to suspect that the very vociferousness with which railroad labor denounces railroad management is in the nature of an admission that all the grab is not on one side. It is to be suspected that no one element in industry needs all the Government's protection from the other elements.

Mischief Makers

THE crime of treason is more common than men suppose, for an arbitrary definition written in statute books cannot make less treasonable those disloyal acts of which the statute takes no account. If the law should define theft as the wrongful taking and carrying away of another's purse, would the culprit who left the purse and made off with its contents be less a thief?

In America treason is defined as levying war against the United States, adhering to their enemies or giving their enemies aid and comfort. This definition is arbitrary and wholly inadequate.

A better definition, and one that more accurately meshes with the common understanding of mankind—the proper test of definitions—is that given in the work named Britton, whose authorship is lost in the mist of England's yesterdays. Here we are told that treason is "any mischief done to one to whom the doer represents himself as a friend."

Treason, then, is a mischief done in violation of professed friendship—an act of disloyalty to one to whom allegiance is due by reason of friendly pretensions.

If elected officials, by reason of stupidity or indifference, waste the money intrusted to them by the people, they work a mischief under cover of professed friendship. To say that they violate a trust does not express the whole of their offense. To waste tax money is to levy another and unnecessary tax; to make war upon the purses of the people; to give aid and comfort to the enemy, which is the hard necessity that requires men to sweat for their bread.

If a public servant uses the advantage of his office to get a profit by dealing in commodities the people must buy and by reason of his activities the price of these commodities is increased, he is a traitor in spirit and in fact. His clear intent is to fatten his own purse by doing the people a mischief. He not only delivers the people into the hands of an enemy but shares the enemy's profit. One who is set to guard a gate and for a price opens it to the barbarians is not guilty of a greater treachery.

If a number of men conspire to increase the price of a necessity or conspire in any enterprise that inevitably will increase the price of a necessity and work hardship upon the people, their action is treasonable. They are not traitorous to the king, for there is no king; but they are traitorous to the whole people, who are the state. These men, with other citizens, are partners in the enterprise of government. The partnership supposes a common cause. It does not forbid the taking of profits in exchange for service, for one may serve his friends to get a living and violate no principle of honor. But it does forbid conspiracy for the purpose of extortion. Those who conspire to wrest an unjust profit from the necessity of the people do not profess enmity. To profess enmity would be to invite destruction. They operate under the guise of friendship and work a mischief that is more than a breach of allegiance, more than adherence to an enemy—that is, in short, an act of warfare in quest of spoil.

We need to revise our definition of treason. Treason is not merely an act of disloyalty in time of war. This definition is the progeny of an age when kings were rulers by divine right and subjects were pawns to be sacrificed in the royal game of slaughter. Peace hath her treacheries no less infamous than war's. When war is forgotten a traitor will be a traitor still. And we must learn that the citizen of a republic, whether an official or a private citizen, is guilty of treason when he violates the confidence of the whole people, who are the state, and does them a mischief.

THE ROCKEFELLER FORTUNE

An Interpretation of its Meaning and Use Based Upon an Interview With John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

By Albert W. Atwood

IF THERE is any subject regarding which every American citizen has an opinion, it is the fortune of John D. Rockefeller. If any editorial writer has refrained from expressing his wonder not only as regards the size of this conspicuous accumulation, but also in respect to its accumulator, he has most assuredly escaped the writer's attention. Also, it is safe to say that among citizens, who must express their opinions, if at all, in the office, shop, farm, smoking car and home, few have failed to make note of and outwardly as well as inwardly comment upon the great wealth associated with the name of Rockefeller.

At one time the sheer size of this fortune and the manner in which it was made constituted the marvel of it. But as Mr. Rockefeller has given away his millions to the total of more than a half billion dollars, and as there is no sign that he is by any means finished with the process of philanthropy, the center of public interest has gradually shifted. Or rather there has been added to the almost fifty years of public scrutiny of Rockefeller and his fortune an equally keen curiosity as to the specific conceptions or principles of private and public duty, obligation, stewardship and service which have prompted these colossal benefactions.

Moreover, as the years go by the persistence with which Mr. Rockefeller and his son carry on and extend this work of giving away, in accordance with a carefully considered plan, the greatest fortune on earth, unswerved from their purpose, has not failed to arouse an increasing interest. It is obvious to the most unthinking that such perseverance is consistent only with a clear-cut program and a decided sense of duty.

The Stewardship of Wealth

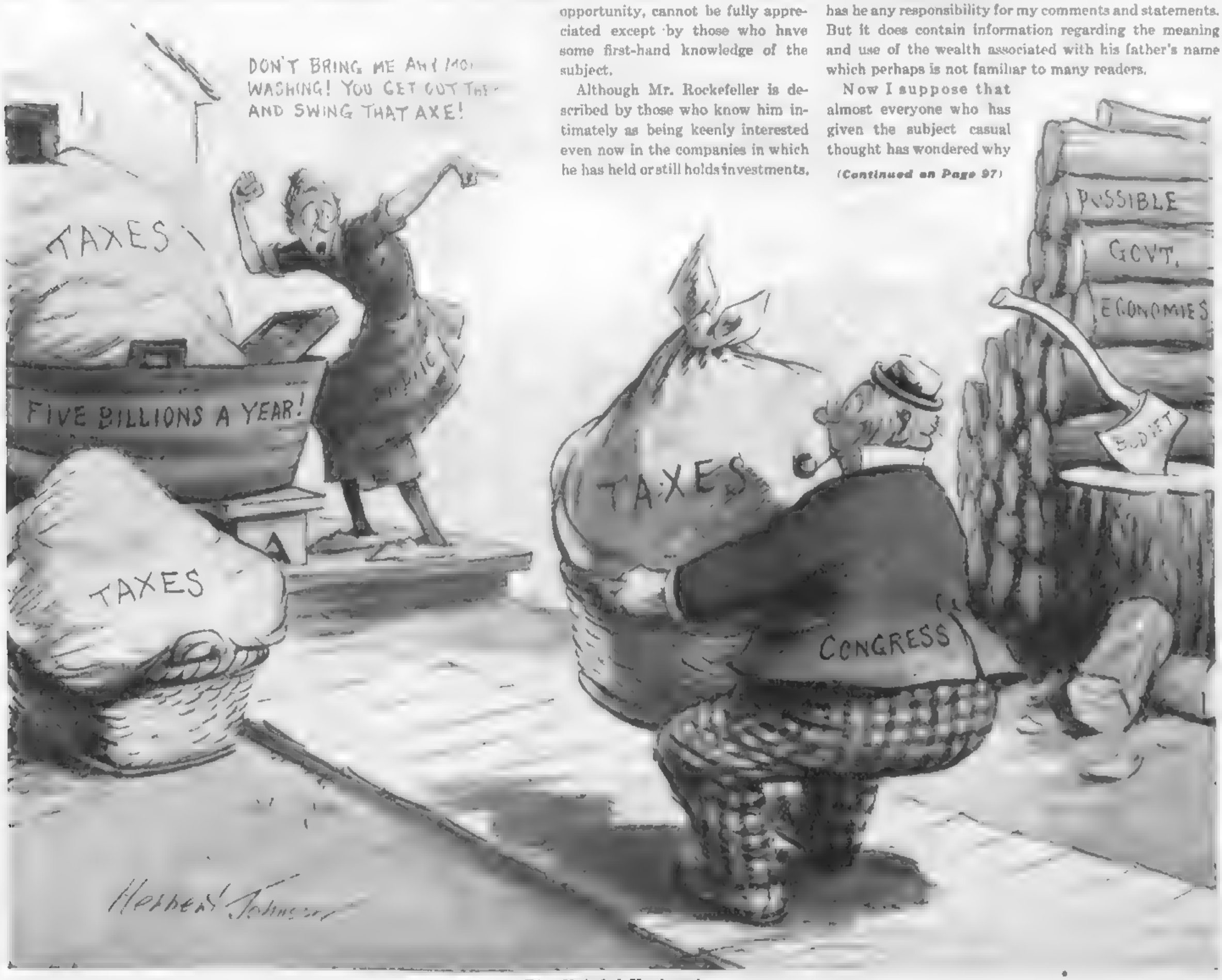
IT MUST be obvious also that such a fortune as this involves burdens and responsibilities which are truly astounding, unless the two Rockefellers are men of utterly callous and indifferent nature. Indeed no feature of such wealth is more commented upon than the burden which is commonly supposed to go with it. But the extent of this burden and responsibility, as well as the corresponding opportunity, cannot be fully appreciated except by those who have some first-hand knowledge of the subject.

Although Mr. Rockefeller is described by those who know him intimately as being keenly interested even now in the companies in which he has held or still holds investments, and as eager, thrifty, prudent and far-sighted as ever, it must be remembered that he retired from active business when he was about fifty-five years of age. On July eighth next he will be eighty-two years old. From the very nature of things his activities have become modified. Thus the actual responsibility of administering in detail this vast fortune, of putting to use this largest of accumulations, has fallen increasingly for some years upon Mr. Rockefeller's only son, now more than forty-seven years of age. He has interested himself in this work for nearly twenty-five years.

This article has been written as the result of an interview with Mr. Rockefeller, Jr. I sought his views regarding the conceptions and principles which underlie his father's gifts and certain aspects of the handling of the family interests. Although Mr. Rockefeller answered each question put to him squarely and as fully as the time at his disposal would permit, the conversation spread out into so many directions that it was impossible for him to cover with what seemed to him anything like completeness all the subjects suggested. Thus this article does not purport to be a complete interpretation of his point of view, nor has he any responsibility for my comments and statements. But it does contain information regarding the meaning and use of the wealth associated with his father's name which perhaps is not familiar to many readers.

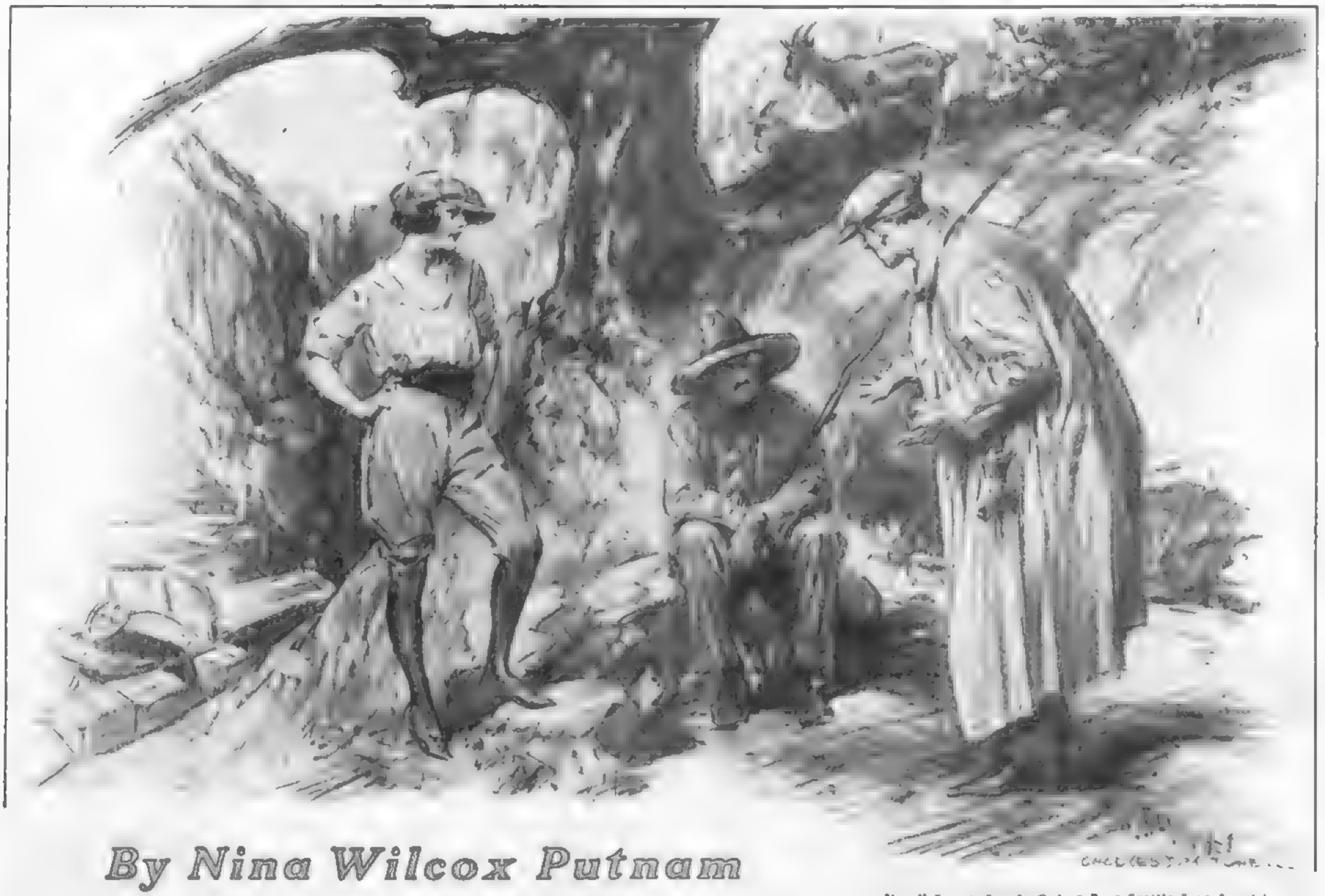
Now I suppose that almost everyone who has given the subject casual thought has wondered why

(Continued on Page 97)



The Helpful Husband

WEST BROADWAY



Jim, It Seems, Speaks Only a Pure Castile Soap Spanish Unfamiliar to the Unwashed Mexican

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XI

THE sheriff gave a little hitch to his gun belt, removed the broad-brimmed hat and acknowledged the introduction with a keen glance of his blue eyes that seemed to go right through us and see Tom Westman hiding behind us.

"I've been trying to meet you people ever since I heard you were in town," he said evenly. "And what I came out for was something special."

Well, do you get how I felt when he pulled that line? You do not! Not unless you been recently evading the law. And, believe me, when a remark like that is made by a regular Western he-sheriff with a gun on him there is a lot of extra feeling comes natural to you. But this sheriff turned from us to Doc Burns.

"I came out, doc," says the sheriff, "to see how you liked that new bunker of mine I been building?"

He pointed with pride to a ridge of earth right behind us, and we turned to admire, the doc perfectly sincerely, but as for me, all I could think of was a sigh of relief that the bunker was what he had come for. At the same time there was a dash of disappointment at finding the first real Wild Western sheriff I had seen absorbed in improving a golf course—of which, it turned out, he was vice president!

"There goes the old West!" I thought to myself. "We have, alas! no more of it outside of what Bill Hart does."

But I thought too soon. It seems this Sheriff Bird was good. He could play both parts without being doubled. Because when we was driving back to the city the doc mentioned casually that the sheriff had the week before taken a lunatic single-handed off a train.

"This nut had a gun," says the doc, "and had held up four passenger coaches. When the train stopped to let Bird on he was going to get Bird, too, but Bird shot the gun out of the feller's hand and took him easily. Bird, he's the best six-gun man in the county, I'm telling you!"

Well, I was glad he was, because here I seemed to see a new sort of ambidextrous West, if you can get the idea; a West which could at once be wild and tame—hold-ups or golf-links, they took 'em as they come. But then again I would of felt less restless if I could of been sure that sheriff was exclusively interested in his Wild West combination menagerie and golf course. It was plain the sleuth I spotted at Kansas City had either lost us or shot by us, never dreaming we would stop off in such a small place, and not thinking of repairs, and apparently having said nothing to Bird.

But having seen that keen-eyed sporting sheriff, I didn't feel any real sorrow when we got back to the hotel and Tom told us that the bus was ready and packed. So I took a photo of Jim and the doc and Welcome standing in front of the car, and then Jim took one of me and the doc and Welcome standing in the same place, so we would have something to remind us of Garden City, and then the next thing we took was our departure.

It's a funny thing, but from here on I find myself kind of up against it when I try to tell about what I seen—I mean, saw. I wish, and wish hard, somebody had give me a grammar at the date they give me my first automobile—meaning myself, for I have bought most of my own presents with my own money, which is more often the case with stage and screen girls than the public seems to think, and it's the form of investment they make—especially the jewelry—and fewer managers do personal favors than do sound business.

Well, anyways, I wish that I had bought myself a little education the time when I bought myself that diamond bar-pin with the first bunch of kale I earned that didn't have to be planted in the home yard. Then I could put down my thoughts on America better. Because writing a piece about the country up to where the real West commences is like writing about business, and it is pleasant, but concerns everyday things—things it is easy to speak about. Trying to write about the Far West is like trying to write religion. You can't do it. And yet if you have seen that part of the country you have to try. There are deep things in my heart as I look back on the trip, but how can I tell them on paper? How could I, even if I knew the words? I keep, in my mind, going back to that waiter on Sixth Avenue, and like him, think there is no way to tell the ones which haven't seen this country what it is like. "Buy 'em a ticket." By gosh, that waiter said a mouthful!

Well, anyways, out we went from Garden City early in the afternoon, humping along a pretty rotten road to a place in the middle of Nowhere called Syracuse, where we found a hotel like a stage one, only real, with a bath, good food and everything, and so we thought we would hold that hotel right down and not let it get away from us or be lost on the prairie.

This hotel had tiled private baths, art furniture, silver and linen like a private home, and fresh white carnations on the tables—with food to match, I may add. It was some hotel, to be all by itself, I felt, like it had been dropped out of heaven onto the prairie. A Harvey House it was, and you got to hand it to them Harveys—Moe Harvey, that advertised and give his name to the desert, and his brother Fred, who put private baths onto it!

Well, that night we stayed there, sitting out under the vine-covered colonnade, Welcome laying peaceful and exhausted at our feet, and feeling a strange new sense of space—space—of the world having no edge to it, of there being no horizon out there ahead of us in the violet night, but only a great big Promise.

Well, next morning we started out to look for it, and headed for La Junta, and don't ask me what it means, I forgot to ask the hotel clerk. And I never did know what them foreign names meant, because Jim's Spanish turned out to be the kind you sing a naughty song in after making sure there is nobody in the room will understand it—for fear they will be shocked, of course!

Anyways, we headed for La Junta, which from the name whatever it means, sounds like it ought to be in Mexico, but actually is in Colorado. Coming out of Syracuse, we

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Wholesale price reduced May 9, 1921

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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crossed a high plateau, and before we had gone a very long ways lit into a sand storm, most of the sand coming from the bottom of the Arkansas River. We had to put up the curtains, and that give the wind such a hold on us that I thought my child would be orphan and ma could forever bring him up wrong, for we would soon be blown off the edge and into an arroyo, which is Spanish for place-where-a-river-ought-to-be-and-sometimes-is. At least I called the first two we crossed that, but later learned to refer to it properly as a wash.

Well, pretty soon the thing which was supposed to be a road took a turn and with a sudden dip, with, of course, no danger or caution sign, as that is one thing the West does not as yet grow—well, the road took it, and down we went into not alone a wash but into a flock of not over five or six thousand sheep, including a black one. No, I don't mean hundred, I mean thousand. They filled that wash from edge to edge. They stood on places that couldn't be stood on; they blocked the road and filled the sky line and baa-ed in every voice from the big buck's tenor to the deep bass of the infant sheep. And they had no sense, but run in front of us, or up out of the way over places that was so steep you would of thought they was flies. On the top of the wash stood the shepherd, his cloak sweeping forward in the wind, his head bent, his staff held like—oh, just like the pictures in the Bible! There was all about us a storm not only of wind and sand but of sheep—sheep, sheep everywheres! And yet they say there is a shortage of wool. I don't believe it! I believe they are leaving it stay on the lambs for higher prices, that's what!

Then as suddenly as we had plunged into the crowding confusion of that first deep wash we plunged out, leaving the herd behind, a melting mass of shapeless objects that in the distance looked as if the round dried bushes of the plain had come to life and started revolving. And the storm died down, too, as if a window had been shut on it, and at the same time we struck Lamar and realized that we was in Colorado.

We realized this principally because of being suddenly upon a concrete example of what a road should be. I mean to say, it was a concrete road and a bear! We could hardly believe it. It didn't seem right, somehow, to ride so smooth and easy and fast. It wasn't natural to go over fifteen miles a hour, and we kept grinning at each other and saying how long will it last? Don't crow too soon, kid, this must be a dream—what is this, a road? And so forth and ectera, kidding each other along and never dreaming it would last.

But it did. It lasted so well that we got into this La Junta place, which was not, as I had expected, made up of cigarettes, patios and guitars, but a big railway junction, at noon time. So we spotted a come-and-get-it shack, and having got it, started for the country where the grades and the price of gas at the same point begin to get steep.

All the hot afternoon we traveled, passing principally prairie dogs, which are hard to pass at first because they are so cute and tame. And they are tame because they know darn well you can't catch them, even if they let you come real near. They are like little decent humans, so respectable and prosperous and inquisitive. I would of loved to take one home for a pet to Junior, but gave it up after the fifth attempt, and realized it would be more worth while to take him something he could really use and have in later life, and was easier to catch, like a Indian blanket or something.

Well, on and on we rode through herds of prairie dogs and herds of cattle, and what they eat is a mystery, or drink either, for you can't see a thing. But they must, because they are all fat and healthy. But no food was kept for them in the ranch houses—that's a cinch, because these were so small the rancher could just about get in himself, and that was all. All until late in the afternoon I looked across the nothingness and saw what I thought was a gigantic cloud resting on the edge of the earth. It didn't shift the way a cloud does, but the nearer we come to it the larger it grew, and other shapes sprang up like ghosts behind it. Then the sun reached a long finger through the clouds and touched the top of the first gigantic shape, turning it red gold. I give a kind of gasp inside myself and seized Jim's arm, the electric thrill going from my hand into him, too, I guess, for he made a funny little sound.

"The Rockies!" I says. "Oh, lookit!"

And I was right. We got out the road map, and sure enough they were! You could tell by the markings where it looked like a woolly caterpillar had been walking around the names of some of the places—Thatcher—Erie—Trinidad. Then we could see three sister peaks, lower and nearer than the others, but high enough, goodness knows, and making me laugh when I remembered the Alleghanies.

"Jim," I says, "have we got to cross them?"

"You said it!" says Jim. "Unless you want to turn around and go home!"

"But we can't cross 'em!" I says, feeling weak in my middle. "Nothing could cross 'em—they're too high! Suppose the bus won't take the grades!"

"Oh, I think it will," says Tom. And somehow I had more confidence in his opinion than in Jim's. It seemed more professional, and, besides, I wasn't married to him—and any married woman will know the feeling.

"Well, I don't know that I mind going up," I says. "But think of coming down! Do you believe the brakes will hold? Oh, just suppose they don't!"

"They won't!" says Jim, and for once Tom agreed with him. "Can't use the brakes at all on the sort of stuff we will find over there."

"That's right!" says young Westman. "And probably we'll have to readjust the carburetor to get through the altitudes."

"Can't we go around them someways?" I says anxiously.

"Nope!" says Jim with a strange relish—and I'll tell the world it's his actually liking to take risks is what makes him screen so well in them. But not so sister!

"Oh!" I says. "And I thought this was going to be a pleasure trip!"

"It is, but it's not a kindergarten outing," says Jim. "Believe me, crossing this man's country is no hardship, but it's no cinch, neither!"

And at that time I didn't, as the poet says, know the half of it! All I thought was that somebody had ought to of invented asbestos brake bands, or some kind that would not burn out, no matter where a person took their car, and that I would wait to cross the continent a second time until they had been invented, and also self-adjusting carburetors and automatic accident preventers of some kind. But in the meanwhile all these thoughts of mine, including best wishes for the future and dreams of home, baby and ma, and a solemn wonder as to why had I wanted to Americanize the country anyways, when I couldn't find anything to work on and ectera, didn't keep them mountains from coming nearer—or rather from our coming nearer to them.

Yet it's a funny thing, but in a way the further we drove according to the speedometer the further away those Trinidad mountains seemed to be. No matter how we twisted back and so forth, over hill and down ditch, through ranches with trees on some of them now, and trees we could recognize—almost; Christmas trees, and I think maples, but I don't know is that really the right name, never having, like a boob, taken trouble to learn these things at home.

But we got a more homy feeling here, for all of that, and the grandeur of the mountains that was so impressive when we saw them a long ways off lessened as we actually got in among them—we couldn't see the mountains for the hills, as somebody has so truly said. But to sniff in the air was like drinking wine. It made you tingle all over, and impatient because the bus didn't go faster. And then we started going down. Not such a steep incline, but a endless one, going around and around in circles, like we were slowing up on the inside of a vast autodrome. The night came down upon us as if somebody had turned off the switch—the sudden way it does out there in the Rockies. And far below us the lights of Trinidad twinkled, as distant and apparently as unreachable as a perspective city on the back drop of a stage setting, the great electric sign with the city's name in letters of fire blazing now above us, now in front and again behind us as we dropped down and down to the city itself—only in the end to get there after all the American-plan dining rooms was closed, and we had to eat at one of those places where they have what are called short orders but which take so long, if you get me.

After which there was nothing to do except buy twenty post cards of Kit Carson's statue, mail them to the folks as a quietus to the conscience for being too sleepy to write a real letter, and able to think of nothing to put on the postals, either, except "Lovely weather here, fine trip, wish you were with us," which we had already written to them on the soldier's monument of about ten other places. And while Jim and myself were doing so in a drug store, which also supplied ink, in came Tom, and I noticed he picked out not Kit Carson nor even a Wild Buffalo, but a card with a blue butterfly sitting on a gloved hand with also some silver snow and to my fair one on it; but of course I passed no remark, because I was getting real fond of the boy.

And so Jim and I merely said: "Six sharp to-morrow morning, Tom, because we want to surely get started by nine. This time you won't have to wait for us. Good night." And so to bed.

Next morning we were up early and started almost on schedule—a thing which a person who has made this trip will have a hard time to believe, but it is true just the same, and partially due to the climate which had filled us full of pep. You got to hand it to Colorado on roads and pep, two things which goes well together—compliment each other, as my synonym book says. And by the way, until I bought that book I always thought that a synonym was a Jewish church. Gee, but I'm getting educated a lot!

Well, owing to the above-mentioned pep and good roads, I decided that this was a swell day for our little mother to drive, I having done nothing so far in that line except sympathize. So I hopped into my riding clothes and also the driver's seat, and allowed Mister Fixit, the smart-Aleck in the new Colby-Droit, to dash off ahead of me from in front of the same hotel, where he had told Jim in the barber shop he had arrived a day ahead of us. So I let him keep that way, as each time we had met him he had been a road hog, and would edge you off the ocean in his boat if he could, and why not let him go if it gave him any satisfaction, because anybody knows that while these new Colby-Droits are very snappy they undoubtedly made a better bus back two years ago when we bought ours.

Well, anyways, I let him go, and also a family of two sons and their mother which we had become intimate with through having waved several times on the road since leaving Thatcher, and we now felt them old friends; but we must part, because they were going northwards to Pueblo and Pike's Peak. So we waved them farewell, wishing it was possible to have Pike's Peak and El Paso thrown into our own route, because a tourist's eyes are always larger than his allotted mileage, if you can understand what I mean. And then at length, having stalled all I could, and having no excuse left for not starting off down that terribly steep street, and a little nervous, I threw off the brake, and without stepping on her teased gently into second, and we was off for a pass called Raton but pronounced Ratoon.

Well, up to this I had an idea that a pass was something that the railroads had stopped issuing. But it

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seems there is still another kind left, and that this was one of them. Though where they get that pass stuff is more than I know, because pass is about all two cars can do on it, even though the pavement is simply elegant. But a pass ought to mean a place which is cut through like a open tunnel—a place to pass through—a opening, or cleft, as the book says, not a roller coaster without fences and a drop of thousands of feet or maybe miles, for so it looked, on one hand or the other, depending on whether you are coming up or going down.

It was beautiful, though, and looked dangerous—more dangerous than it really was. You shoot up into it directly out of Trinidad's steep and shining streets, and right away the evergreen trees begin—and the sudden, abysmal views, if you are a good enough driver to be able to look at them. The earth seems to be split apart for miles deep and the opening powdered with the evergreens, which way down there look like tiny ferns. The cliff is most of the way on your right going up, and naturally the person on that side has a right to hug it—to stick right by—while the poor devil that is coming down has to take the outside edge by the sheer drop into lots and lots of view. I guess those views are inspiring. I heard afterward they was, but at the time I didn't really know; I was too busy with the bus and trying to keep from sliding off into one of them fair landscapes. I know it was like all the picture post cards of it, and then some; that you could see practically all the U. S. A. from the top, but it meant nothing in my young life. All I thought of was, is the edge really as far away as I know it is, and can I behave accordingly?

Of course, the boys asked was I nervous and wouldn't I let them drive, and I said no, not going up. I was all right going up, but at the summit I would let Tom take it, and I would then admire the view coming down—the view of my future life. And just after I said this, believe me, something happened!

We were nearly at the top, and had come to the only part of the road which wasn't in perfect repair. Maybe there had been a landslide or a strike among the road barbers, I don't know which; but I do know we come to a stretch that was rough and very narrow. Two cars could barely have passed without one of them backing up or down, as the case might be, and waiting for the other. I was driving close to the cliff, approaching a curve and thinking my heaven what would I do if somebody comes around it—when they did!

It all happened so quickly that it couldn't happen any other way than it did. Without blowing their horn, around the curve on the wrong side of the road and hugging the cliff came a big red car with two men in it—the two bulls to whom we had given the slip at Kansas City. The man driving give a yell and threw his hands in the air off the wheel, while the other one stood up with something, I don't know what, in front of him. Their car was completely out of control. There was only one thing left for me to do and I done it.

I stepped on the accelerator as hard as I could, and with a strength I didn't know I had swung my car across in front of them toward the outer edge of the chasm.

XII

THE bird who said nothing is impossible said a mouthful, because it was impossible for me to pass that big red car on the left without going over the cliff—and yet I did!

Speed was what done it, sheer speed and a good steering knuckle that let me swing by that other bus and keep going. I swear that our two left wheels was on a piece of ground of an angle of about sixty degrees for nearly two seconds, and then somehow my heart was back in place, and so was the car—by a miracle. I don't want to be any nearer to death than that, however, until I get ready to die. Talk about drowning showing up your past—well, it has nothing on skimming the top of the Raton Pass on the wrong edge. You see things in your mind that you haven't thought of for years, and hoped you had forgotten.

Well, we got back on that road—actually got back—and for a while—it was only a few minutes, I guess, but I couldn't possibly tell how long, because it seemed like years—all I could do was keep on driving like a crazy person, reaching the summit and diving down the beginning of the descent.

"Holy Barney Oldfield!" I heard Tom Westman yelling from the back seat, but it seemed like a voice from some place in another world.

Close to my ear Jim was saying something very cool and steady, and, thank heaven, not losing his head and trying to grab the wheel or anything.

"Good girl!" he says. "Good girl! Take your foot off the accelerator now and try if you can go into low!"

"I can't!" I gasped, wishing I had only had the sense to stop on the level summit, but like a regular female, while I had been O. K. in the actual emergency, I was now thoroughly scared and come pretty near to losing my head. If only I had stopped back up there! But I didn't think quick enough. And now we was going downhill like a crazy thing, with that heavy car, of course, gaining speed from its own weight every moment.

"You must go into low!" says Jim's voice in my ear again—very quiet and compelling, like my conscience was speaking to me. "You must!"

Well, I tried—sort of automatically—while we flew around curves the like of which I had never before even dreamed of. And "dreamed" is right—that's what it seemed like, for the road begun to twist and double on itself and loop around as though it had been laid out for a grim joke—only now it was smooth and broad and clear.

Well, listening to Jim, I tried to go into low. But at first all I succeeded in doing was to get into neutral, and then of course we was coasting. The brakes might of been made of water.

"You must!" says Jim again, and by some miracle, his will helping me, I did actually get into low. We commenced to slow down, and then just at the foot of that awful mountain, on the outskirts of the little town of Raton, I managed to stop, and trembling and damp all over put my head on Jim's shoulder and cried and felt better and let him take over the wheel.

"I guess," I says, "that is all the driving I will do for to-day."

"I guess so too!" says Jim—and a lot of nice things as well about how good I was. And never mind them; what I done was more instinct than brains.

"I wonder hadn't we better go back and see are those fellows all right?" Jim says.

"Not much!" I says. "There's nothing wrong with them. There was nobody behind me, and they had the whole advantage on their side. All they had to do was keep on going, and if we go back we will only be inviting ourself to jail!"

"Good Lord, was it them bulls?" says Jim.

"I'll say so!" says Tom and me in a chorus together.

"Good night!" says Jim, and with that he stepped on the Colby's tail and we took a jump due west without further hesitation.

Well, off we went then, through the view that we ought to of been looking at from the top of Raton but had no time for. Somehow I could now look at it with sharper, keener eyes because of having so nearly fallen into it, and of course I would then have missed it entirely, if you get me. So I sat close to my husband, still pretty shaky, and feeling mighty close to him in the other sense, too, the way a woman does to her man when they have just shared a danger or paid a big bill, or some such crucial thing. And while he drove I relaxed and admired the great gray-and-purple mountains which loomed up on either side of the wide, wide valley—such a wide one that some of the cattle ranchers in it have aëroplanes to do their fence ranging in—no kidding, the ranches are that big and that modern. Well, the mountains looked bigger and more beautiful than I had expected—and I had expected a lot at that! But somehow they hardly seemed real.

Neither did these big ranches I am telling you about, because they was so vast and endless that you would never take them to be ranches at all, but only great plains, until once in a while you come to a place where there was a funny combination gate in a fence that stretched across the road; one part that had to be opened for horses and the other part open all the time, but with iron bars across the bottom of a deep trap that I guess cattle would not cross of their own free will any more than a lady will cross a similar place over a cellar in a N. Y. sidewalk, especially if in high heels, and I expect hoofs have the same effect.

Well, anyways, we just went on and on through these ranges endlessly, the color on the high points of the Rockies changing with the sun in the beautiful, unreal way they do, and their tall shadows reaching out over the parched pasture lands where once in a while you could see a big herd of cattle like a rust patch on a far part of the distance.

The road was awful to begin with, but got steadily worse all the way through New Mexico, which we were by now in that state. One place we didn't know which way to turn because three equally bad roads forked away with a look of all of them leading to the jumping-off place. And so Jim stopped the bus and I got out to take a look at a funny sign I saw that was shaped like a bell.

"El Camino Real," it says on the bell, and then a little inscription below on a plate. It made me quite breathless to read it, and I scrambled back beside Jim all excitement.

"To the left," I says, "by that bell. Say, Jim, this road was built by the Spaniards over three hundred years ago!"

"So that's what ails it!" exclaimed Jim. "Caramba! It's time it was rebuilt!"

Well, besides those vast, wonderful mountains which you could admire when you didn't have to keep your eyes on the road, the most noticeable thing in this part of New Mexico was the price of gasoline. It was undoubtedly affected by the altitude. Anyways, whether that's scientific or not, it's a fact that gas jumped from thirty-four cents at Raton to forty-five at Las Vegas, New Mexico, and it went higher farther on.

Outside of the near-accident on the pass, it was a kind of uneventful day until we reached a place called Wagon Mound, and there we bought gas again, and paid forty-one cents for it. What is further, we bought it off an old man who had come that far from Maine in a oxcart train years ago. I guess the wagon he was in dropped to pieces there and a mound had grown over it, and that's how the place come by its name. He told us in a real Yankee voice that he had come to find gold. Well, he was finding it now all right, all right. We give him some of what he was looking for, and so did—I am glad to say—that Smart Aleck in the new Colby-Droit, because as usual, though he had dashed ahead, we had caught up to him by now, as also had the Peterkins, who, even though they was eight of them, seemed to make awful good time in that flivver, and really if I was going across again I believe I would go in one of them instead of in a car!

Well, anyways, we left Wagon Mound together, Mister Fixit dashing ahead of us as usual, and us allowing him to, and he as optimistic as ever. And then we and the Peterkins set off together, all unsuspecting of what lay ahead.

One thing we did ask them, and that was did they see anything of the big car on the Raton, and it seems they had met it back in Trinidad, where one of them had told Pa Peterkin all about the narrow escape they had. He didn't know, however, was they coming along on or not. We told him nothing about who they was or anything, except, of course, about how it was us that nearly hit them. But while I wished them bulls no good, still at the same time it was a relief to know they hadn't been hurt except in their nerves, and it had rather been on our conscience, not going back and seeing if there was any pieces to pick up.

So we set off quite cheerful, including Tom, who somehow just couldn't seem to make the Colby go fast enough to get away from Alma, and if ever a girl was well chaperoned I'll say that one was, especially as they had by now found a stray cat somewheres and added it to their flivver, because I suppose they discovered they had a little room some place and naturally didn't know what to do with it.

Well, for the first few miles we only struggled through mud two feet deep along the railroad track, which was nothing to speak of, because, believe me, by now our middle name was Mud, and we snuggled right down into it and wrestled along like the couple of experts we was; not even minding when a freight train on the Santa Fé tracks come along and raced us up a big grade. We raced, I say, but the same as a couple of turtles in the old story, with the engineer leaning out of the cab window and kidding us.

Well, that was all right; but when we left the mud and pools of old rain and struck, as it were, inland—oh, my gosh! Up to then I thought I had seen bad roads, and so I had, it's the truth! But here all of a sudden was no road at all. Actually it is a fact! From Springer on, for fifty miles, it is positively the truth that there is no road—only a rolling country covered thick with what looks exactly like coal-black petrified sponges, but is actually lava rock, and you have to go over a extinct volcano by a mere trail that you can hardly see.

Listen, boys and girls! There is volcanoes on North America! There! I betcher you didn't know that before! And I didn't know it either until I bumped into one and then bumped over what it had once spit up, which is the aforesaid petrified sponges.

As for which way to go across this awful but still somehow wonderfully impressive wilderness, why, only for the sun and once in a while a Santa Fé trail marker you wouldn't actually know which way to go, much less dare turn and try to go back. And all of this in a heat of goodness knows what temperature, but it was enough—I'll say it was boiling!

"Say, Jim," I says at last, "where are we headed for across this no-man's land?"

"Las Vegas," says Jim.

"Lots vaguer!" I says. "This is vague enough for me—I don't want it any vaguer!"

But we had to keep on going—there was nothing else to do. And when you got used to it you begun to see a strange beauty in it, too, especially in being so fearfully hot yet seeing the snow-capped Sangre de Cristo range of mountains far away in the distance, with that queer near-farness or far-nearness that mountains have out there.

And then around four P.M., when we had just about decided we was lost in a part of the world that God had forgot to finish or had been too tired to bother with late Saturday night, another tourist actually come in sight—I mean coming towards us. He was a fierce man with a athletic mustache that jumped around when he talked, and a tired wife, and lots of bundles and et ceteras and a Dakota license in a little old roadster.

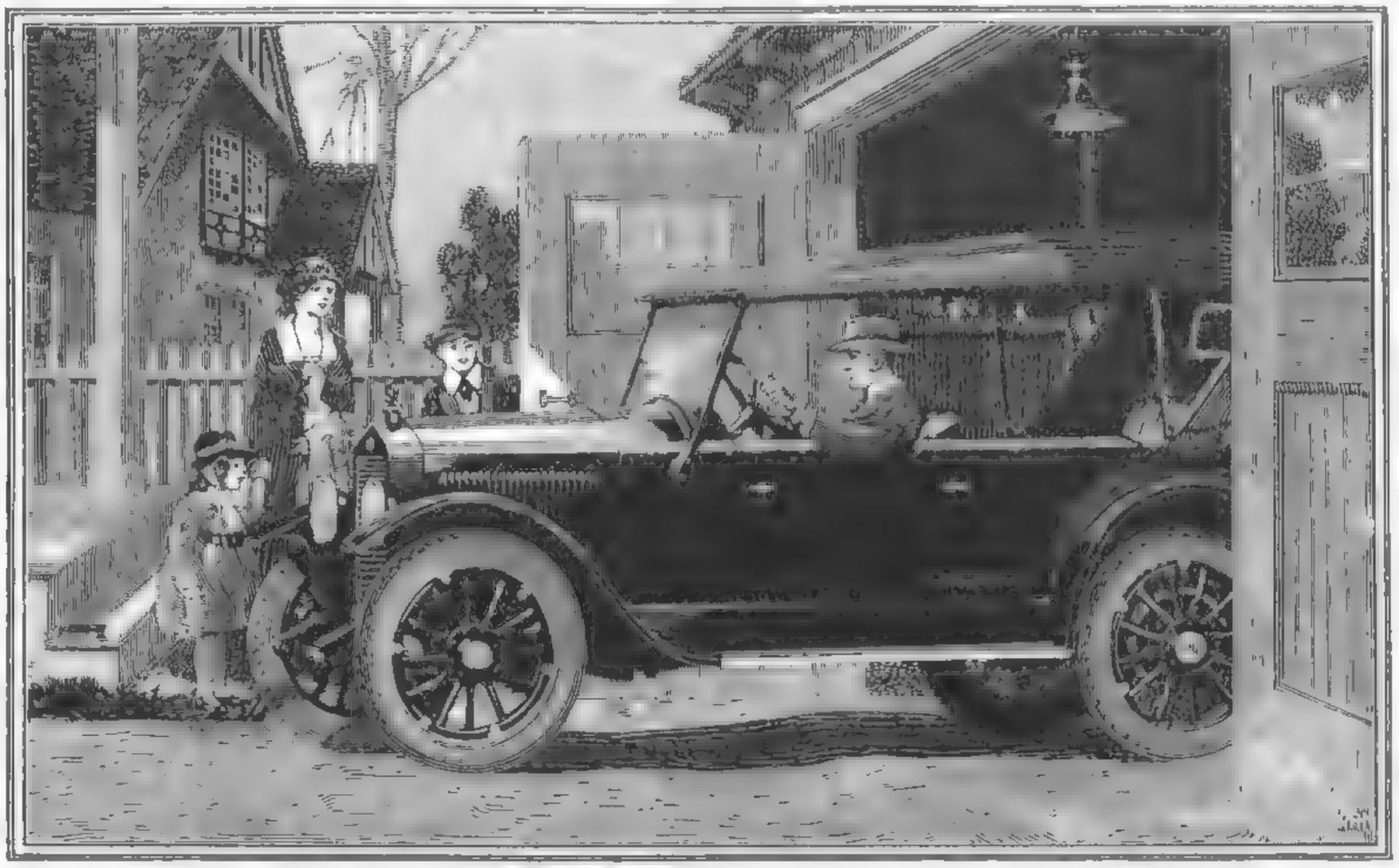
He give us a hail, and we stopped for one of them exchanges of gab that get to be the regular custom among us new sort of gypsies.

"How's the road ahead?" he says, leaning anxiously out over his steering wheel.

"Watter you mean, road?" says Jim.

"Oh! So it's as bad as that?" says the bird. "Well, it couldn't be worse than what is ahead of you folks. There is a hellofa canyon and some big washes—look out for the one just beyond Canyon Diablo—the bridge over the river is pretty near gone and one car was stuck there when I come by!"

(Continued on Page 104)



You Can Find Essex Owners Like These Everywhere

"During the past ten years I have owned 31 automobiles ranging in cost from $1,500 to $10,000, but my Essex Sedan does everything and more than any of them did.

"The riding qualities are absolutely perfect; the motor is a little wonder in acceleration, speed and endurance. In a three thousand mile trip of country driving, made in four weeks, not a single rattle or squeak in the body developed.

"I have now had the Essex one year and have driven it just over 10,000 miles. The gas consumption ranges from 16 to 22 miles per gallon. The average for the past year was 17½ miles per gallon. I have never known a car to use so little oil—about one quart to each 400 miles. The original tires are still in use. The total upkeep and expense for all repairs and adjustments for the first 7,000 miles was $16.47; since that time I have expended an additional $26.15 and I have kept the car in perfect operating condition the entire year.

"I never believed it possible to secure all the comfort, driving ease and satisfaction that I have had in this car."

The Writer's Name and Address Will Be Furnished On Request

"Have driven 9,000 miles to date, and instead of depreciating in efficiency, my Essex has increased daily. It is the greatest of 15 makes I have driven. My next car will be an Essex and the next. I average, summer driving 19 miles, and winter driving 15 miles per gallon. I do not know what tire trouble is."

BRUCE CHISHOLM, The City & Suburban Realty Co., Cleveland, O.

(330)

ESSEX MOTORS

E S S E X

ESSEX MOTORS

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Blasting With Liquid Oxygen

SOME months ago the whole nation was startled and horrified by an explosion which occurred in Wall Street, in the very heart of the country's most important financial district. Recently a grand jury brought in a presentment finding that the explosion was not an accident but a dastardly crime. As a result of this catastrophe, which snuffed out the lives of innocent citizens, there has been much discussion concerning the possibility of substituting liquid oxygen for dynamite as an explosive. The alleged superiority of liquid oxygen to dynamite lies in the fact that it would be unworkable in the hands of assassins, because it must be manufactured a few minutes before it is used or its explosive power is dissipated.

Exploding a Liquid-Oxygen Cartridge at the U. S. Bureau of Mines Testing Station Near Pittsburgh

The very qualities that make liquid oxygen a splendid possibility for safe blasting in cities also make it a likely substance for use in mining and other kinds of hazardous work. During the World War the Germans had to limit the use of military explosives for industrial purposes, and in their dilemma they turned to the use of liquid oxygen. The accomplishments of the Germans along this line are of particular interest to us, for the use of liquid oxygen will render unnecessary the storage of large quantities of explosives, such as dynamite and black powder, within municipal limits. Also, in such a case it is probable that legislation would be enacted prohibiting the transportation of explosives other than liquid oxygen through the streets of our cities and towns. The liquid-oxygen cartridges would be made up right on the job where the blasting was to be performed.

Not everyone has occasion personally to handle explosives, but we all come in contact more or less directly with work in which explosives play an important part. Each time a householder throws a shovelful of coal into the furnace that heats his home he becomes an indirect consumer of high explosives, for dynamite or blasting powder is used to tear down the coal in the mine. When we ride in a subway, travel on a railroad or pay rent for an office in a skyscraper we are meeting our share of the tax explosives place on our lives. Consequently it is interesting to think of the successful development of a plan that will not only largely eliminate the element of danger in the use of explosives but will give us a new and superior substance from a source of supply that is inexhaustible and free to anyone who would tap it.

Liquid oxygen in a proper container will not explode. It becomes explosive only when combined with carbonaceous material in the cartridge form, and it must be exploded within fifteen minutes or it will dissipate itself into the surrounding atmosphere. In case of a misfire the cartridge becomes impotent in thirty minutes or less because of the evaporation of the oxygen. In the use of dynamite or powder explosives many accidents occur through the delayed action of a fuse, but with liquid oxygen such mishaps are eliminated.

German experience with oxygen cartridges is most illuminating. The Germans are using this new and comparatively safe blasting agent in tunnel and subway excavation work, as well as in mining.

The Teutons found that one pound of dynamite produced 4.5 tons of coal, while one pound of oxygen yielded 6 8 tons of coal.

A pound of dynamite costs sixteen cents, while a pound of oxygen costs only fourteen cents. If an oxygen cartridge falls into a pile of coal or waste there is no danger, which is a great advantage over dynamite. In using oxygen the operator must charge the holes and get to safety within not more than ten minutes. This is necessary because of the self-incapacitating characteristic of the liquid oxygen.

At an iron mine in Lorraine the equipment installed by the Germans during the war turned out seventy-five liters of 98 per cent pure oxygen each hour. The cartridges were fired by a fuse, not a detonator. The evaporation of the oxygen amounted to 1 per cent of the original content of the holder an hour. At this particular mine the cost of oxygen based on a prewar value was twenty-five cents a liter. The liquid was stored in a big reservoir in the building where it was manufactured. Investigations of the United States Bureau of Mines here and elsewhere showed the strength of liquid oxygen to be 4 to 12 per cent greater than 40 per cent dynamite. After the war, when the French occupied Lorraine, they adopted the same method of working the mine with liquid-oxygen explosives. A German company is now operating in Mexico in a central mining district making liquid-oxygen explosives which are distributed to outlying mines.

So much for the practicability of the idea of using the liquefied oxygen of the atmosphere as a substitute for dynamite and other explosives. Immediately various questions come to mind concerning this unique plan. The answers to the likely inquiries may be stated briefly:

One method would be to have a portable air compressor, with cooling apparatus attached, which could be taken to any job at any locality and used to manufacture the liquid oxygen as needed on the job. The other method would be to have large central distributing plants where the liquid oxygen could be manufactured in quantities and taken in the modern improved containers to any place desired. These containers, built on the vacuum-bottle principle, keep the liquid oxygen so cool that the loss amounts to but 1 per cent in twenty-four hours.

The other ingredients needed in making liquid-oxygen cartridges may be had in plentiful supply and at a low cost. Among such ingredients are included powdered cork, soot, sawdust, powdered straw and other carbonaceous substances. In the handling of liquid oxygen it is necessary to make allowance for the steady escape of the vaporizing oxygen, and it is further essential that the substance be kept remote from high heat and flame. Despite the extremely low temperature required to liquefy oxygen, one authority states that the oxygen will not burn the skin on coming in contact with it. However, much care should be exercised in dealing with the stuff.

For years science has discussed the possibility of the development of a safe explosive; one that would reduce the hazards of industry, be unworkable in the hands of assassins, and yet would be abundant and low in cost. It looks now as if liquid oxygen might be the substance sought.

Standardizing Industry

A CURSORY survey of the industrial and merchandising practices now followed in the United States indicates a possible saving of several hundred million dollars each year through standardization. The use of fraudulent weights and measures alone costs the public tens of millions of dollars annually. Twenty-three different bushels are now used in handling the important cereals grown in this country. Many commodities are sold by the dozen or gross, while hundreds of other commodities are marketed by using the decimal system. Sometimes the same product will be sold in one place by the peck and in another place by the pound. Frequently a merchant will purchase his bulk products by the bushel and sell them by weight instead of measure. Confusion and dissatisfaction are the results of such practices.

Although the consuming public is always the loser from this lack of standardization, this same public is altogether responsible for present conditions. People long accustomed to purchase certain vegetables either by measure or count usually indicate their displeasure when asked to buy the same products by weight, although the latter system is the only plan whereby the consumer is sure to get a square deal. Various kinds of vegetables are purchased by the bunch, notwithstanding the fact that some of the bunches vary from twenty-five to fifty per cent in weight. The purchasers who come first get the big bunches, while those who market later get the leavings and suffer a loss.

In most parts of this country eggs are sold by the dozen, in spite of the fact that the variation in the size of eggs is universal. One case is cited of two large cities, located in different states, which draw their supply of eggs from the same general territory. In one city a regulation is in force requiring that eggs be sold by weight; no such regulation exists in the other city. As a consequence the small eggs from that particular egg-producing region are shipped to the market which has no regulation requiring their sale by weight, while the other community reaps the benefit of this discrimination. Laws have been passed in many states and ordinances enacted in different communities prescribing and restricting standards of measurement. However, the majority of these laws are not enforced because the public does not support the regulations provided.

A number of authorities now believe that all weight-per-bushel laws relating to fruits and vegetables should be repealed for the reason that there is no definite relation between dry measure and weight. For example, a basket that contains fifty pounds of small apples may not hold more than forty-five pounds of large ones. In present practice, containers are used interchangeably, and a box constructed to hold fifty pounds of apples becomes a twenty-five-pound box when filled with snap beans. These same market experts, in their campaign to standardize shipping containers, are urging the adoption of a common type for hampers, round-stave baskets and the ordinary

(Continued on Page 30)

NOTHING but volume production in our own factories permits us to put a price of $1485 on the Hupmobile.

Nothing but volume production enables us to give such extraordinary value as you get in Hupmobile long life, low repair costs, ability to keep on going, and high re-sale value.

Every vital part of our car is manufactured by and for Hupmobile. No outside manufacturer sets the limit of quality in materials or in workmanship.

Our will, and our intent, is to give our buyers all they pay for, and in addition more than the same figure will buy elsewhere.

We honestly believe that the man who buys any other car within $400 of the new Hupmobile price has not found out how good the Hupmobile is.

(Continued from Page 28)

market basket. Many of the containers now used look very much alike, although they differ materially in actual size. By effecting a slight change in construction it is possible to build a twenty-eight-quart hamper which looks so nearly like a full bushel hamper that the purchaser is deceived and defrauded out of a half peck.

Hardly a beginning has been made in this country in grading food commodities. Although it is not practical to have a uniform grading law for the country as a whole, for the size of products varies largely with climate and soil, there is a real opportunity for material improvement in the present laws affecting grading. Experience has shown that grading laws should be formulated in accordance with the needs of the grower and distributor rather than the consumer. The latter is sure to benefit when the practices of the producers become uniform. It is further necessary to remember that grading regulations cannot be applied to all food products, and that in a majority of instances we must assume a national and international viewpoint of the market rather than one that is local. In the case of many foods there has grown up in the trade throughout the country a system of grades that has little to justify it. Over in Japan the packers' association has passed a joint resolution fixing the weight of contents of cans in ounces, without exception, and standardizing the shape and size of all such tin containers.

The standardization of food, however, is only one phase of the national problem. Not so long ago the United States Bureau of Standards took up the testing of railroad-track scales, and the investigation developed the amazing fact that although the total annual freight revenue based upon weighings made with these railroad scales amounted to more than two billion dollars, there had been previous to that time no official tests of scales made by authorized inspectors. An investigation of coal-mine scales in one important region showed recently that not one of the scales tested was within the tolerance permitted in such work. In this particular instance all the errors were found to be in favor of the operators. The matter of accuracy of mine scales has been a common source of dispute for years. When we succeed in getting mine scales that are absolutely correct one frequent cause of strikes will have been removed.

The work of standardizing the electrical industry has been going ahead rapidly, but much remains to be accomplished. In the matter of a few fundamental electrical standards international agreements have been reached. Only a few years ago the unit of candle power used by the gas industry differed by more than two per cent from the unit in use by the electric-light industry. Similar differences existed with respect to these same units in various countries. Now, however, all of the leading nations with the exception of Germany have agreed on the details of the unit used to measure light. It would be difficult to state the real extent of the benefits which have resulted from this international agreement concerning a fixed light-measuring unit.

Similar satisfactory progress has been made in standardizing methods for the measurement of temperature. Hundreds of processes in dozens of industries depend for their success on the proper utilization of high temperatures. To illustrate, let me mention the steel industry, where success in manufacture is based largely on accurate temperature control. In years past millions of dollars of steel products depended upon the trained eye of the foreman in estimating the temperature of steel from its color. To-day not only the steel industry but all the other important industries employ accurate standardizing devices and methods in determining and controlling temperatures.

Then there is the question of adequate standards to determine colors. Few people realize how important is this matter to the welfare of any number of industries. In the manufacture of candy, paint, tobacco, butter and the like, the specifications covering the finished products nearly always indicate definitely the color or tint of the product which is to be marketed. Paper manufacturers, illuminating engineers, dairymen, lithographers, textile manufacturers and meat packers all observe the accepted rules and regulations which now standardize colors.

Investigations are now under way looking toward the better standardization of such public utilities as gas, electric railway and telephone companies. One of the most exhaustive searches yet made covered the subject of the electrolysis of underground structures, which is one important phase of street-railway work. Investigations of this kind are not matters that can be finished quickly or handled by one or two scientific workers. During the war one problem submitted to the Federal Bureau of Standards was the testing of master gauges for use in the production of munitions. More than one hundred persons were employed on this job alone.

Dozens of national organizations working in conjunction with the American Engineering Standards Committee are now engaged in preparing standard safety codes and other rules and regulations to bring system and economy into industry. One safety code will deal with iron and steel furnaces and steelworks, another with blooming and rolling mills and a third with electricity in mines. It is anticipated that before the work is concluded seventy-five or more safety codes will have been developed. In past years more than a hundred different organizations have been engaged in the formulation of safety codes without any systematic coöperation, and the result has been duplication and confusion. Over in Great Britain a national committee has been at work on standardization since 1902. Here in the United States a similar movement has been under way for only a little more than one year.

The American plan proposes to standardize definitions of terms used in engineering practice; specifications for materials; methods of making acceptance tests for materials and apparatus; dimensional standardization to secure interchangeability of supplies, such as screws and bolts, and interworking of apparatus or parts made by different manufacturers—for example, the rims and tires of automobiles; and standardization to secure a minimum number of types, grades, ranges and sizes of manufactured products.

Recently the manufacturers of elevators passed a resolution recognizing the need and the desirability of standardizing such features of both passenger and freight elevators as capacity, platform sizes, speeds and methods of testing. The aircraft people have taken up the standardization of airplanes. The steel people are now working on the standardization of structural shapes. During the war, when the call went out to speed up the construction of ships, it was found that the only way to get maximum production was to simplify practice by reducing the number of steel shapes manufactured.

The present recommendations of the committee working on steel suggest among other things the adoption of the decimal system for the expression of dimensions; the adoption of a plan under which structural shapes are to be ordered by weights per foot and not by thickness; the adoption of definite ranges in thickness of angles and other structural shapes; the adoption of a single line of channel sections with a five-degree flange taper to displace the present structural line with its taper of more than nine degrees and the shipbuilding line with its taper of two degrees; and the adoption of a new line of beam sections to take the place of the beams now used.

In hundreds of cities throughout the United States the building codes restrict unnecessarily and are archaic in many respects. In some instances the legislators who have drawn up the building regulations have been influenced by local interests which have sought to favor certain individuals or special types of construction. However, in most cases the building codes are not scientific because the code committees in the past have not been properly informed.

As a general rule, when a new idea in building comes up, there is every resistance to its acceptance. This is particularly true in the case of concrete, where the development of technic in construction methods has taken place faster than the building codes have been changed.

Testimony recently submitted before the United States Senate Reconstruction Committee showed that the builders of the United States are suffering a loss of millions of dollars each year because local communities in many states have either refused or failed to recognize the necessity of remodeling and standardizing their present building laws.

Recently the American Chamber of Commerce in London drew attention to the ambiguity of certain American shipping terms, the meaning of which is not clear. American manufacturers were urged to make their export shipping terms conform to world practice. As the situation now stands, overseas clients do not understand fully what American producers mean by various statements which are now included in their quotations. It is becoming more evident each year that the leading nations of the world must eventually adopt a single commercial language which will be understood by all people who participate in world trade.

Over in Belgium the work of standardization is under the direction of a central committee which is supported by national engineering societies and industrial associations. Eighty associations are represented on the central committee, and the work of standardizing practices is being carried on effectively and is proving of great benefit to the nation in its time of reconstruction.

The work of standardization in France is being carried on under the direction of a commission which is strictly an official organization supported wholly by government funds. The commission was established by decree of the president of the republic in June, 1918, and is attached to the Ministry of Commerce. Of the twenty-four members constituting the commission, nine represent government departments, one the Academy of Science and the remainder national engineering and industrial bodies. Officially they are appointed by the Minister of Commerce, but actually they are nominated by the organizations which they represent.

The British Engineering Standards Committee was organized in 1901 by five leading technical societies. It was incorporated in 1918 and the word "committee" in the name was changed to "association." There are twenty-four members, nineteen of whom are appointed by technical societies, and the remaining five are chosen by the appointed members, two being from the Federation of British Industries. Most of the standardization work is done by two hundred and seventy-five panel committees, having thirteen hundred and seventy members in all. The members of all the different committees constitute the membership of the association. The government is represented on most of the working committees, but not upon the main committee. Money to support the work of standardization last year was contributed by seven government departments, forty-seven municipalities, thirty-four railways, eighteen industrial associations and ninety-eight individual firms. Each published standard comes up automatically each year for decision as to whether or not the work shall be revised.

It is evident, therefore, that the movement to standardize specifications, practices and products throughout the civilized world is gaining ground rapidly and promises to become a powerful international force in industry. Once the national organizations are thoroughly stabilized, there will quickly follow the formation of an international committee or association with moral powers that will be as compelling and effective as though they were legal. It should not be overlooked, however, that the standardization program constitutes a vast experiment which will not be entirely smooth sailing. Some people question whether or not standardization will retard individual research and invention. Others doubt the ability of the organizations to enforce their rulings.

One thing is true—standardization in peace times is a far different matter from standardization during a period of war when there is a spirit of national sacrifice. It is likewise a fact that the legality of such combinations in normal times is questioned. Some of the present laws here in the United States appear to be decidedly opposed to any policy that will act to suppress the individualistic tendencies of manufacturers. As one authority states, "The way toward standardization lies between the whirlpool of ruinous competition and the sharp rocks of the Sherman Act."

In passing the Webb-Pomerene Act, which permits the formation of a good trust in the United States, the nation plainly indicated that the present tendency is for laws to yield to economic forces. The fight that must come and be settled before national standardization is a realized fact will take place between the spirit of competition and individualism on one hand and the forces of maximum production on the other. The present inclination of all peoples is to level national barriers and to unify wants. People living in different countries are drifting more and more to a single style in clothes and to the adoption of similar customs. This tendency will help materially in advancing the cause of standardization.

Doctor Agnew, Secretary of the American Engineering Standards Committee, who recently investigated the movement in many foreign countries, does not credit the claim of some critics that standardization will stifle development and progress. Said he:

"Nothing could be further from the truth if the work is carried out on a sound engineering basis. Standardization and crystallization are two very different things. The latter has its basis in mental stagnation and lack of initiative. On the other hand, standardization stimulates research and development, and is one of the principal means of getting the result of research into actual use in the industries. An important series of investigations may benefit a manufacturer to the extent of millions of dollars, but the benefit to the public will be in hundreds of millions. Certain corporations benefited greatly through the discovery of the incandescent electric lamp, but if the work of invention and research had not been supplemented by standardization the value of the discovery to the nations of the world would have been very small when compared with what it has been."

It is doubtless true that standardization can be prevented from becoming crystallization and thus retarding the advance of industry by taking active steps to keep the standards abreast of progress. Furthermore, standardization of national scope will seldom extend beyond those fundamentals in which frequent and radical changes are not likely to be desired. A few years ago the rating of electrical machinery was so lacking in uniformity that it was impossible for the average purchaser to buy a ten or twenty horse power motor without taking a chance of being cheated either willfully or unintentionally by the seller of the machine. The ratings of the several manufacturers differed as much as thirty per cent, and the purchaser was wholly at the mercy of the persuasive salesman. It took a committee of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers five years to perfect a system of rating which gave the customer a fair chance in purchasing power units from competitive firms. There are a thousand similar benefits which can be established only through standardization. The whole question is a national problem deserving the study of manufacturers and engineers and justifying the interest of all classes of consumers.

The Line Without End

IF some man in the moon had a giant telescope and wanted to discover the chief excitement on Earth available to the millions, he would soon spot one thing.

He would see in practically every country on earth, tens of thousands of lines of people forming every afternoon and evening outside theatres showing Paramount Pictures.

He would realize that next to food and shelter the most urgent hunger of the humans is for adventure, romance and entertainment!

And that some marvelous organization is perpetually offering this cup of joy.

Those millions who know how well the institution behind Paramount Pictures succeeds in pleasing the multitude with great photoplays do not dream of missing a single Paramount Picture at their theatre.

The sheer magnitude of the Paramount studios in three continents, the magnificence of their equipment, the tireless search for the right plots, and the completeness of the whole immense international Paramount organization for steady production of uniformly great photoplays would amaze you!

This marvelous equipment, the exacting Paramount standards, are the reasons why more than 11,200 theatres in making up their schedules of entertainment give Paramount Pictures first place.

Hundreds of theatres never show anything but Paramount Pictures. Thousands of theatres show all the Paramount Pictures they can get. The nights that Paramount Pictures are shown are the big nights for you—and for the theatre.

Ask your theatre manager if he shows all the Paramount Pictures. Tell him you want to see them *all*

Verify whether there is a Paramount Picture at your theatre *tonight!* (See newspapers, theatre lobbies and posters.)

There's a deep reason for the Paramount line without end

Where that line forms is the best show in town!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

June 1, 1921 to Sept. 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman" from James Forbes' popular farce.

Cosmopolitan production "The Wild Goose" by Gouverneur Morris.

Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried" A whimsical, romantic comedy by John D Swain

"Appearances" by Edward Knoblock A Donald Crisp production Made in England. With David Powell

Thomas H Ince Special "The Bronze Bell" By Louis Joseph Vance.

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute" Thomas H Ince production Fred Jackson's famous stage farce

Ethel Clayton in "Sham" By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner

George Melford's production "A Wise Fool" By Sir Gilbert Parker. A drama of the Northwest, by the author and director of "Behold My Wife!"

Cosmopolitan production "The Woman God Changed" By Donn Byrne.

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed" A comedy novelty, by Byron Morgan

"The Mystery Road" A British production with David Powell, from E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel A Paul Powell Production

William A. Brady's production, "Life" By Thompson Buchanan From the melodrama which ran a year at the Manhattan Opera House

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks" an adaptation of the famous novel by E Phillips Oppenheim "Jeanne of the Marshes."

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's "The Great Moment" Specially written for the star by the author of "Three Weeks."

William de Mille's "The Lost Romance." By Edward Knoblock The first specially written screen story by the author of "Kismet."

Cosmopolitan production "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" by George Randolph Chester.

William S. Hart in "The Whistle" A Hart production A Western story with an unforgettable punch.

"The Princess of New York" A British production from the novel by Cosmo Hamilton.

Douglas MacLean in "Just Passing Through" Thos H Ince production

Thomas Meighan in "The Conquest of Canaan" By Booth Tarkington.

Ethel Clayton in "Wealth" By Cosmo Hamilton A story of New York's artistic Bohemia.

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "Crazy to Marry"—By Frank Condon

Dorothy Dalton in George Melford's production A Stampede Madonna by Monte M Katterjohn

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director General
NEW YORK

Jim Henry's Column

My Comfort Trio

Got a real idea this time.

You see, I've done a splendid favor to over two million men by persuading them to use Mennen Shaving Cream and it has seemed a waste of power not to capitalize their gratitude in some way.

Now Mennen makes several other things which in their way are just as wonderful and comfort bestowing as Mennen Shaving Cream.

I have already told you about Kora-Konia, and to judge from the increase in sales, there are several thousand men who don't chafe any more.

Kora-Konia, in my opinion, means more to the human race in relief from bodily discomfort than anything we make.

Mennen Talcum for Men has a big following. Aside from being pure talcum of the Mennen standard it has the additional advantage in that it is neutral in tone and doesn't show on the face when used after shaving.

I have been mentioning my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream once a week for some four years. It's well worth our regular price of 15 cents.

Now here is the idea.

I have induced the boss to extract enough money from our advertising fund to pay for a limited number of combination packages containing generous amounts of each of these sovereign aids to comfort, to wit:

My regular 15 cent demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream
A box of Kora-Konia
A tin of Mennen Talcum for Men

While they last I will send this splendid Jim Henry Comfort Trio for the insignificant sum of 15 cents. Only one to a customer and no repeats. It's a great buy.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

FIFTH AVENUE SELLING AT WHOLESALE

By B. Franklin Joy

ILLUSTRATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THAT man Nevins of yours is the best salesman who makes Ohio," remarked the women's neckwear buyer for a large Ohio department store, by way of making conversation with the young lady in charge of the sample room of an exclusive New York neckwear house as she waited for the head of the establishment to come in.

"Yes?" said the young lady with her best trade smile.

"Yes," repeated the buyer; "Mr. Nevins is a born salesman if there ever was one."

"Then there never was one," observed the head of the firm, stepping into the sample room at that instant and shaking hands heartily with the buyer. "Nevins was in fact a very ordinary salesman until he learned to apply Fifth Avenue selling methods on the road," he resumed, when greetings were over. "And"—with another slow smile—"he learned that entirely because my sample trunk failed to show up on time one day in Pittsburgh."

"Tell me about it," begged the buyer, who knew from past experience that if she could get Pop Matthews, as he was known in the trade, to reminiscing she would get a lot of shrewd observations on human nature and how to sell to it.

Pop Matthews' Yarn

"Well," said Pop, always ready to talk, "at that time I was taking my own line out to the biggest cities of the East—Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh. And one day at Pittsburgh my trunk failed to show up at my hotel. I was prowling around the halls to see if by chance the porter had taken it to some other salesman when I happened to pass an open door and I saw a young salesman with a line of women's neckwear spread out on his sample tables. He was sitting all alone looking sort of dejected, so I strolled in and got to chatting with him. Seems that he was on his maiden voyage and Pittsburgh was one of his big cities and he'd had most of the buyers in and they had just skimmed the line—placed hardly more than sample orders.

"Well, just then in comes a buyer. I'm always interested in watching other men sell, particularly if it's the same line as I carry, so I just naturally stuck around and watched. Miss Buyer she takes off her gloves and rolls up her veil and begins to go from one end of the table to the other like some automatic buying machine.

"'I'll take a half dozen of this and a quarter dozen of this and a dozen of this and a sample of this and this and this,' and so on, sort of all in one breath, with my young friend following her all the time with his order pad, writing down numbers and quantities like he was a court stenographer. He kept trying all the time to stop her on some of his best numbers to get a real order, but she couldn't be stopped. In about twenty-two minutes she was gone, with a carbon copy of the order tucked triumphantly in her hand bag.

"'That,' says my young friend, 'is the way they've all been buying. Only four and a half dozen total.'"

"'In which kind of an order there's very little profit for your house,' says I.

"He nods. 'The boss wrote me yesterday that he supposed next I'd be sending in orders for a twelfth of a dozen assorted,' he says with a dry, appealing smile.

"'Well,' says I, 'if I was your boss I'd say the same thing. With a line like yours you ought to be ashamed to send in an order like this,' I says, picking up the order sheet.

"'What do you mean?' he asks.

"'Have you any more buyers coming to-day?' I ask.

"'One—the buyer from a little specialty shop,' and he mentions the name.

"'Well,' says I, 'I don't mind telling you that I'm in the neckwear business myself, and I've had some little success. Perhaps,' I says, 'you've heard of Pop Matthews?'

"'I have,' he says. 'Do you work for him?'

"'Nope,' I says. 'I am him. And what's more, I'm tempted to show you how to sell women's neckwear. Your line and mine don't conflict much, for I sell only the finer shops. Now I don't sell this shop you speak of at all, and I'd like to try my hand at selling 'em your line just as a stunt,' I says. 'Are you game?'

"'You bet!' he says, recovering from his shock and grabbing my hand. 'Go to it! Only I'll warn you that this is a very small shop and they never buy much.'

"'All right,' I says, and I went over to the tables and gave his line a quick once-over to get a picture of it in my mind, and pick out the best numbers. 'Now,' I says, 'pack it all away in your trunk—all but this one number here.'

"'Pack it up,' he gasps."

Demonstrating the Orchid

"'Yes,' says I, 'pack it up—clear the tables, fold 'em up and let's get them out in the hall. We're going to try a little Fifth Avenue selling.' And not waiting for him to recover I start to pack."

"'Fifth Avenue selling?'" interrupts the buyer from Ohio. "What do you mean by Fifth Avenue selling, Mr. Matthews?"

"That's just what he wanted to know," chuckled Pop. "I says to him, 'Did you ever walk down Fifth Avenue and see a window with just one picture or one overcoat or one electric lamp or one shirt displayed in the window?'

"'Yes,' he says. 'I have.'

"'Why do you suppose they do that?' I ask as I arrange the one piece of neckwear I've kept out of the trunk on the little mahogany table over by the window and pull the shade halfway down. Before he can answer in comes the buyer from the specialty shop.

"'One of my associates from New York, Miss Gibbons,' he says, introducing me to the young lady. 'He is interested in showing the line.'

"'Miss Gibbons,' I says, 'we haven't got the line laid out, but before we've really begun to look it over I want you to see this new number we've just brought out. Don't that just fit its name—the Orchid?' I ask, holding up the dainty collar that I'd left out on the table and handling it like a million dollars.

"'Oh, the Orchid! Isn't that dainty though!' she says, reaching for the collar.

(Continued on Page 35)

PACKARD

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Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

(Continued from Page 32)

'How much is it?' But I back away and hold the collar up in front of the mirror over the bureau so she can see it front and back at the same time. And I forget to tell her the price.

"'Couldn't you sell that collar in your store?' I ask, once more backing away from her as she starts to reach for the collar. And I keep talking and turning the collar around, all the time holding it as daintily as if it was made of gold leaf.

"Young Nevins squirms in his chair and wonders why in the blinking blazes I don't let the young lady have the collar to paw over and why I don't tell her the price.

"Finally I step up to her quite suddenly and lay the filmy thing tenderly in her hands. 'Now, Miss Gibbons,' I says, 'this Orchid collar is only sixteen dollars a dozen and you ought to be able to sell two dozen in your little shop if you do it right.'

"'How?' she asks.

"'Keep the stock down under your counter and bring out just one and show it to only the most promising customers and as a special thoughtfulness. Don't even put one in the window and be sure to let them know that it hasn't been in the window!'

"'I see your point,' she says, 'and I'll take two dozen.'

"'Put it down,' I says, turning to Nevins. 'Two dozen Orchid at sixteen dollars.' Nevins puts it down, wondering where I got the Orchid idea but seeing the magic of it.

"I fold the Orchid carefully and take it over to the trunk and lay it away tenderly. While Miss Gibbons tells Nevins what a wonderfully dainty little creation it is I pick out another collar from one of the boxes in the trunk.

"'You've noticed the craze for filet lace, this season, Miss Gibbons,' I says, spreading a filet collar out on the bare top of the mahogany table. 'What do you think of that? Isn't it chic? Can't you think of a dozen women who would buy that on sight?'

"'How much?' she asks, parrotlike.

"'And look how smart the corners are,' I says, backing away from her question."

The Conquest of Miss Gibbons

"Well, she buys the dozen I want to sell her and I go back into the trunk again and bring out a guimpe.

"'You've found already that guimpes are going to sell big this season, haven't you?' I ask, spreading out the guimpe on the top of the mahogany table.

"'Yes,' she admits. 'I have.'

"'Have you seen a smarter one in any line than this one?' I ask.

"'How much?' she answers.

"'And look at the fineness of the net,' I answer, picking up the dainty thing and laying it gently in her hands like it was a baby or something that might break if it was handled rough.

"'Take three sizes—a dozen small, two dozen medium and a dozen large. They're eighteen dollars a dozen.'

"She cut a quarter dozen all the way through, making the order three and a quarter dozen.

"'Now you want half a dozen good showy numbers for your window, don't you?' I says, offhand.

"'Yes,' she says. So I open up two or three boxes, working fast, and pick out a dozen of the showiest numbers in the line and exhibit them one at a time. If I see she don't like a number I won't sell it to her, because she'll never sell it to her customers with any enthusiasm. And every time she asks 'How much?' I ignore the question.

"Well, she picks seven of the twelve and I encourage her not to order too many of each—not more than half a dozen of any of them, and a quarter dozen of some because the line will be around again with some more good window numbers in a few weeks. Two and three-quarter dozen the order amounts to.

"'Now, Miss Gibbons,' I says, pulling out the box of four-dollar-a-dozen numbers, 'you'll need an assortment of fifty-cent numbers. Pick them out for yourself.' And I sit down and let her discover the ones she likes. She picks out eight numbers and orders just a few of each—just the way she'd have gone through the whole line if I'd have let her, which I wouldn't.

"When she left five minutes later she left the biggest order by double that she had ever given Nevins' house."

Nevins Learns the Trick

"'Now,' says I, turning to that astonished young man, 'do you see how Fifth Avenue selling methods work on buyers? You've been selling prices, not neckwear. You lay your samples out like a ten-cent-store counter, or a cafeteria, instead of stage-setting each piece of merchandise to give it individuality and atmosphere. You'll get repeat orders from Miss Gibbons on that Orchid collar—just because I've individualized it with a name. I did what your upper Fifth Avenue merchant does when he puts a single hat or scarf or electric lamp or rug or chair in his window. Suppose he put five scarves all of the same general type in the window at the same time. Would any one of them stand out or have any particular individuality? No. As a matter of fact the five of them would make people uncertain as to which they really liked the best, and even if they did decide on one and buy it they would never get quite the same pleasure out of that scarf.

"'I see,' says Nevins. 'And you think it is just the same with buyers?'

"'There are plenty of buyers,' I replied, 'who don't know what a thing is worth until they ask the price. They don't buy neckwear; they buy prices. But if you can make them buy style and quality and individuality instead of price, like Fifth Avenue does, you will be doing them the biggest favor in the world, for they will be able to show a better profit on their merchandising, and the patrons of their stores will discover a new pleasure in buying from their establishments.'

"When I left Nevins that afternoon I didn't know whether he'd really caught onto the idea or not, but I learned pretty definitely before the next season was half over! For his house suddenly turned to making better grade neckwear, that competed with my line, and first thing I knew he was eating into my sales! Bless my heart if I didn't have to hire him away from his house to protect myself! And I had to pay him a good fat salary too!" And Pop Matthews chuckled.

"I begin to understand now," said the buyer from Ohio, "why I had such a battle with him the first time he tried to sell me. I was used to going through a line, picking out this and that and the other number—skimming the line, as you call it—and it irritated me terribly when he wouldn't let me. But I must admit that he taught me to buy style and quality and individuality instead of price, as you put it, before he had called many times, and I make a better profit on your line now than on any neckwear line I buy."

"That's what all of our customers from Nevins' territory say now," beamed Pop, "but he had some hard fights with some of them. They were so used to pawing over a line of samples and ordering a third of a dozen of three dozen numbers that they couldn't stand it to buy Nevins' way.

"'What'll I do with such fellows?' he asked me.

"'That's easy,' I told him. 'Don't take but three or four numbers with you when you call on them—just the ones you want them to buy. And show them only one at a time as if they were the only three or four pieces of neckwear in the world. Get them to make a drive on those three or four numbers and they'll sell a lot of them. Remember, it's not the number of items that a customer buys that counts with us; it's the number of dozens. And the more we can concentrate our production on a few numbers the more profit there is for us.'

"Everybody said that couldn't be done in a novelty line like women's neckwear," grinned Pop. "But I've proved that it can by individualizing every number. Of course the stores have to have a lot of variety in their neckwear line—dozens of numbers, and only a few pieces of many of them—and somebody has to supply them with that variety. But not us. No ma'am! Every year we're reducing our line to fewer numbers. I send my men out twice as often with half as many samples, and we're making money. The big idea is to catch the vogue and concentrate. Get in quick, sell big, and get out quick! Then come on with a few choice new things, get in quick, sell big and get out quick. Vogue! That's the word! The minute everybody's wearing anything it's way out of fashion, and we've been working for six weeks on something new for everybody to be wearing next week!

"They know all this on the Avenue," continued Pop, "and that's where I stole my idea from years ago. And speaking of the Avenue reminds me ——"

Pop Uses His Old Methods

Here Pop stepped into his office, which adjoined the sample room, and came back carrying a thin flat box. This he laid on the table almost tenderly and, with an air of suppressed excitement as though he half expected to see a fairy slip out when he lifted the cover, opened the box.

"This," he said, folding back the tissue paper and slipping his hand skillfully under the filmy piece of neckwear and lifting it up for inspection, "is what they're going to be wearing six weeks from now. I've started one of the boys out on the road this morning with it—just this one beautiful collar and nothing else! I've never done that before, and of course it's a gamble. But I wanted for once to go the limit with the Fifth Avenue idea on the road. It may prove expensive, but it will also prove impressive."

Then stepping over to where the young lady model was standing he placed the dainty collar around her neck and gently turned her around so that the buyer from Ohio could see it from all angles. Not a word did he speak, but his very gesture caressed that collar with adjectives as he half pointed to it against the dark blue of the model's dress.

"Oh, it is exquisite!" exclaimed the buyer from Ohio. "How much is it?"

Without a word Pop lifted the filmy collar from the model's neck, folded it, laid it in the box and put on the cover.

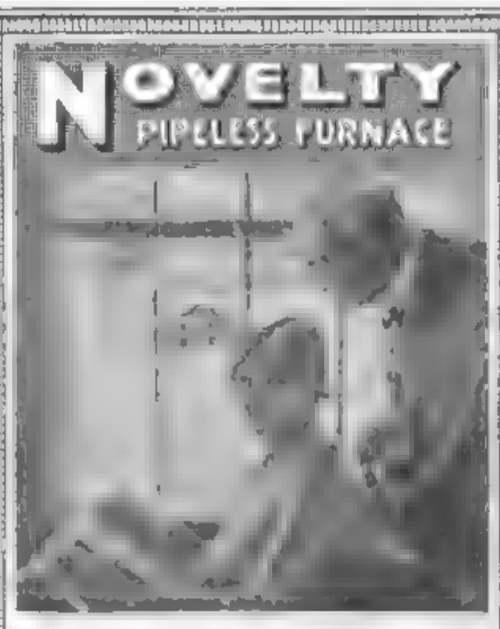
"Betty," he said quietly, "get out those boxes of the how-much-is-it kind of neckwear to show the lady. She's buying prices to-day."

"Now, Mr. Matthews!" laughed the buyer. "I'll promise to be good. Let me see that collar again. What do you call it?"

"What do I call it? Now you are talking the right language." And he leaned over and whispered a name in her ear.

She gave a little gasp. "That'll sell it! That'll sell it!" she exclaimed.

"All right; Betty, put down four dozen for Miss Madison, to be sent off by Thursday sure so she'll have them in good time for Easter selling. They're twenty-four dollars a dozen," he said almost as an afterthought, turning to the buyer from Ohio, "but you know how it is with a beautiful collar like that—the price isn't important; it's just something you put on the bill!"



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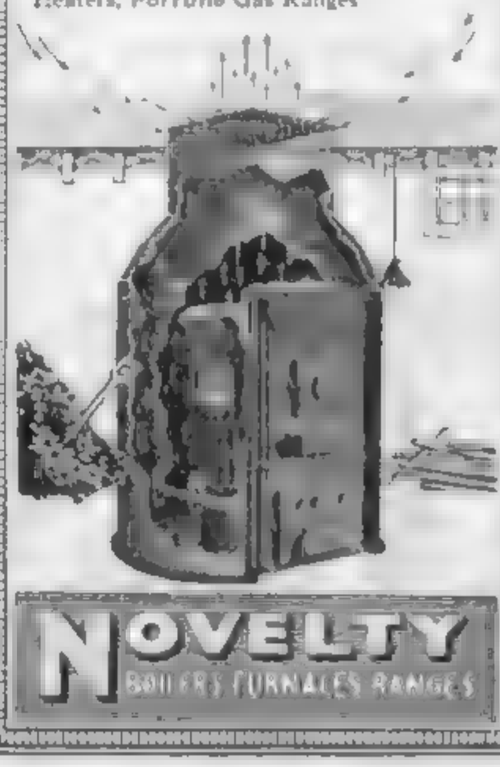

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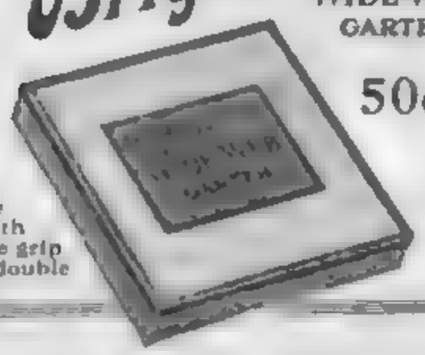

Made in both single grip and double grip

HIS EXCELLENCY THE ELEPHANT

(Continued from Page 9)

houses so wonderfully equipped that they ate their food from huge, elaborate troughs of silver.

Some years ago Karl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, owned a pygmy elephant which was captured in the French Congo. This animal measured only four feet at the shoulder, but from the size of its tusks and other indications of maturity this authority gave it as his opinion that the little animal was six years old. It was then about the same size that the ordinary baby elephant attains at eighteen months.

And speaking of baby elephants, it might be stated that so far as this country is concerned it is impossible to breed them successfully here. There are four authentic cases on record of baby elephants being born and bred in this country. The first, it is claimed, was born in Philadelphia in the Barnum Show about twenty-five years ago. He lived only a very short time. The next case was when a baby elephant was born during the tour of the Sells-Floto Circus in California, about ten years ago. The little stranger made its appearance at Salinas and was a tremendous attraction while it lived, which was only thirty days. The mother refused to have anything to do with her baby and did all in her power to kill it immediately after birth.

A Hundred-Pound Baby

The circus people were under the impression that they could preserve the life of the little animal by feeding it cow's milk, and for a couple of weeks it seemed to thrive. Then it commenced to fail, and thirty days after its birth it died at Pendleton, Oregon. Scientists who performed an autopsy upon this famous baby gave the cause of death as acute indigestion. Large balls of undigested milk were found in its stomach. They were as hard as rocks.

Subsequently the same cow elephant gave birth to two other calves. One of them lived thirty days, the other three months, but eventually both died from the same malady which had carried off their predecessor.

The weight of a baby elephant at birth is about a hundred pounds. The first baby elephant born with the Sells-Floto Circus weighed one hundred and five pounds at birth and three weeks thereafter tipped the scales at a hundred and fifty pounds. It has been estimated that he gains a pound a day until maturity.

The skull of the elephant is admirably fitted by Nature for the work required of him—not only in his natural state, where he frequently uses his head as a battering ram, but also in captivity, where he is trained to push large bodies by placing his forehead against them. Instead of being a mere bony shell around the brain the skull is enormously enlarged by the separation of its bony plates, the space between being filled with a number of honeycomb-like bony cells, the walls of which are hardly thicker than strong paper, and the hollows are filled with a kind of semiliquid fat or oil. The brain lies in a small cavity within this unique structure and is so defended from all kinds of concussion.

One of the most remarkable things about the elephant is his foot, which, although extremely large, does not fall heavily upon the ground, as a casual observer might suppose. The hoof is composed of a vast number of horny plates, arranged on the principle of an ordinary spring, so guarding the animal from the shock of contact with the ground.

Despite his great weight the elephant can move very swiftly, and when he really speeds up it takes a good horse to keep near him. Again, localities that would be inaccessible to a horse can be negotiated by an elephant with perfect ease.

But an elephant is always careful where he steps. Whenever descending from a height you will see him kneel down with his forefeet stretched out in front and his hind legs bent backwards. He picks his way carefully, a step at a time, feeling with one of his forefeet for some projection or crevice, never losing his hold upon one place of security until another is gained. If nothing presents itself in the way of an obstacle you will see him dig a hole in the ground with his forward foot, so as to give him a hold, and although you might imagine his descent would be slow, owing to this elaborate and cautious process, he nevertheless accomplishes it in a very brief space of time.

The Indian elephant is the most intelligent. Really at times it would be impossible to conduct the movement of the circus without them. I remember one occasion we were away up at Edmonton in the Canadian Northwest, being the first big circus that ever visited that territory. The tents were pitched down in a valley, it being the only available lot large enough, and from early morning until daylight on the following day it rained—and rained hard. Up in that country when the floodgates of the heavens are opened it is a revelation that carries one back to the days of Noah and the Ark. Then there is the black gumbo mud, which is a distinguishing feature of the country, and every time you put your foot down you are anchored. That soil clings to you like a long-lost brother.

By the time the evening performance was over the wagons had sunk down to their hubs in that soft sticky mass. It seemed as though we would never get the pole wagon off the lot, and in the endeavor to do so the teamsters hooked on thirty horses. But they could not budge it until our elephant trainer, Fred Alispaw, came along with a couple of his elephants.

Willing Workers

It was a wonderful sight to see those beasts go to work, pushing with their heads and exerting so much force that both of them went to their knees in the endeavor to get the ponderous wagon in motion. The night was as dark as pitch, with the rain beating down as though the very heavens had opened. Then there was the flickering light of the torches and lanterns, and the ghostly forms of the canvasmen flitting to and fro. It seemed as though no power on earth could move that iron-bound wagon with its tremendous freight. Time and again the elephant trainer urged the powerful beasts forward, although be it said to their credit that they needed it not. It was enough for them to know what was required of them.

For half an hour they labored and struggled, and then at last, when hope was almost abandoned, the big wagon was seen to move. They had fairly gotten under it and lifted it clean and bodily out of the mud. Once in motion, and with the plunging horses tugging in front, they kept it going. It is safe to say that under the prevailing conditions no other method known to human skill could have rescued that wagon from the clinging real estate of the Island Empire.

But despite his size and proved courage, both in the battlefield and in the more peaceful activities of life, the elephant is one of the most timid of all animals when placed amid strange surroundings or experiencing a happening with which he is not familiar. I remember one time at Riverside, California, when the circus was parading, a gas tank on the outskirts of the city blew up with a tremendous report, and the elephant herd stampeded.

When an elephant stampedes, I must tell you, he runs blind. He does not take into consideration the obstacles which may

(Continued on Page 38)

There's Not Many a Slip 'Twixt the Peanut and the Lip on Circus Parade Day

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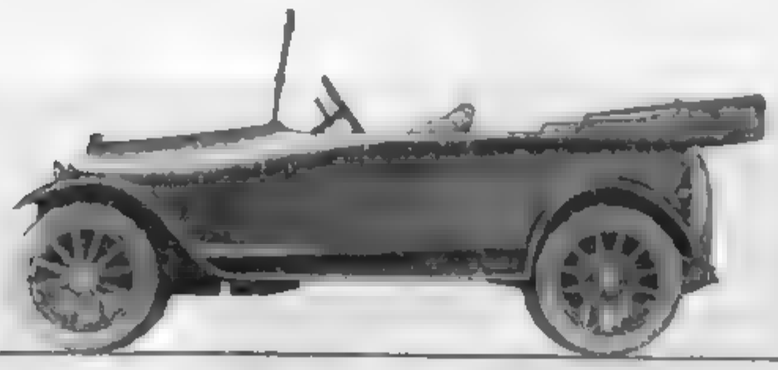

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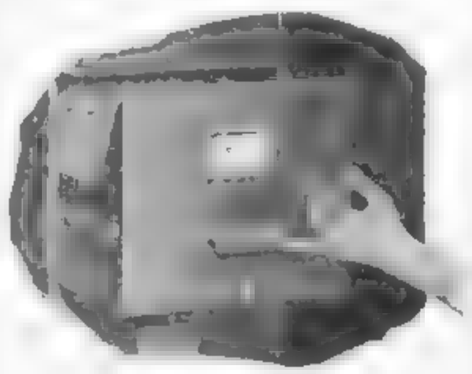

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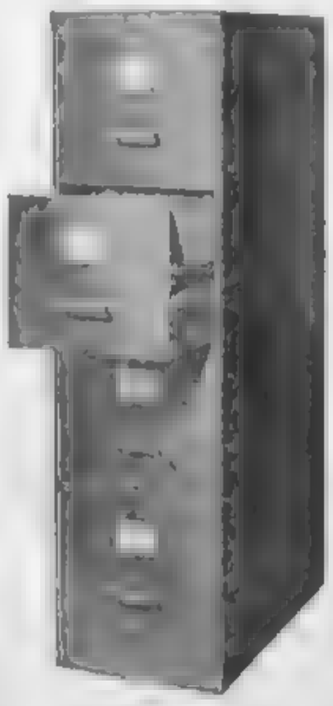


(Continued from Page 36)

be in his path, but proceeds upon his way, knocking down everything that bars his passage. One of the elephants headed for a department store and went right through the plate-glass window. Once inside, he just wrecked everything, knocking down counters, leaving a trail of broken crockery and scattered merchandise behind him, until he butted his way clean out into the back alley.

Another headed for the leading hotel and, seeing the back door of the barber shop open, made a bee line for it. Of course the doorway was not large enough to permit his entering, so he battered it down with his great head, scattered the customers and barbers in terror as he made this unconventional entry, then without halting he tore through the front door and sped down the main street, carrying the frame on his massive shoulders.

Three other members of the herd made for the open country and invaded an orange grove. They went right slam bang through it, leaving a wake of ravaged trees as a swath of hay would lie behind a mower. They were finally rounded up, but the damage they did on that occasion cost the circus proprietor in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars.

The Elephant Holdout

On another occasion the press agent of the circus thought it would be a brilliant idea to give the elephants a public bath, and so advertised the fact. The city chosen for this distinction was Idaho Falls, because the circus was going to spend Sunday there, and, of course, as no performances are given on that day, there would be plenty of time to pull off a stunt of this kind. An immense crowd assembled on the banks of the river as the elephant trainer brought his huge charges down to the bank. For a while they enjoyed it immensely and wallowed and rolled in the stream, but gradually the current carried them out towards the middle, and to the consternation of the circus people it was noted that they were being swept down towards the whirlpool.

The elephants were as quick to realize their danger as were their human guardians, and struggled with might and main to free themselves from the grip of the seething waters. Had they been human they could not have sensed their danger to a greater extent. Nothing living had ever experienced the swirl of that whirlpool and come out alive.

Then all at once, Old Snyder, the leader of the herd, with surprising sagacity appeared to realize that he could not get out by struggling directly against the current, so he faced about and allowed himself to be carried with it, at the same time edging obliquely towards the bank on the other side, and by this method eventually reached the calm waters which flowed gently along the opposite shore. But it was a close call!

The story of the elephant is full of similar instances. With his singular sagacity, prudence and courage, he combines the fidelity of a dog, the endurance of a camel and the docility of a horse.

I remember an elephant whose trainer always rewarded him at the finish of an act by giving him a slice of seedcake, of which he was very fond. One day this elephant was given his cue, but absolutely refused to respond. Persuasion and urging were of no avail. The trainer was at his wit's end, not being able to find any solution of his charge's change of front, until his wife came along. She suggested that he should be given the customary piece of cake, and, strange to say, just as soon as it was tendered him he went on with his act as usual. When the act was over he refused to leave the ring until he had been given another piece! In this way he established a precedent. They had to reward him before and after his act. This elephant is still on the road. He performs twice a day, and each day he gets four pieces of cake instead of two.

I have often been asked about the value of elephants, and speaking in a general way the price depends altogether on the elephant's ability as a performer. A well-trained elephant is worth anywhere from three to five thousand dollars; an unbroken baby elephant, about two thousand. If he is full grown and uneducated he may not bring over a thousand, because the older he is the harder becomes the task of teaching him, and in that case his only value lies in enhancing the street spectacle.

Elephants are temperamental and have likes and dislikes. An elephant I once owned had to be shipped so he could see out as he passed along. If you placed him in the car with his back to a window or some opening he would simply butt the sides until he broke his way out.

A female elephant belonging to the same troupe could not stand having anyone walk over her head. Once when we were shipping her some children playing along the tracks climbed on top of the car and commenced racing up and down. The noise drove this elephant almost distracted, and in a few minutes she had made kindling wood out of the roof and sides.

Elephants are very much attached to their trainers and rarely, if ever, perform as well for a stranger as for the man who taught them originally. I knew a herd once that had been educated by the famous Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg. After their arrival in this country they absolutely refused to recognize commands given them in English, and the trainer was forced to learn German enough to make himself understood before he could successfully put them through their paces. They still take their cues in that language.

When They Go "Must"

Many authorities differ on the question of the age to which an elephant lives, but certain it is that he is, next to a whale, the longest-lived of all creatures. So far as those in this country are concerned, I have traced some members of existing herds back sixty years, but even then evidence would not hold in court.

Many naturalists hold that the average life of an elephant is two hundred years, and all agree that he lives to be one hundred.

Elephants usually travel with the shows until they show indications of going bad, or, as it is called, "must." Then if the showman is wise he will either present him to some zoölogical garden, where he can be kept all the time in a safe inclosure, or have him destroyed. Owing to the great value of trained elephants, some owners defer this as long as possible. But it is neither wise nor safe, because some day, and always when least expected, that elephant starts—and when he runs amuck no man can tell how much damage he will do before he is subdued. Every summer you read in your paper the story of how some elephant with a show had to be destroyed. He had gone must, and the owners did not dare take any chances. Elephant trainers can generally tell long before one of their charges has outlived his usefulness—not only by his actions but by certain physical changes. The pupil of the eye becomes dilated, the presence of an oily excretion will be noted, and there will be other indications that can be recognized by the keepers.

The death sentence was once pronounced upon an elephant that belonged to a show I was with. It was decided to make way with him by administering a large dose of cyanide of potassium.

He was very fond of bran mashes and usually when one was given him he devoured it ravenously. Enough cyanide to kill an army was mixed into a mash and tendered him. Contrary to all expectations, however, he absolutely refused to partake of it, showing the somewhat uncanny intelligence manifested at times by these ponderous beasts. Finally the poison was placed within scooped-out apples. These latter were left just where he could reach them, but were not offered to him directly. Then everyone left the elephant house. When they came back in half an hour the man-killer was dead.

The Ever-Popular Lure

Remarkable as is the intelligence, added to the educational possibilities, of the elephant, many stories of his sagacity are greatly overdrawn, especially those which credit him with the reasoning power which enables him to distinguish between cause and effect, except where perhaps his personal safety is concerned.

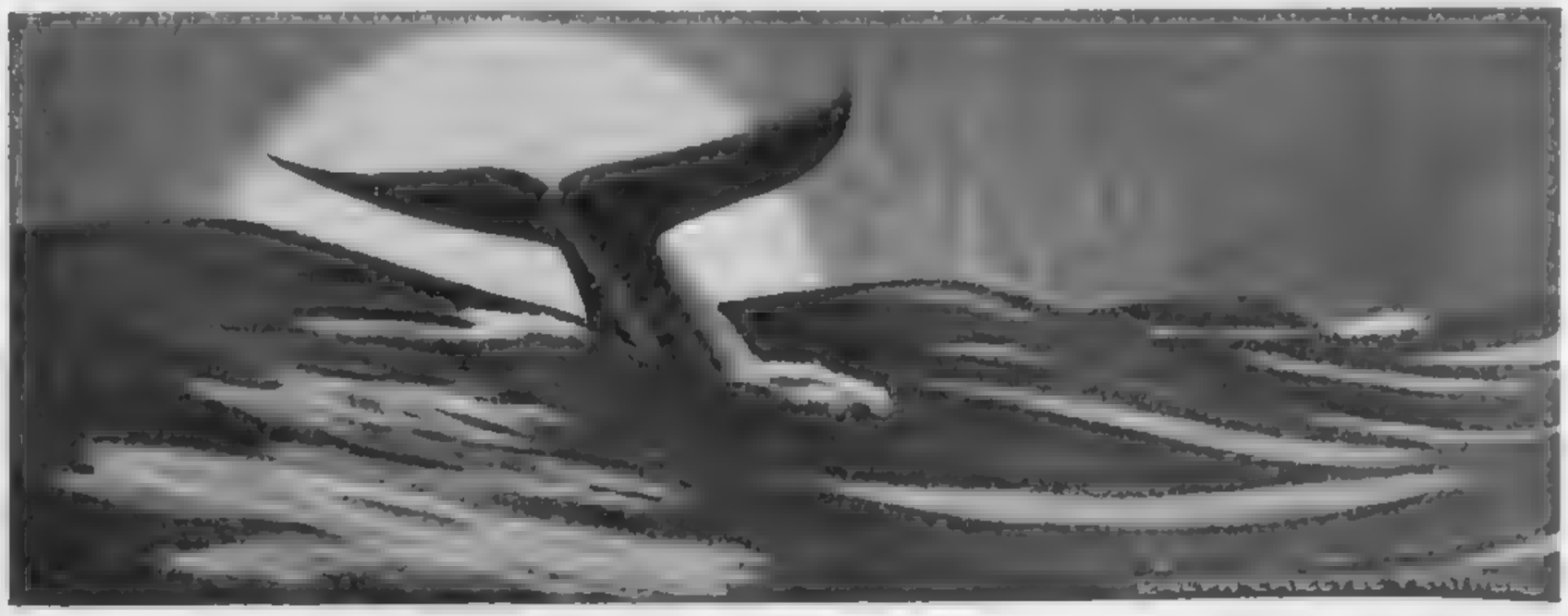
In his acts he performs mainly from force of habit. He learns to do certain things in certain sequence and executes them at the word of command. He needs direction and does little of his own notion.

But for all that, he will remain the one big attraction of the tent show—the mysterious magnet that draws the populace into the menagerie and causes them to stand in awe of his majesty and size and appetite. We will continue to acclaim him as he rears in pyramidic formation, and applaud wildly when he sits down in an armchair and rings a cowbell for the waiter to bring him his favorite tipple.

Some of us who are gray around the temples can remember the happy days when we played hooky and, beguiled by a free ticket, carried water for his highness. It was a heartbreaking job, but the only work we ever found congenial at that stage of the game.

And once, you know, when engaged in this strenuous occupation, we struck up an acquaintance with an honest-to-goodness clown, and—would you believe it?—he talked a good deal like ordinary folks and said that he lived in a house with a real roof on it all winter.

He was a very old clown and his head was quite bald. He said he had been scalped by Indians when he was a boy. And then he sent us away to the other side of the lot to borrow the key to the front door, and the man down there said to go back and tell the clown that he was sorry, but he had lost it. And when we went to deliver the message the old clown was nowhere to be found! Perhaps he found the key—I dunno.



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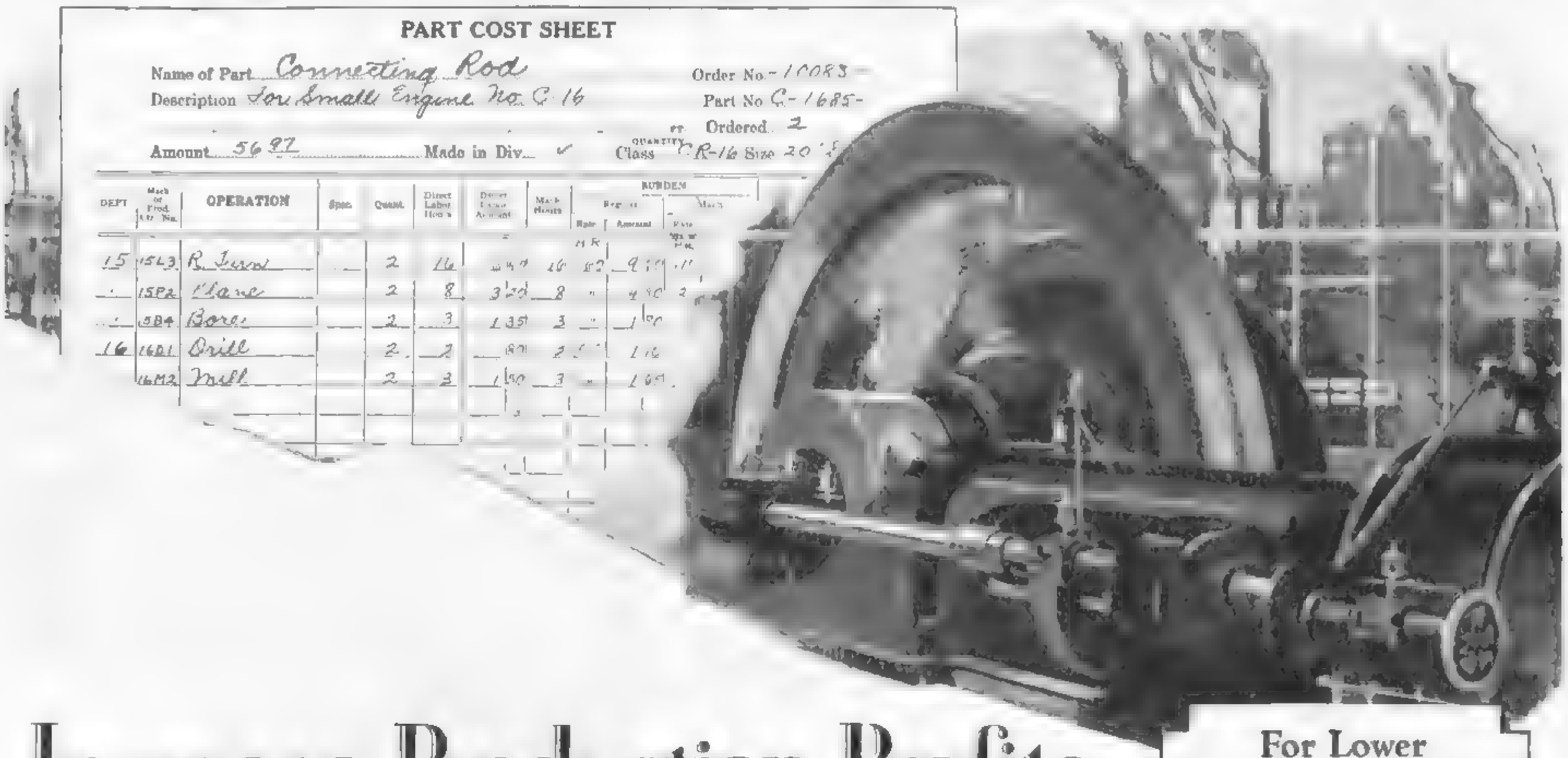
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IDLE HANDS

(Continued from Page 7)

He laughed, got up with mock caution and tiptoed to the door. Coming back, he solemnly faced her.

"My dear," he said, "this is deep and dark. Never reveal what I am about to tell you."

"I swear it," she answered. "What's the secret?"

"Angie, I'm half owner in Petersen's garage, which stands in the shadow of the mountains just abaft San Marco. A nifty little business, believe me."

She gasped.

"Honey," he went on, "I've turned back the clock. If you come out there to-morrow you'll find me in overalls right at the start of my career, and I may say the prospects for success look very bright."

"But—but, dad, what will mother say?"

"Plenty—if she knew. But that's the beauty of it. Mother isn't going to know. Poor old broken-down dad toddles off to his office early in the morning, does a quick change, nabs a street car and beats it for his business. Comes back at night tired but happy. If you breathe a word of this you're no child of mine."

She leaned back in her chair, laughing.

"A double life at your age," she said. "Dad, it's too funny!"

"But you approve, don't you? You know you said ——"

"Of course I approve. It's just the thing. Why, the very idea has done wonders for you! But if mother finds out ——"

"I know." His tone was apprehensive. "But San Marco's ten miles from here—I'm fairly safe. If you need anything in my line look me up. I'm just a poor young man trying to get along."

"I'll drop in to-morrow. Tell me again where it is."

He drew a map for her on the back of an envelope.

"Remember," he said, "my name out there is John Grant."

"Oh, dad!" she cried. "An assumed name! How thrilling!"

In the morning he hunted round in his closet until he found an old blue suit. It was a bit shiny in spots. His wife had informed him he was not to wear it again. Defiantly he put it on and went downstairs. There ensued a brief argument about it, but his wife did not seem up to her usual form, and he won.

At nine o'clock Haku deposited him before his office building. The building stood on a corner and could be entered from either of two streets. Jim Alden passed through the lobby and out the side door. At a clothing store he supplied himself with dark-blue overalls and jumper, then walked another block, hopped on a car and rode to San Marco. When he reached his new property there seemed to be an air of aimless leisure about the place. Al was sitting on the running board of a car reading the morning paper. Petersen was nowhere in sight. Jim Alden went into the office. A long lean young man with humorous gray eyes untangled himself from a chair and rose to greet him.

"Where's Petersen?" asked Alden.

"Is this Mr. Grant—Mr. John Grant?" inquired the stranger.

"What? Oh—er—yes, I'm Grant."

"Merrick's my name—Bill Merrick. Shake hands with your new partner, Mr. Grant. I bought Petersen out last Friday."

"What? Well—er—glad to meet you. Petersen didn't lose any time."

"I hope you don't object. He showed me a memorandum you wrote ——"

"Oh, no, that's all right. I was a bit surprised, that's all. I don't mind a change of partners—rather like it in fact. I guess we've got hold of a live business."

"Seemed so from the books. I must say, though, I've been sitting here an hour and a half, and not a nibble."

"Oh, well, it's early yet. Monday morning, too. I'll just get into my outfit so as to be ready." The millionaire undid his bundle and spread out his suit of armor. He removed his coat. "I suppose you understand all about automobiles?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, I know it's the gasoline seeping through the what-you-may-call-it that sort of encourages 'em to continue. Further than that, I'm a little in the dark. Petersen said you were an excellent mechanic and would be glad to teach me."

"He did, eh?"

Jim Alden buckled on the overalls thoughtfully. Mr. Petersen grew even less attractive as his character developed.

"You see," the young man went on, and his manner was winning, "I came darn near being a lawyer. I was studying law in my father's office in Duluth when the war broke. After I got back from France I was like a lot of the boys—the soles of my feet itched. An aunt died and left me three thousand dollars; and I'd swallowed a bit of gas in the Argonne, which supplied me with a mighty convenient little cough, so it was me for California. I've been here two months looking for work. Have you tried to find work out here?"

"You bet I have!"

"Supply seems a bit short of the demand, doesn't it? My money was sort of dribbling away in the cafeterias, so I plunged with Petersen. Two thousand dollars—the balance of Aunt Elvira's wad."

"Two thousand!" repeated Jim Alden, again thinking hard.

"Yes, sir. All little Rollo's available cash. We've got to make good."

"Oh, we'll make good all right," said Alden. But he wasn't so sure. Petersen was taking on new aspects every minute.

They spent a couple of hours looking over their stock and once more studying the books, which Petersen had accommodatingly left. By noon just two cars had halted at their establishment—one to buy five gallons of gasoline, the other to inquire the way. A suspicior was growing in Jim Alden's mind. He went to the door of the little office and summoned Al. The boy came in looking rather sheepish.

"See here, Al," said Alden. "This place does a pretty good business, doesn't it?"

"Well," said Al, "it did up to last Saturday."

"Eh? What happened on Saturday?"

"Don't you know?" Al seemed genuinely surprised. "Last Saturday they opened up the new state highway two miles east of here. The road over there has been torn up for six months."

"I see," Alden said. "You mean we're sort of off the main line from now on?"

"You sure are," admitted Al. "This road is about as necessary as a fifth wheel. You won't see much traffic here except the folks that live up the line." He stopped. There ensued a poignant silence. "I thought Petersen let you in on it," the boy went on. "He claimed he had. Told me he was sellin' out at a sacrifice."

"He didn't tell us, Al," said Alden slowly. "Go back to your—er—work." The boy went out.

"Well, that's cheery news," cried Bill Merrick bitterly. "Swindled! Every cent that Aunt Elvira and I had in the world!" He paused and looked at his partner. On Jim Alden's face was an expression of deep chagrin, which Bill Merrick conveniently took to be distress. "How about you?" the young man asked. "All your savings gone blooey, eh?" Alden did not reply. "It's a darn shame," the other went on. "It doesn't matter so much about me, but you—you're an old—that is, you're not so young as you were. Well, leave it to me. I'll find this crook Petersen wherever he is, and when I do—oh, boy!"

"Wait a minute," Alden cut in. "Finding Petersen won't help. Perhaps we can pull through yet."

"How?" asked Bill Merrick. "Come out here." He led the way outside. "Nice, quiet, pastoral scene, eh what? Not a car in sight—not one!"

"Oh, yes, there's one," said Jim Alden.

He pointed. Coming down the otherwise deserted highway, driving the newest and gayest of the Alden roadsters at sixty miles an hour, was Angie. She dashed in at the drive that cut the corner and deftly brought her car to a stop between the gas tank and the garage door. Then for the first time her eyes fell on Jim Alden, standing there looking rather foolish in his painfully new mechanic's uniform. A peal of laughter was her instant tribute.

"Dad!" she cried. "You old rascal! I hardly knew you!"

At once an expression of contrition crossed her lovely face. Regret, chagrin, an appeal for forgiveness, all were in her eyes. Coming down the road she had been saying to herself, "John Grant, John Grant," over and over. And now she had blurted out the truth instantly—ruined everything. How like her!

Jim Alden was watching his partner. That young man at sight of Angie had stood as one who beholds an angel descend from heaven. As the import of the angel's first words dawned slowly on his dazed brain he turned to Alden.

"Dad?" he cried. "She called you dad!"

"So she did," said Alden. He raised his voice so that Angie might hear: "This young lady and I are old friends. Her father and I once worked together in the Pontiac shops—that was before he made his money. When her dad—her real dad, I mean—bought his first car I was the family chauffeur. I used to drive this little lady about Pontiac, and she'd fall asleep on my lap and her hair'd get all mixed up with the wheel. She started to call me dad in those days, and I'm proud to say she's never stopped." He paused, and saw that Angie's eyes were on him, fascinated. "Come over here, Bill. Miss Angie, I want you to meet my partner, Bill Merrick. Bill—Miss Angie Alden."

Mr. Bill Merrick seemed devoid of speech as his hand touched that of Angie Alden.

"How's your father?" Jim Alden asked.

"Better, much better," replied Angie, still looking her admiration. "Dad, I think this is a darling place for a garage." She stared about her. "And then having a partner—such a nice partner ——"

"Yes, it's lucky I've got Bill. We'll be company for each other. Otherwise it would be mighty lonesome here. You see, we've just discovered they've opened a new road east of us, and we're left high and dry."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that!" cried Angie.

"I knew you would be. I told you the other day—when I happened to run across you in Pasadena—that things looked pretty good for me, but I'm afraid I spoke too soon. However, while there's life there's hope. We'll put it over yet, eh, Bill? Bill ain't more than twenty-five, and I feel younger every minute. Now what can we do for you, Miss—er—Miss Angie?"

"You can sell me ten gallons of gas—if you will, please."

They leaped to do her bidding. Alden assumed charge of the pump and Bill Merrick presided at the car. He leaned close to its fair driver.

"I must have seemed stupid when we were introduced," he said. "You see, I was overcome. It was too good to be true. I mean—meeting you again."

"Again?"

"Yes, we met once before. I guess you don't remember."

"I'm so sorry."

"You wouldn't, of course. There were hundreds of us. We were on a train—in 1917—on our way to camp. It was at the station in Detroit. I was leaning out the window, very greedy, and you came along the platform and gave me a sandwich."

"Ah, yes! Ham or cheese?"

"I don't know to this day."

"Was it as bad as that?"

"It was—wonderful. I wanted to put it in my memory book—only I didn't have a memory book, so I ate it. I was hungry. Afterward I wished I hadn't. I wished I'd saved it—always. Wow! Say, hold on a minute! Stop pumping!"

The tank was overflowing.

"I'm so sorry," said Angie. "I remember now I had it filled yesterday."

"That's only three gallons," Jim Alden said, disappointed. "Do you need any oil?"

"Always need oil," answered Angie. "Never can think of it."

Bill Merrick recalled that he was a partner in the enterprise. He went for the oil, while Alden lifted the hood of the car. Angie watched them. She reflected that Bill Merrick was a very agreeable young man. Just the pal for her father. How nice!

"Need any tires, chains—anything like that?" asked Alden. "No? Well, you owe us two dollars and twelve cents."

She handed him a five-dollar bill.

"Keep the change, dad," she said grandly.

"Oh, no, Miss Angie, I couldn't, really!"

"But I insist." She turned to Bill Merrick. "Don't get discouraged," she smiled. "You can count on one steady customer."

"You'll come again? Say, that's great!"

"For dad's sake," she said. "He's the best ever. Be good to him." She stepped on the gas and was gone.

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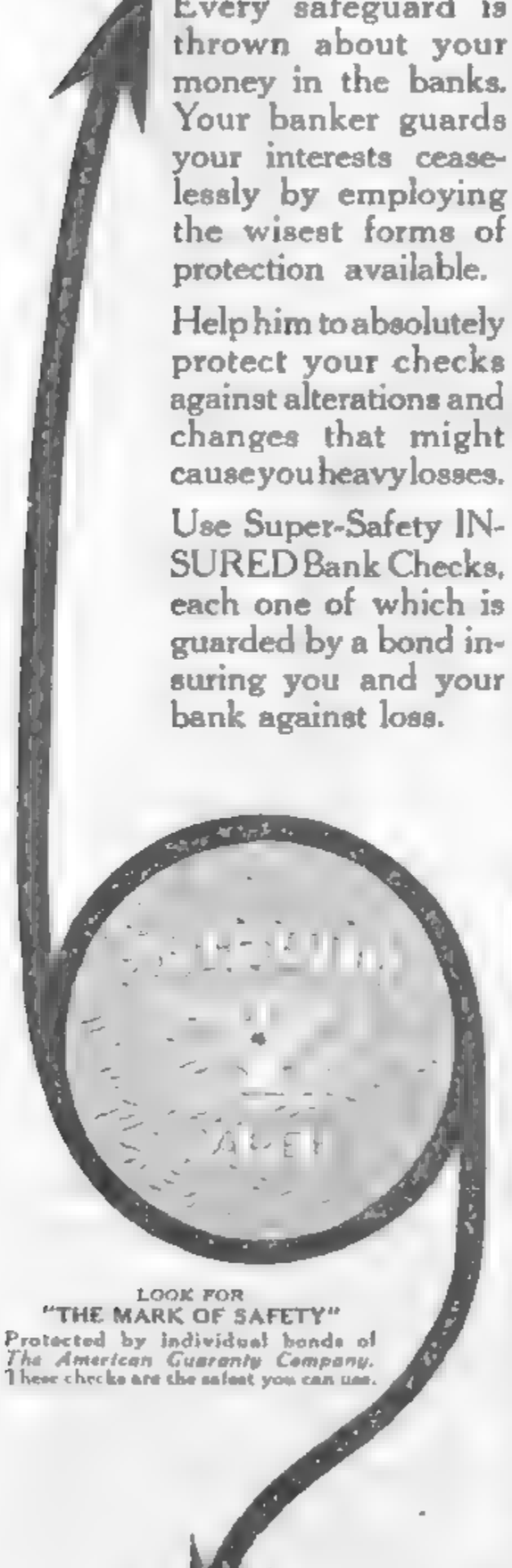

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Slowly Bill Merrick walked over and set down his burden of oil.

"Say, dad," he began, "I'm going to call you dad, too, if you don't mind. I believe you said something about—before her father made his money. Who is she, anyhow?"

"Why, she's old Jim Alden's daughter."

"Alden! James M. Alden, the automobile man!" An expression of acute despair spread over Bill Merrick's face. He sank down upon a bench. "Of all the rotten luck!" he moaned.

"Oh, I don't know," said his partner. "Alden's not so bad. Pretty good father, I imagine."

"Rotten luck for me, I mean."

"How's that?"

"I guess you heard me tell her how I'd seen her before—in Detroit. I've never got over it—never been able to see any other girl since. She's—she's wonderful. I've thought of her, dreamed of her ——"

He sat staring gloomily in front of him. Jim Alden regarded him with new interest. He liked this boy, liked the look in his eyes, the smile which was for the moment submerged.

Yes, there was something appealing about Bill Merrick. The older man thought of Carter Andrews, who had cabled that morning from Yokohama.

"But why all this gloom?" Alden inquired.

"Why? You know who I am. You know what I've got. And now to find out that she's Alden's daughter—a man worth millions ——"

"Nonsense! Jim Alden's no better than you or me. I knew him when he was a mechanic in Pontiac. We worked at the same bench. Why, I can remember ——"

"Yes, you can remember. But can he? I'll bet you couldn't prove to him that he ever worked for his living, not with the aid of a diagram. They get like that. I can see him—pompous, blustering, important. Can you imagine my going to him and saying, 'Mr. Alden, I have come to ask for your daughter'? 'And who are you?' 'Oh, I'm the Napoleon of finance who bought a garage on a road nobody ever travels. And in addition to your daughter, Mr. Alden, I'd like to ask you for ten cents car fare back to town.'"

Jim Alden laughed.

"It seems to me you're a bit previous," he said. "As far as I could see, Miss Angie is still heart-whole and fancy-free. And I tell you right now, son, we're up against it here.

"We've got a problem on our hands. Are you going to face it with me or must I get a new partner?"

Bill Merrick got to his feet.

"You're right, dad," he answered. "It sort of upset me, seeing her again. But the moment of weakness has passed. Let Alden take his daughter and his millions and go his way. I'm poor but proud. I'm darn poor, come to think of it. What do you suggest?"

"One thing's clear," his partner told him: "We've got to get over on that main road. This shack isn't worth moving. We'll have to rent ground over there, put up a new building and vamose."

"But the lease here has two years to go."

"Yes. Too bad. That's eight hundred a year we must set down on the wrong side of the ledger—no help for it. We can thank Petersen for that. But he hasn't put me down and out. I was stunned for a minute, but now I've just begun to fight. We'll be mighty careful picking our new location."

"But see here, dad, that's all a rosy dream. How about funds? I'm nearly broke."

"Don't worry about funds. I told you Jim Alden was an old friend of mine. I'm sure he'll stake us to the limit. I'll go out to his Pasadena house to-night and have a long talk ——"

"Jim Alden!" Bill repeated. "Somehow I don't like the idea of borrowing money from him—her father."

"Rot! It will interest him in you. If you make good he'll respect you."

"Think so? Maybe I'd better go with you to-night."

"No, no, that's all right. I can handle him better alone. Now let's leave Al in charge here while we run over to that new highway and take a squint around. Then when we get this money ——"

"You seem mighty sure we're going to get it."

"Of course I'm sure. Jim Alden would do anything on earth for me."

"Gosh," said Bill Merrick as they climbed into the car, "I wish I could say the same!"

III

THAT evening Angie left the family group in the drawing-room, where Arthur was seated at the piano singing a ballad—he had an excellent tenor voice; he would have—and hunted up her father in the library. She found him at his desk thinking hard.

"Hello," she said, "it's the old Alden retainer. Our first chauffeur. We treat him just like one of the family."

"Hush, Angie, hush!"

"So I used to fall asleep in your lap, did I? Really, dad, I didn't care for that. It made me seem such a dopy child."

"Every word I said was the plain truth. I think I did mighty well under the circumstances. A fine fix you put me in."

"Oh, dad, I was frightfully sorry ——"

"After I'd prepared you—to rush up and bawl out 'Dad' the first crack out of the box."

"It was stupid of me. But you looked so funny. Ha, ha!"

"Hush, I tell you! See here, Angie, what did you think of him?"

"Of whom?"

"You know who I mean. My partner, Bill Merrick."

"Why, he seemed a worthy young mechanic. Of course I scarcely looked at him."

"Oh, no, of course not! Well, give him a glance next time. He thinks very highly of you—for some unknown reason. That sandwich you gave him must have been poisoned. He's never recovered."

"You don't say! Well, that's nice. We aim to please. But how do you know?"

"Oh, he told me all about it afterward."

"Now, dad, that isn't fair—to let him run on to you, not knowing who you are."

"Nonsense! It's a great chance for me. I guess a father never had a better opportunity to study a possible son-in-law."

"Dad! What rot!" Angie stared at him, amazed. "I'm willing to let you run off and play with these rough boys, but you mustn't drag your grimy little pals into your private life. It won't do."

"Oh, you'll wake up later," her father said. "This boy has a better education than I have—he's a gentleman. More than that, he's got a way with him."

"A dog-gone dangerous man, eh? Thanks for the warning. But dear old dad, the family friend, will always be on hand as a chaperon."

"I will—and I want you to drop in often. A girl like you can buck a young man up—keep him on the job. Our friend needs cheering. Every cent he had went into that garage—and it looks as though we'd been stung." He told her of Petersen's duplicity. "I acted too hastily," he admitted. "It's one on me. But of course it doesn't matter in my case. It's the boy I'm worried about."

"What are you going to do?" Angie asked.

"Well, we've got to raise some money and move. As I explained to Bill, I know Jim Alden pretty well. Just as you came in I put it up to the old man. I asked him to lend us ten thousand dollars, and I think he's going to do it. We were arguing about the rate of interest when you interrupted."

"But Alden's fond of you. He won't charge you any interest."

"Alden's a business man. Besides, the deal has got to look like the real thing. I've got it—four per cent! I beat Jim down from six for old sake's sake. Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

"Fine! Now that's settled come out and join the family. I hear echoes of a bridge game, which means that Arthur's song is stilled."

"All right, but remember what I said. Drop in frequently. I've taken a shine to Bill."

"I suspect," said Angie, "it's not that you love Merrick more, but Carter Andrews less. However, I don't mind acting clubby. I noticed myself that Bill has—rather nice eyes."

The next morning at eight, as was his custom, Jim Alden sat up in bed. His mind was racing as smoothly, as efficiently as the famous Alden engine. He was ready for whatever business problems the day might bring. As his feet touched the floor he remembered that those problems were likely to be many and serious. His heart leaped for joy.

"'Maxwelton braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew,'" he bellowed.

His wife, in the room adjoining, couldn't decide whether to be glad or suspicious.

When Jim Alden reached the garage his partner was waiting eagerly in the doorway.

"I'm a little late," puffed the millionaire. "Have to get up earlier, I guess."

"Never mind that," said Merrick. "Nothing stirring here. Did you go out to Pasadena last night?"

"You bet I did!"

"And did you—did you see—her?"

"Her? Now look here, my boy, this is business! I didn't go out there to call on Miss Angie. I went to see her father—and I did. It's all fixed. Ten thousand dollars at four per cent. If we need any more we're to let him know."

"Say, he must be a good old scout!"

"I think so, but maybe I'm prejudiced."

"Well," said Bill, "it's up to us now. We've got to hustle our heads off. I'm not going to lose her father's money—you can understand why. I wish I knew more about automobiles."

"That's all right. I know a lot, and I'm going to teach you."

"You're mighty kind," Bill Merrick replied. "I was busy, too, last night. After I left here I had dinner at a little place in San Marco. Then I hunted up the best boarding house in the town, got a room there and moved in. I figure it's like this: We ought to get a location somewhere close to town, and then mull round and mix with people. Get acquainted, I mean, with the leading citizens. It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to move out here. I haven't asked—are you a married man?"

"Er—yes, I'm married," smiled Alden.

"Well, why not bring the family out to San Marco?"

"I'm sorry; I can't very well at present. You see, I've got a lease where I am."

"Too bad. Well, I'll start the ball rolling. This morning at breakfast I met the leading real-estate man of the town. I made a date with him for 10:30. He's going to show us round."

"Fine! Now you're moving!"

"I lay awake half the night thinking," Bill went on. His partner stared at him. He wished he could lie awake half the night and look so fresh and fit in the morning. "There are a million garages here in Southern California. We've got to do something distinctive, something that will make us stand out from the crowd. The human touch—I'm strong for it."

"Me too," said the millionaire heartily.

"Let's just talk to folks—in the San Marco paper—on signs along the highway. 'A service station with the accent on the "service."' How's that for a catch line?"

"I like it."

"You know what motorists usually get when they're in trouble and stop at a garage. Some grouchy incompetent picks their pocket and gives 'em a swift kick on their way. No sympathy, no friendliness. Let's you and me get clubby with our customers. Let's chat things over and make friends, so they'll come back. Let's live in a house by the side of the road"—Bill Merrick lapsed into poetry—"and be a friend to man. Let that be the motto of the Mission Garage."

"The Mission Garage?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! Most of these garages are just ugly shacks. They all look alike. So why not a distinctive building? With Jim Alden back of us we can swing it. Let's put up a neat little stucco affair, a reproduction of one of the old missions. That will be our trade-mark. The mission latchstrings were always out—hospitality was the word—our motto too. What do you say?"

"My boy, you're putting new heart in me. Some partner!"

"I knew you'd approve. Why, man, they can't stop us! In time we'll have a string of Mission Garages all up and down California. We'll patent the idea. We'll get the agency for some good car—by gad ——"

"What is it?"

"There's an idea! Your friend, Jim Alden! We'll go after the agency for his car!"

"But he's retired."

"Sure, but he's still got influence! Of course I'm getting a little ahead of myself, as usual. We've got to put the first one over—the rest will be easy. You and me—the garage kings of Southern California." Bill Merrick laughed. "And to think I studied law! We'd better start for that real-estate office."

(Continued on Page 45)

PAIGE

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THERE is an air of distinction about the New Series "Glenbrook" that you will find in no other moderate priced, five passenger car. That is why it has been adopted by really smart people who will not tolerate the commonplace.

Then, remember, it not only looks but acts the thoroughbred. Under the hood there is a marvelously efficient motor that accelerates from five to twenty-five miles per hour in nine seconds flat. This means giant energy for hills and every test of the highway.

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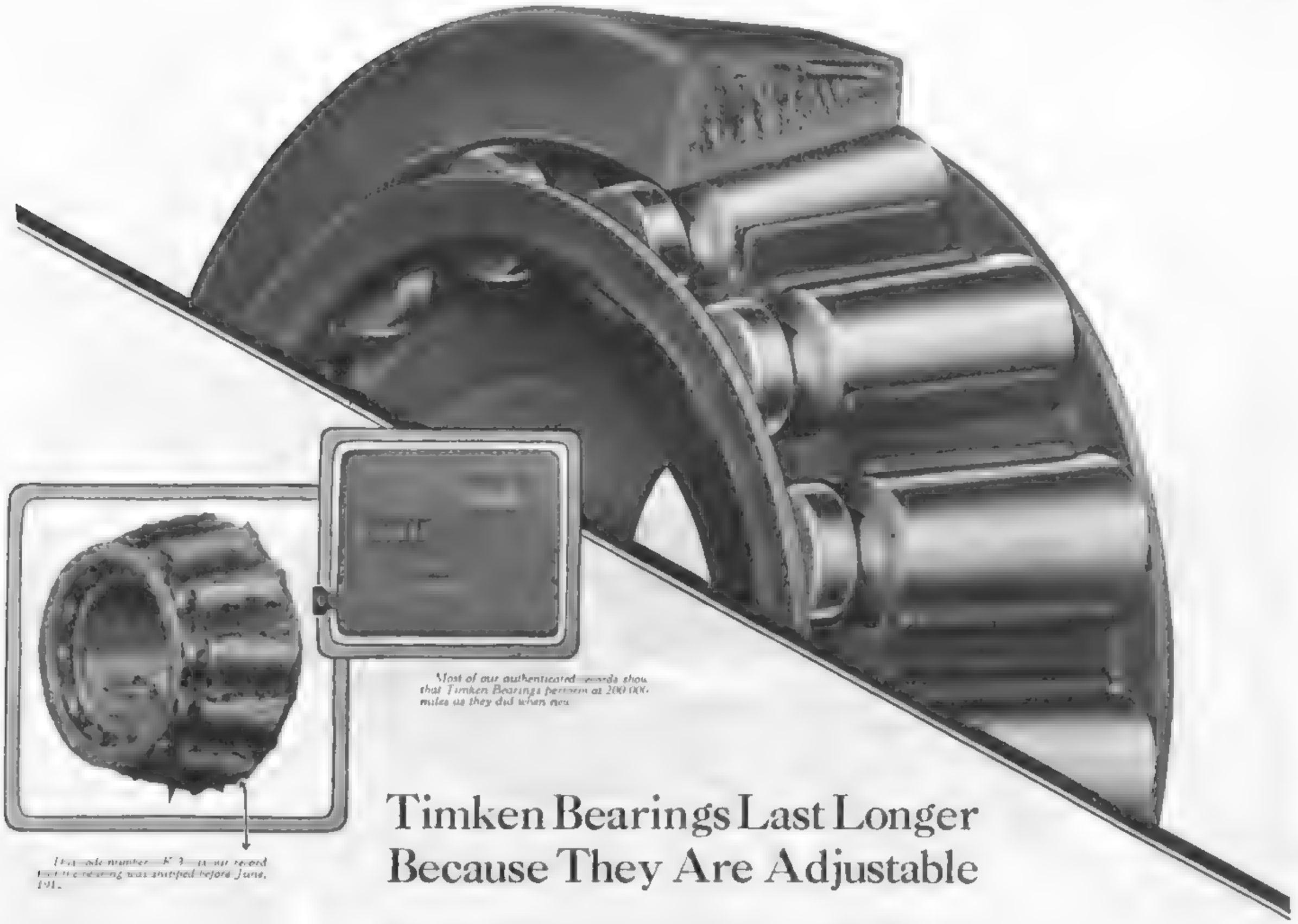

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Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

TIMKEN *Tapered* ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 42)

Half an hour later they stood with the real-estate man on a corner about ten blocks from the center of San Marco, where the new state highway was crossed by another road, frequently traveled.

"Believe me," warbled the agent, "if this road wasn't brand new you'd never get a shot at a location like this. You're close enough to get a lot of town business, as well as transients. If you say the word we'll hang round here an hour and count the passing cars."

It seemed a good idea. The count ran remarkably high.

"Just a normal week-day morning," the agent said. "I leave you to imagine Sundays and holidays. No funny business this time. Here's all the traffic Petersen drew from, and twice as much more. If you want to build a shack to do business in while your building's going up I can arrange a temporary lease on the ground next door. Your gas tank and pump can go in at once."

They succumbed, returned to his office and signed a five-year lease. That being settled, the real-estate man led them into the office of a young architect in the same building. That gentleman took his feet off his desk, laid down a volume of zippy stories and entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the occasion.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'll be frank. You fall on me like manna from heaven. Building is at a standstill and I'm bored stiff. Even a garage sets my heart leaping."

"Where do you get that even-a-garage stuff?" Bill Merrick said. "We don't propose to desecrate the landscape with the ordinary shack," and he explained what they wanted.

"Glory be!" the architect cried. "Just turn me loose! I'll give you a building that will cause tourists, at first glance, to reach for their guidebooks, and it will be practical too."

He promised to sit up all night and finish the job. Many men, he said, were out of work. He could promise them a temporary home in a week and their main building in a month.

"Let's go!" was his war cry.

"I think," said Jim Alden, when the partners returned to the street, "I'd better jump on a trolley and run in town. I'll get that money from Alden and deposit it to our joint account. Then we can release the check we just gave on the lease. And I'd better see the gasoline people at once and arrange about the pump."

"Go to it!" replied Bill Merrick. "We're on our way, partner! Looks like happy days."

"Happy days for me," smiled the millionaire.

When Jim Alden returned that afternoon from his business in the city Bill Merrick was filling the gasoline tank of a handsome car of Alden's own manufacture in which sat a lean, pleasant man of sixty or more. The hands that rested on the wheel were brown and gnarled.

"Hello, stranger!" Jim Alden said. "What do you hear from Iowa?"

"Things are pretty quiet," smiled the man. "But how did you know ——"

"Tell an Iowa man anywhere," laughed Alden.

The other was evidently delighted. Jim Alden leaned over the car door and began a discussion of politics. They thought alike. It was the start of a beautiful friendship.

"I see you've got an Alden," said the automobile man presently. "How's your engine?"

"Rotten," said the other. "Acts like it had the heaves. Nobody seems able to tell me what's wrong."

"Best engine made," answered Alden, his pride touched. "Ought not to go back on you."

He lifted the hood of the car. The Iowa man climbed out and joined him.

"Never would have gone back on me of its own free will," he said. "There was a little carbon in it and I left it at a garage. You know—one of those places where there's one thing wrong with your car when it goes in and twenty when it comes out. I'd give a hundred dollars for the name and address of a competent mechanic in this neighborhood."

"U'm!" Jim Alden studied his beloved but rather soiled child. "Look here! Look at this!"

With expert eye and hand he ran over the mechanism. He pointed out several things that were wrong, and corrected them as he pointed. The Iowa man stared at him open-mouthed.

"By George," he said, "you know more about this engine than old Jim Alden himself!"

"Not more," replied Alden, laughing. "But just about as much. Now get in and start your motor."

The stranger returned to his seat, connected his battery and stepped on the gas. A soft purring sound like a cat in clover rewarded him.

"Great!" he cried. "Say, you're a wonder! It's too bad you're way over here—sort of off the main thoroughfare."

Alden told him of their proposed move.

"You won't be far from my house," the Iowa man said. "You get all my business from now on. A competent mechanic—I'll spread the good word among my friends. I'm one of the town commissioners, and I reckon I know everybody in San Marco."

"Send 'em around," said Alden. "We aim to please."

The Iowa man paid his modest bill and went happily on his way.

Bill Merrick rushed up and seized the older man by the hand.

"Dad," he cried, "the Lord sure was good to me when he sent me a partner like you!"

"Come inside for ten minutes," said Alden, "and I'll tell you all I know about this game." But he was mightily pleased with himself.

At half past four Angie appeared on the scene.

"I don't need anything for the car," she explained. "Just happened to be passing. If you're going into Los Angeles, dad, I'll be glad to give you a lift."

"Say, Miss Angie, that's mighty good of you."

"In heaven's name, go and scrub your hands!" she whispered.

For the first time he remembered that tinkering an engine was a soiling task. He had not been conscious of those grimy hands—they had seemed so natural, so like old times.

He hurried into the office.

Angie and Bill Merrick were left alone. The girl studied her father's partner—without his knowing it—keenly, appraisingly. A conquest is a conquest, even in overalls, especially when it is young and handsome.

"Is business picking up?" she asked.

"Not much," he told her. "But that's all right. We're going to pick up the business," and before he knew it he found himself relating all that had happened during the day.

"I'm so glad," Angie smiled. "You're on the road to success already, aren't you?"

"So it seems. But I'd be on the road to the poorhouse if it wasn't for dad."

"Dad!"

"Yes, I call him that too. He's the finest partner a man ever had."

"You like him?"

"I'll tell the world he's a prince! Do you like me—for liking him?"

"Naturally. He's an old and dear friend."

Mr. Bill Merrick leaned closer.

"I'd better warn you—I'm going to do more than like him. He's so gentle and kindly and capable—before I'm through I fancy I'm going to—to love him."

"Oh!" said Angie.

A brief speech for her, but all she could think of, with Bill Merrick's gray eyes so close, and all.

Fortunately Jim Alden reappeared at that moment, after a somewhat unsuccessful washing up. He got into the roadster.

"This is a bit of luck for me, Miss Angie," he said, sinking back wearily.

"Me too," smiled Angie sweetly. "By the way, Mr. Merrick, any friend of dad's must consider himself a friend of—er—my family too. Won't you come and call some evening—soon?"

"I should say I will!"

"Dad will tell you where we live. Good-by."

The little car shot down the road.

"I told Haku not to stop for you tonight," she added to her father. "Thought I'd save you the trolley ride."

"It was kind of you, Angie—but don't do it often. Our young friend might grow suspicious."

She turned and looked at him, then laughed.

"If you could see yourself you wouldn't say that. Nobody will ever connect you with James M. Alden—you look too tired and happy. I think I'd better slip you in the back way."

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For ten years its circulation has grown steadily, at the rate of about 80,000 a year, until now 800,000 copies are sold each week.

The following table shows the average net paid weekly circulation of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN for each year since it was acquired by The Curtis Publishing Company:

1911	29,178
1912	76,318
1913	193,024
1914	263,682
1915	310,085
1916	357,098
1917	388,871
1918	399,777
1919	463,574
1920	651,008
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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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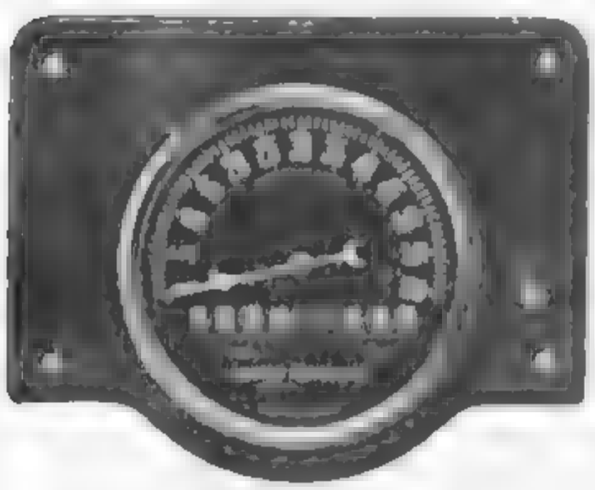

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AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT

"Maybe you had." The car sped on. "I notice," said Alden, "you didn't lose any time inviting Bill to the house."

"That's all right with you, isn't it?"

"Yes—in a way. But what's to become of me? Where do I hide?"

"Well, there's the garage," laughed Angie. "Or, on rainy nights, under the bed."

That evening Jim Alden sat with his wife in the drawing-room in front of an open fire. The young people had gone to a dance at one of the hotels.

"Jim," she said suddenly, "what's happened to your hands?"

"My—er—my hands?"

"They're not clean. I noticed them at dinner."

"Well—er—I got to monkeying with one of our engines at—at the garage. That fool Haku doesn't know the first thing about an engine. And it isn't so easy to get your hands clean after you've been fooling round a car. You ought to remember that."

She made no reply. Jim Alden smiled.

"Lord, Mary," he said, "how you used to fuss about my hands—in the old days! Those—those were great days, weren't they? Don't you sometimes wish we could travel back—be young together again?"

It seemed to him that her face softened.

"Don't be an old fool, Jim," she said gently. "What's the good of wishing for the impossible?"

IV

BUT it was not so impossible as Mary Alden thought—at least not for her husband. For him the hands of the clock were whirling back. He stood again at the beginning of his career, facing a dozen obstacles daily, overcoming them one by one. All his energies were bent on making good.

Inside of a week he and Bill Merrick had moved most of their equipment to a temporary shed on the lot next to the one they had leased. Their gasoline pump was already installed and their new building well under way. Their first day in the new location was brightened by the appearance of the man from Iowa, who stopped for gasoline and to renew his promise of trade from his friends. This promise he kept. Business increased daily.

Jim Alden found himself in far deeper than he had intended. When he had first acted on the insurance man's suggestion he had pictured himself hovering over the little business like a rich benignant uncle, lending a hand with the work only when he happened to feel like it. As the situation stood, however, much more was required of him, and he gave his time gladly. Every week day found him on the job. The light evening business was intrusted to Al. The old man explained in various ways his inability to serve Sundays and insisted that his partner should draw down a slightly larger salary because of it.

Two evenings after Angie extended her invitation Bill Merrick made his first appearance at the Alden house. Jim Alden was in the drawing-room when he heard his partner's voice in the hall, and was forced to make use of the servants' stairway at the rear in order to escape. For a time he stalked about his room rather peevishly. His masquerade had its drawbacks. He ended by going early to bed.

The next morning at the garage Bill Merrick was gloom personified.

"What ails you, anyhow?" his partner asked.

"I called at the Aldens' last night," Bill explained. "It's worse than I thought. I mean—I didn't know there was so much money in the world. A royal palace. I'll never make the grade. Might as well give up."

"Nonsense! Did you see the old man?"

"Oh, no! He was off somewhere—sitting on his golden throne, I suppose. Couldn't be troubled with trifles like me. But I did meet Mrs. Alden. Ugh! Wished I'd worn my woolens. The icy shoulder, dad ——"

"But, Angie—Angie was friendly?" said Jim Alden hastily.

"She's a darling," Bill Merrick admitted. "Gosh, how I wish she didn't have a penny! Oh, for a break in the stock market and the old man dead broke!"

"In which case he'd call in our ten thousand," Alden reminded him. "Come in here. It's time for your morning lesson, and please keep your mind on the job."

Bill was proving an apt pupil—had always been interested in mechanics, he said. In a month he knew enough to qualify as a fair mechanic. The middle of February found their new building complete. It was a reproduction of the mission at Carmel, a really beautiful thing. The Women's Club of San Marco passed resolutions thanking Grant & Merrick for the taste they had displayed. The whole town was friendly.

Jim Alden grew younger daily. If at first his muscles had ached horribly and his step faltered when he returned home of an evening, that passed, and he returned merely tired and ready for his bed. He delighted in puttering round cars. More than that, he enjoyed the daily contact with all sorts of people, the exchange of views on many topics. The ease with which he played two parts in the world amazed him. When he reached the garage in the morning and donned his uniform he was no longer James M. Alden, but John Grant. He could stand off and regard his old pal the millionaire with an air of utter detachment. There were some traits in Jim Alden, he found, that were admirable; others he did not like, and he resolved to speak to his friend about them.

His wife, always breathlessly busy with social affairs, seemed to have no suspicions—at least she gave no sign. Occasionally she mentioned having called him up at his office without success. He had a variety of alibis—the movies, the club, long walks. One evening late in February she spoke to him about another matter.

"That young fellow, Merrick"—she began.

"What about him? Who is he?" Alden asked, startled.

"He's nobody apparently, and he's coming to see Angie altogether too often. You ought to look into it. He's nothing but a mechanic—owns a little garage somewhere. In partnership with a man named Grant, who claims to be an old friend of yours."

"Oh, yes, John Grant."

"You know him then? I tried to recall the name, but it was all so long ago. Well, I wish you'd meet this boy and squelch him. It seems that whenever he appears you're somewhere else."

"Oh, I'll meet him sooner or later."

"But, Jim, this is serious. I believe Angie likes him. Please do something at once, otherwise we may find ourselves in a rather awkward position."

He put her off with vague promises. So Angie liked Bill Merrick.

"Well, what's awkward about that?" he said fiercely—to himself.

The fifteenth of March Grant & Merrick were able to pay Jim Alden two thousand dollars of his principal. The younger partner was elated.

"Slowly but surely," he said. "You know, dad, I've taken an oath. I've made up my mind to tell Angie I love her—some day. Then if she pushes me out of her life forever—well, that's that. But one thing I've sworn—I'll never tell her while we owe her father money!"

"A mighty sensible idea," Alden admitted.

"If I can only hang to it," Bill Merrick sighed. "You know, dad, she's almighty sweet—and spring is on the way! Sometimes I'm afraid I'll lose my head—and her—all in one glorious tragic night."

"Ignore the spring," advised Jim Alden.

He knew, however, that he asked the impossible. Even his own aging heart could not remain insensible to the wonders of the changing seasons. April came, perfuming the universe, and on Jim Alden's lawn the landscape architect at last began to earn his fee.

Walking up his driveway in an aisle of blooming beauty one evening early in the month, he found an old friend on the veranda. Doctor Tillson, from Detroit, was waiting, keenly anxious to view the effect of his prescription.

"Well, Jim Alden," said the doctor, after the greetings, "you always thought you knew more than I did."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that."

"Maybe not, but you'd think it. Now you'll pardon me if I gloat a bit. When I ordered you to cut loose from everything, to come out here and take a complete rest, what did you say? You said it was a death sentence."

"I know I did."

"And now look at you! Why, man, you're ten years younger than when I last saw you! It's a miracle! Excuse me if I press my point. Was I right—or were you?"

Alden hesitated. He wanted to gloat a little himself, but the moment was not propitious.

"You were right, as always, doc," he laughed. *(Continued on Page 48)*

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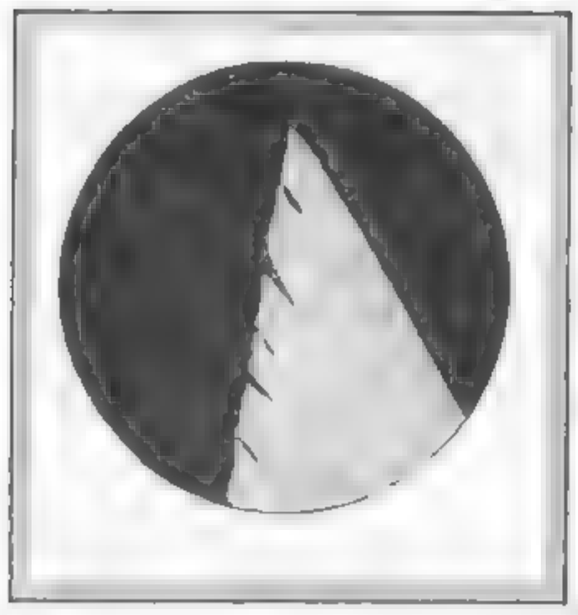

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THE microscope shows how the edge of your safety razor blade looks after just one shave. You can see why ordinary blades grow dull so rapidly—why the *first* shave with an unstropped blade is usually the only perfect one you ever get. The delicate teeth which form the edge of the blade have been twisted and bent by the wiry bristles of the beard. This always happens—even with blades of the finest steel.

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(Continued from Page 46)

The doctor bowed. He admitted it.

"What do you do with yourself all day?" he asked. "Your wife says you have an office. I don't quite approve of that."

"Oh, just a place to loaf, doc. I go in every morning and moon round. Then the club, the movies, long walks."

"Fine! Not a stroke of work, eh?"

"Nothing I'd call work." Alden thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "You're going to stop with us while you're out here?"

"Mrs. Alden has very kindly invited me."

"Good!" Alden reflected that his moment of triumph might yet come. "Make yourself at home. I'll be down shortly." He went up to his room.

That evening as he sat with the doctor in the library his wife entered.

"Jim," she said, "that young Merrick is here. He's taking Angie for a ride. Will you come and meet him now—or must I drag you out?"

"No, no, not to-night," he protested. "Later."

She stood eying him. He thanked heaven for the presence of the doctor. Otherwise he felt there would have ensued an argument likely to be a losing one for him.

"Very well," said Mary Alden. "We'll discuss it later."

She went out. Jim Alden rose uneasily and walked to a window. He felt that his masquerade could not be maintained much longer—things were approaching a crisis. He saw Angie and Bill Merrick going down the drive. The perfume of a night beautiful beyond words swept in on him. A moon made for lovers rode high amid the stars. Could Bill Merrick keep that promise to himself? Jim Alden rather hoped he couldn't.

He got his wish. His partner appeared at the garage next morning apparently a stricken man.

"Well, I'm done for, dad," he announced. "It was just the way I was afraid it would be—spring and the moon and the perfume of her hair. I knew as well as I know anything that we still owe her father eight thousand dollars. And yet ——"

"Tell me all about it."

"We were loafing along a country road out San Gabriel way. I'd been so excited at the thought of seeing her I'd forgot to fill the gas tank. The car stopped dead—in the shadow under a tree. It seemed the hand of Providence. She was mighty close—the seat in that old bus of ours is pretty narrow. The next thing I knew she was in my arms and I was telling her—pouring it all out."

"And she refused you," finished Jim Alden sympathetically.

"Refused me? Hell, no! She loves me, dad. She said," continued Bill Merrick out of his vast gloom, "it was the happiest moment of her life."

"Judging by your looks, you can't say the same."

"I could, only—dog-gone it, before she'd finished speaking I realized what I'd done. Jim Alden's daughter! It's preposterous!"

"Well, it's happened. What's your next move?"

"I don't know. I was a little mad last night. I urged her to run away with me—without a word to her family. I didn't know what I was saying."

"What was her answer to that?"

"She told me to ask your advice. Said she'd be guided by you."

"Wise girl," smiled Alden.

"I want to tell you, however, that I've changed my mind overnight. I couldn't run away with her. I'm not such a coward as that."

"Of course you're not!"

"But what am I to do?" moaned Bill Merrick. "She loves me. She's willing to marry me. I can't just let the whole matter drop."

The older man rose and put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"There's only one thing to do," he said. "I know what you mean."

"Go up to Jim Alden's house to-night. Demand to see him. Take a search warrant with you and drag him out from under the bed, or wherever it is he hides. Tell him you're a clean, decent young man with all your faculties and you want to marry Angie."

"It's got to be done," admitted Bill Merrick, "and I'll do it. But I'm scared to death. You know what he'll think I am—a fortune hunter." He got to his feet and glared fiercely at his partner. "Damn Jim Alden's money!" he cried.

"His money!" repeated John Grant, the middle-aged mechanic, glaring back. "Don't you let him mention his money to you! He won't, anyway—not if he's the Jim Alden I used to work with in Pontiac. But if he does—if he does ——"

"Yes, dad."

"Back him into a corner and jam a question down his throat. Just one question! Ask him how much he was getting at your age. If he's honest with you he'll tell you—twenty-six dollars a week, and darned glad to get it!"

He stopped, perspiring. He was vastly indignant with this arrogant millionaire.

"Dad, you're a peach," Bill Merrick said. "To-night's the night! I'll beard him in his den. But, gosh, I hope this is a long day!"

At three that afternoon Jim Alden was standing in front of his garage enjoying a moment of leisure. Al was busy inside. Bill Merrick had motored into town to obtain a new part for a car they were repairing. Suddenly Alden noticed his own limousine coming down the boulevard with Haku at the wheel. In the back seat were Mary Alden and Doctor Tillson.

Once or twice before Mary had driven by the place. On those occasions her husband had invented urgent business inside. But now he stood his ground. His heart beat a little faster, however, when Haku swung in the drive before the garage door and paused beside the gas pump. Alden pulled his old felt hat low over his eyes and stepped forward.

"Ten gallons of gasoline," ordered Mary Alden. She did not add "my good man," but it was in her tone.

"Yes'm," said Jim Alden. He filled the tank. When he had finished he went to the door of the car. "Two-eighty, please," he muttered.

It was a point of pride with his wife never to notice a menial. She handed him a ten-dollar bill. He went inside and returned with the change. As he put it into her hand a spirit of deviltry seized him. He pushed his old hat far back on his head and looked her full in the eye.

"All right, Mary," he said. "That fixes you. Drive on."

An expression of—er—well, decidedly an expression appeared on Mary Alden's face—and froze there.

"Jim Alden!" cried the doctor. "What does this mean?"

"It means," said Alden, "that you were wrong, after all. I tried your prescription for a while. I got worse—worse every day. If I'd stuck to it I'd be under the daisies by this time. I had sense enough to get down off the shelf—to unfold my hands. I bought a half interest in this business. For the past five months I've been here every day, tinkering cars, talking politics, having a darn good time. You told me last night I look ten years younger. Well, I feel that way."

"Ah, yes," cried his wife, finding her voice. "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do."

"If this is mischief, give me more of it," said Alden. "And as for Satan, he has saved my life." Over his shoulder he saw Bill Merrick approaching. "We'll talk it all over to-night. Just now I repeat my suggestion—please drive on!"

No one moved. Alden saw Haku staring at him. It is a general belief that the Japanese face cannot express deep emotion. A mistaken one.

"Drive on, Haku," ordered Alden. Haku did not stir. This was a big thing and he wanted to get it straight. "Will you take my orders, or not?" roared the millionaire.

Haku came to life and stepped on the gas. The big car shot into the road, carrying Mary Alden's stricken face from her husband's sight.

"Well," said Bill Merrick at five o'clock, "all good things must end, including the condemned man's last day. Shot at sunset! I think I would have preferred the morning."

"Cheer up," smiled Alden. "If it helps any to know it, I'm going to be at old Jim's house to-night myself. I've been invited."

"Good!" replied Bill, smiling wanly. "You can take charge of the remains."

In spite of his bravado at the garage Jim Alden crossed his veranda that evening feeling rather sheepish. He was like a small boy who had gone swimming without permission and been found out. He was surprised to find Mary in his room. She was sitting in a chair by the window, her hands idly folded in her lap. He went over and sat down beside her.

"Well, Mary," he said, "I guess I've been a pretty bad boy."

"I guess you have, Jim."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"Angie has told me the whole story. There's only one thing I don't like—why did you keep it a secret from me?"

"You'd have been against it, Mary."

"Probably I would at first. I'd have talked a lot, but you'd have had your own way in the end. You always do. And afterward, when I saw how much better you were—how happy ——"

"You want me to be happy, Mary?"

"Yes, Jim," she answered gently. "That's all that matters now—keeping happy the rest of the way."

"There's one thing more," he said. "My partner at the garage—Bill Merrick—a fine boy, Mary. I know him inside out. He's coming up to-night to ask for Angie. He doesn't know I'm Jim Alden. It will be a shock to him. All I'm going to say is—that it's all right with me."

"A mechanic!"

"Just as I was—when you married me. He's got a future too. This business of ours is going to grow. I'll attend to that, once I've told him my real name." He leaned closer. "They'll be standing just where you and I stood thirty years ago. We can't have our own youth back, but we can live it over again—with our children."

She went over to a table and picked up a package.

"What's this?" he asked as she handed it to him.

"I hunted all over Los Angeles, but I finally found it," she said. "It's that soap, Jim—the kind I used to get for you in Pontiac. You remember? It's so good for your hands."

He stood up and put his arm about her.

"There was just one fly in the ointment, Mary," he said—"your not knowing. I didn't like it. It seemed to be driving us so far apart. But that's all over now."

"All over now," she repeated, smiling at him. He kissed her. It was like coming home in Pontiac.

When he came downstairs dressed for dinner he demanded immediate audience with Doctor Tillson.

"I forgot to tell you, Jim," his wife said. "The doctor went into town this afternoon. He's going East in the morning."

She laughed.

"He left a message for you. He said he'd resigned in favor of Satan."

After dinner Arthur and Edie sought intellectual nourishment at the movies. Jim Alden, his wife and Angie sat together in the drawing-room. When he heard the bell ring Alden stood up.

"It's poor Bill," he said. "I'll go into the library. Hustle him right in, Angie. Don't prolong his agony."

He had scarcely seated himself behind his massive desk when the door opened and Angie smilingly entered, followed by Bill Merrick. The younger partner in the San Marco garage wore evening clothes, and his face was as white as his hard-boiled front.

"Dad," said Angie, "here's Bill Merrick. He wants to marry me."

"I know he does," said Alden. "He's told me so from time to time."

Bill Merrick opened his mouth, but no sound that could possibly be regarded as speech issued forth. He stood there staring at the distinguished-looking man who seemed so like the soiled partner he had parted from not three hours before.

"Bill," said Alden gently, "we've treated you rather shabbily, but we didn't go for to do it. Angie will explain it all to you later on. For the moment all I need say is that they'd put me up on the shelf with the rest of the dust, and I didn't like it, so I climbed down and bought a half interest in Peterser's garage."

"Good Lord!" cried Bill Merrick. "You—you are James B. Alden?"

The old man came from behind the desk and put his arm round the boy's shoulders.

"Where do you get that James M. stuff?" he said. "You might as well go right on calling me dad."

And since that seemed to sum up all he had to say, he left the room, closing the door softly behind him.

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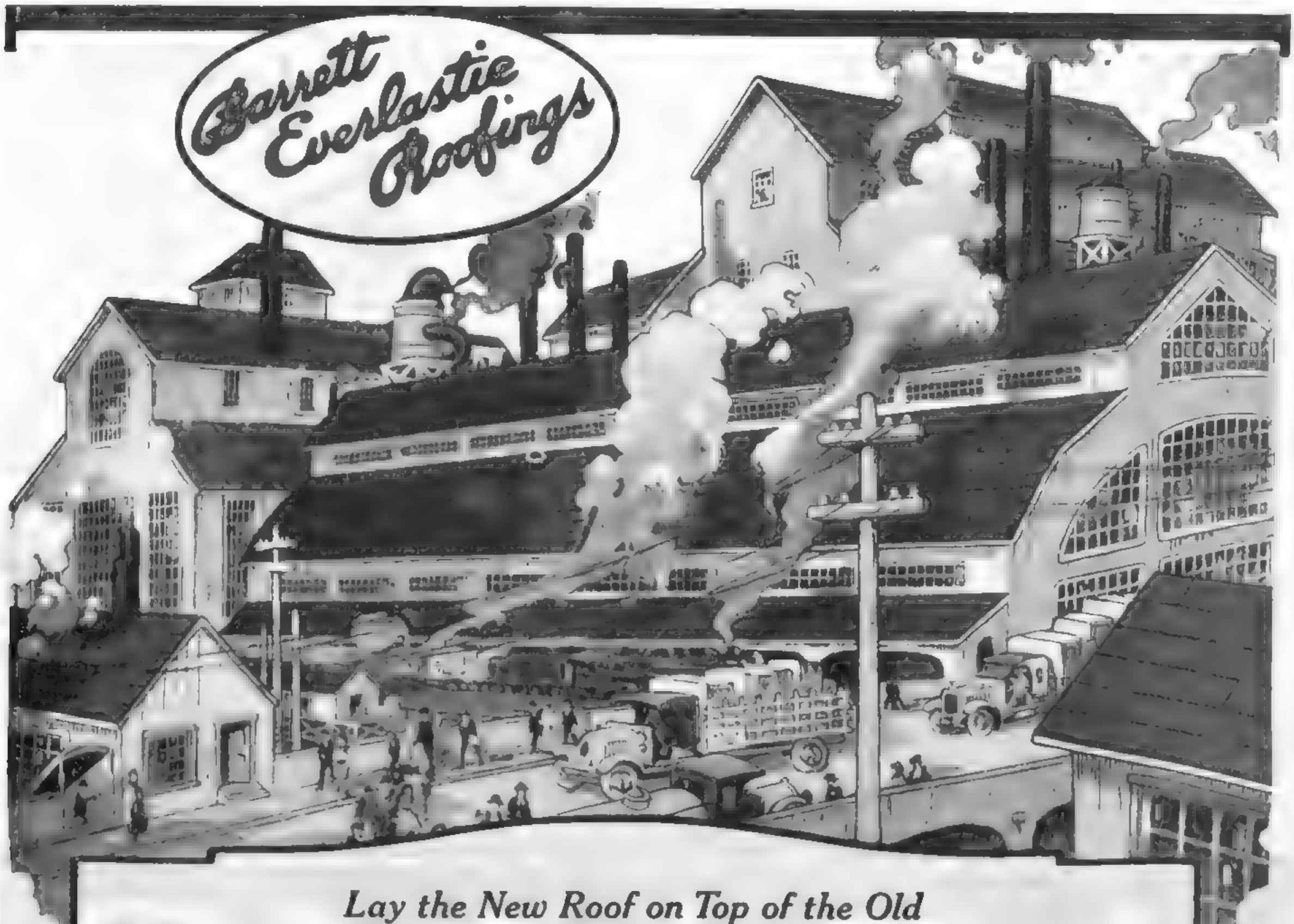

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MILE-HIGH

(Continued from Page 19)

twelve months I'll take my loss without whining. Only it wouldn't be a loss! A million would be a piker's sum to pay for having her that long."

His burning eyes and deep vibrant voice sent little thrills through Léontine. Her Slavic nature responded to such wooing even of another. The sheriff saw the wavering in her face and a swarthy flush spread over his own.

"Let's look at it from another slant," said he. "Maybe she's got so set in her idea of playing a lone hand that she can't see it differently. She needs to be trained, steered in the natural direction that most people follow for themselves. Habits of thought are like habits of body and sometimes need a rough jolt to put them right. I don't want to boast, but I might as well tell you that I've never found it very hard to bring people or animals to my way of thinking. I've arrested a mob of holdups unarmed and brought 'em into town, and they'll tell you that I'm the best horse breaker in this state, and that's going some. Two of my boys and I once roped a full-grown she-puma, and I put her in a cage and in three months' time I could pull her ears and pet her. Women I don't know much about, but deep down underneath I've got the strongest sort of hunch that I could win this girl once I had my way with her."

Léontine appeared to reflect for a brief instant. The situation presented itself to her in its fullest dramatic value. Here was a strong, rugged, hard-working plainsman who had saved himself all these years for the one woman of his choice now selecting of all the beautiful women in the world one in whom at times she was inclined to doubt the existence of a soul. Moreover he was a stern, uncompromising servant of the law, had just expressed to her in vigorous terms not only his professional but personal abomination of criminals, and his choice had fallen on a woman whom Léontine in her wide experience of such felt fully convinced to be the most absolute criminal nature she had ever encountered. She knew Patricia for an archthief by choice, believed her to be without the honor held by some to exist between the members of her outlawed fraternity, had proof that the girl was a potential, even more, an attempted murderess of the most cold-blooded type. She did not doubt that Patricia would cheerfully plan the murder of their host for the bag of rough diamonds he had shown them if a reasonable avenue of escape was offered her.

And yet she did not believe that the girl, though nearly at the end of her resources, would give herself to the man for a day, let alone a year, for the million he offered. She did not believe that Patricia had ever, even to gain her ends, submitted to a man's caress. The story she had told the sheriff of their plan of attempting to engage themselves for the motion pictures was, of course, untrue. At the first appearance of Léontine, Patricia and Stephan upon the screen they would have run the risk of deportation, while Howard Townley, alias Sir Harold Trimble, would have been sent in irons to France, there to expiate a murder, though possibly his features, altered by mustache and heavy Vandyke, might have prevented recognition until seen by some person upon whose visual sense they were ineradicably stamped. And Léontine knew there were two such persons—three, in fact—Calvert Steele, Juanita Heming and the girl Agnes Miller, to whom he had been engaged.

So here was Patricia, the soulless, the terrible and yet the inviolate, which last fact made her, to one of Léontine's mistaken but ardent soul, even more sinister. In the days of her nefarious practices Léontine's feminine associates had, like herself, worked in couples with their criminal mates. She had never known a lone leopardess like Patricia, and she could not understand her, had no point of observation from which to gauge her. Now for the first time Léontine was glad that such was the case. Policeman though he might be and therefore her feudal enemy, she could not withhold a liking and respect for the sheriff, and besides he was a different sort of policeman. He was not the stealthy, pad-footed, prying sleuth against whom she had so often matched her wits, but more of the soldier, the scout, whose dealings were in the open, armed and mounted, and conducting his campaign in a raw country against bandits and desperadoes, cattle stealers, train and bank robbers, openly defiant of the law and resisting it almost as openly as he himself maintained it.

Looking at him now as he watched her with the eager eyes of a deep-chested hound awaiting the signal to take the trail, Léontine with some difficulty repressed a gust of mirth. It was too ridiculous, this man in his frank innocence desiring to claim Patricia for his mate. The sheriff saw the twinkling of her eyes, and smiled himself, albeit ruefully.

"You think I'm crazy," he muttered.

"No; there's nothing preposterous about your demands. Many a woman would jump at them. I'm not at all sure but that I might be tempted myself."

The sheriff gave his short boyish laugh at this naïve admission. "Don't kid me, countess," said he. "Then you don't think there's any hope?"

Léontine shook her head. "Not the slightest," she answered; "but that has nothing to do with your being what you are. But there's something lacking in Patricia. If you like I'll tell her what you have confided in me; or if you prefer, tell her yourself."

The sheriff nodded. "I've always asked for what I wanted," said he doggedly—"that is, when I haven't taken it without asking as I did that she-panther I was telling you about. I'll ask her before she leaves, then you can back me up if you feel like it. After all it's no insult to a woman to tell her that you want to marry her."

"You can count on my support," said Léontine, "but don't let that raise any false hopes. Unless I am much mistaken, my dear host, the man who takes Patricia will have to employ the same methods you used with that pantheress."

(Continued on Page 53)

Patricia Threw Him Heavily Upon His Back

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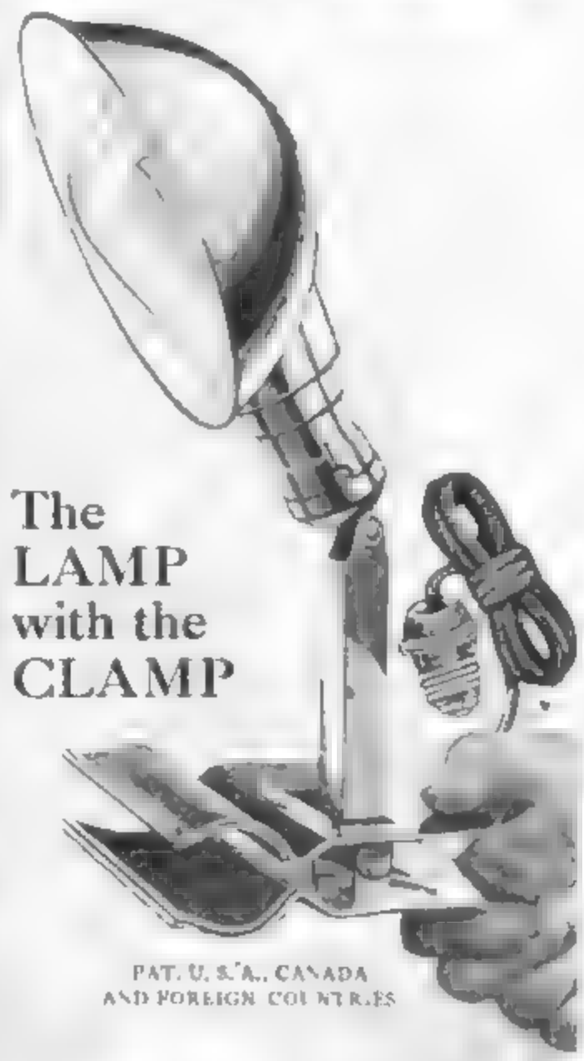

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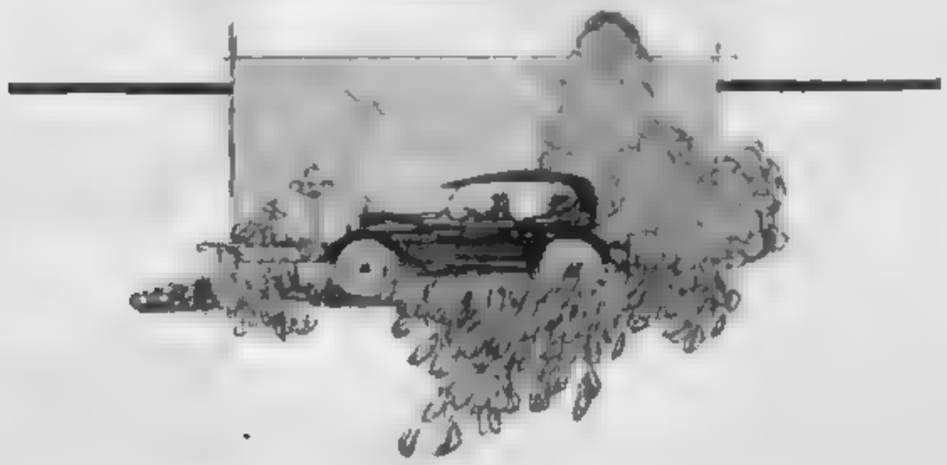

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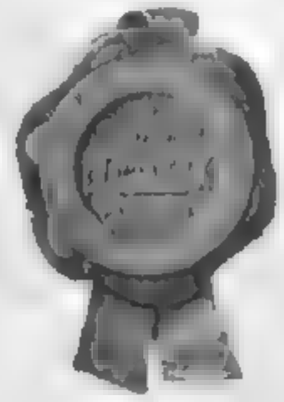

(Continued from Page 51)

"Well," muttered the sheriff, "perhaps some day it might come to that."

VI

THE following morning broke still and clear, as the sheriff had predicted. There was a golden haze in the atmosphere, which was still charged to some extent with the impalpable dust, which could be washed from it only by a drenching rain. But this very quality gave a wonderful refraction of the solar spectrum, lending a color effect to the air that was fine and stimulating at that altitude of perhaps three thousand feet.

When nearly at noon the guests assembled in the living room they were told by the smiling Charley that the sheriff had gone out early, leaving orders that they were not to be disturbed and promising to return before lunch.

"Sheliff, he go long office one hour two hour evely morning," the Chinaman informed them. "Hab got hoose-gow, along lailload station."

"Hoose-gow?" Léontine questioned.

"Allee samee jail. Nobody lock up now." His eyes twinkled at them mischievously. "Maybe pletty soon findee plisoner. One young fellow man deputy sheliff, he stop long jail. Mr. Hartwell, he stop long here." His slanting eyes glinted through their narrow slits with an expression that seemed to hold some uncanny intelligence. "Bad people no getaway boss."

Léontine dropped her chin on her knuckles, and regarded the Chinaman with a thoughtful expression. "No," said she, "I imagine Mr. Hartwell would not be an easy man to get away from."

"Looks better than it did last night," Sir Harold commented to Patricia, toward whom and Léontine he preserved always the friendly respect that might have obtained if they had been actually such people as they professed to be. Stephan he regarded with a contempt he was careful not to show, as in the case of any person who might still be of use to him in some way. It was plain enough that Stephan, unmanaged by Léontine, was little better than a cheap but astute crook and that he got his rating through the reflected glory of Chu-Chu, whose disciple he had been and whom he had served as a sort of combination secretary, fence and body servant. There was plenty of sinister evil in Stephan, and more than the average intelligence; but he was yellow at the core, of insufficient courage for a daring coup, but a finished man of the world in speech and conduct and experience, a bogus nobleman and rather timid thief. Perhaps his most useful quality in his association with Léontine and her machinations was that of male protector, plus the fact that he stood so thoroughly in awe of her and Patricia that it is doubtful if even in the pinch of the trap he would have dared betray them any more than he would have dared betray his master during his lifetime.

Patricia looked out at the broad expanse through narrowed eyes. "I can't say that I find much improvement," said she in reply to Sir Harold's remark. "The more I see of this region the less I care for it, merely because there is so much more of it in evidence."

"Well," said Sir Harold, "since he showed us that bag of diamonds I've got a different slant at it—just as you might have of an ugly woman wearing a tiara and a rope of pearls. Too bad we can't scoff those pebbles, but there doesn't seem any way to manage the business."

"Even I could open that old iron box without much effort," murmured Stephan in French. He rose and closed the doors into the dining room.

"And what then?" asked Léontine sharply in the same tongue. "How far do you think we could get with them? The mere lonesomeness of this place is what makes it so impossible."

"It is doubly annoying," said Stephan, "because our war chest is getting so very low. Unless we can turn a trick pretty soon, even a little one, I do not see quite how we are to manage.

"The car will not bring much, and we must arrange somehow to get to Honolulu and thence to Japan. Now if only our dear Patricia could see her way to help her comrades, if only for a little while ——" For Léontine had told them of the sheriff's declaration.

Patricia shot him a glance of scorn.

"When your dear Patricia is obliged to throw her person into the pool," said she, "two things are going to happen: The first, that she admits defeat and stands by the bargain, as any other failure; and the second, that it will take a richer and younger and stronger specimen than this worthy host of ours."

Léontine raised her delicately arched eyebrows. "I doubt that you find a stronger, my dear. He is really very much of a man."

Patricia did not appear to be listening. Her *féerique* face with its mobile mouth was set and her long eyes with their upward slant looked through the window toward the creamy distance, where a small herd of cattle seemed to be moving across the prairie in the direction of the corral.

"He said last night that he meant to follow us into Denver in his car to transact some business and put his diamonds in a safe place," said she. "It is a very lonely road which one can see for miles, and he will probably be alone, as he was when we first met him."

Léontine glanced at her sharply. "Nonsense!" said she. "What are you trying to say?"

"It must be known that he has those diamonds," continued Patricia in her purring voice. "If he were to be found killed in his car why should the act necessarily be fastened on four harmless tourists, especially such people as ourselves?"

Sir Harold's eyes fastened on her with a gleam as cold and hard as those of the stones in question.

"*Grand Dieu!*" he muttered. "That might be managed."

"And again it might not," cut in Léontine. "The bigger the country, the easier it is to fasten a crime. We would be known to have traveled that road, and we would be closely examined and our true identities discovered. You will have to think of something better than that, Patricia."

"Could you not marry him and then bolt?" suggested Stephan.

"Rubbish!" said Patricia. "He might settle a million on me, but in securities. Do you think he's going to hand it over in money as soon as the benediction is pronounced? And where could I bolt to? We are not in Paris or London but in the heart of a very big and, so far as one can see, a very empty continent. Besides, though he is a plainsman I do not think he would be an easy man to fool."

"Quite so," Sir Harold agreed. "I know his sort. Those chaps are ready to trust you but they keep a jolly good eye on you all the same." His cold, closely set eyes followed Patricia's gaze. "Here comes somebody driving in a string of horses. Let's walk over to the corral and see what sort of stock our good host breeds."

They went out and strolled in the direction of the corral, and as they did so Léontine said: "Probably our mounts for this afternoon. Suppose we three say we'd rather rest and let Patricia ride with him alone. The situation might develop something, if only a friendly loan; and, as Stephan says, we could do with a little cash. My poor few remaining jewels are part of my setting."

They reached the corral, beside which a small bunch of cattle, those they had seen the day before, were browsing at a heap of fodder, among them the young bull they had noticed on nearing the ranch house. This prospective sire raised its head and surveyed them with a regard that was anything but friendly, especially as its wild rolling eyes fastened on Patricia's cerise silk sweater.

"That little chap looks spiteful," said Sir Harold. "You girls get up on the fence. Can't count on range cattle, especially when you're afoot."

Stephan hurriedly assisted Léontine up, then followed her example, but Patricia's wide mouth whipped up in its scornful smile.

"Oh, bosh!" said she. "I'm not afraid of any mangy little baby bull."

The horses were approaching rapidly, some at a long trot, some loping, and others with their mile-consuming pace. Glancing in their direction the guests discovered that it was their host himself who herded them. The sheriff was riding with the easy long-stirruped cowboy's seat, encouraging the laggards with the swing of his looped lariat. None of the ranch hands were about but as they stood there watching the horses being driven in the Chinaman ran out of the kitchen door, then paused and shouted something to them in his pidgin English.

"He says to get up on the fence," said Sir Harold to Patricia; "and he's right.

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Some Men Swear—Others Just Smoke

This is just another fisherman's story. A pipe and tobacco have something to do with it. Somehow when a man's in the worst luck, a few pulls at the little old pipe help to buck up his courage, make him able to grin and yell "Next!" But the story:

The late William Marion Reedy went tuna fishing off the Pacific Coast. "The tuna are kept in a roundhouse somewhere over near Japan," he wrote, "and one of them is released every so often to make the round trip of the Pacific."

Out in a motor launch with a boatman, he finally hooked one—a sixty-pounder—no, by Jove, an eighty-pounder. The boat had to do a merry-go-round to keep the line from going under the keel. He reeled and unreeled to keep the line from parting. For 1¼ hour and 11 minutes man and fish fought. Then the tuna seemed tired out; it began to come in, when:

"The boatman stoops for the gaff and the fisherman raises the pole to an approximation of the perpendicular—crack! The line parts like a fiddle-string and one end whips around the pole. The fish sinks like a stone.

"The fisherman looks at the boatman, who looks back one glance, then turns to his levers. Not a word! The fisherman sits down and looks at the sea as if it were not there—as if the tuna had plunged away with the life of him. Wearily, almost somnambulistically, he reaches for pouch and pipe and fills the latter from the former and strikes a match."

Some men swear—others just smoke.

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That may be Edgeworth.

Only you can tell that.

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Simply send us your name and address on a postcard. If you will add the name of the dealer to whom you will go for more in case you like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

We will despatch to you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then sliced into thin, moist wafers. One slice rubbed for a second between the hands furnishes an average pipeful.

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Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly.

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Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you will pay the jobber.

There might be a rank stallion or something in that bunch."

But Patricia did not heed this admonition. The first of the drove of horses, a dozen perhaps, swung up and entered the corral with snorts. They were in the rough but to the experienced eyes of Sir Harold showed race. And then as the last were entering and the sheriff loping up, perhaps two hundred yards away, the young bull, as though excited by the thudding of their hoofs, appeared suddenly to decide that he was lacking in his duty as protector of the premises. His tail stiffened, he shook his adolescent horns, pawed the ground for an instant, then lowering his head charged straight for Patricia.

In due credit to Sir Harold it may be said that, interested in the horses, he did not observe this maneuver in time to be of any service. Nor for that matter did Patricia until the bull was almost upon her. A shriek from Léontine, which was echoed by Stephan, warned her barely in time. She turned quickly, to see the bull bearing down upon her not twenty yards away, and as the little beast plunged forward she sprang nimbly aside. The bull went into the corral fence with a crash that came near to dislodging the two perched above and a little at the right, and Stephan's yell of terror was echoed by a wilder one from the sheriff.

And then an astonishing thing occurred, for as the bull recovered itself and turned, slightly dazed, Patricia sprang toward him. Her round arms, bare to the elbow, flashed out and her two hands fastened on the short gleaming horns. There was a sudden wrench, a strangled bellow, and the next instant the astonished bull was on its back, floundering and kicking wildly with Patricia kneeling on its head. At the same instant the sheriff's lariat uncoiled snakily in air, the loop falling over the bull's hind legs, to be drawn instantly taut; and the trained horse pivoting, the aggressive bovine was dragged a few paces away.

Patricia sprang up with a silvery laugh and she stood contemplating the scene with genuine amusement, then yielded to Sir Harold's insistence that she climb up on the fence. The sheriff rode up, his face a pale saffron beneath its tan.

"Lord Almighty!" he gasped. "That's what I get for leaving you."

"No," said Patricia, "that's what the bull gets for being impudent. I hope it teaches him a lesson."

"Bless me if I ever saw the like!" cried the sheriff. "Where do you get that strength, young lady?"

"I carry it round with me in case of presumptuous bulls or men, Mr. Hartwell."

The blue eyes kindled as they stared down upon her. The bull, neglected, kicked its legs free from the loop, struggled up, snorted, stood for a moment looking dazed and puzzled, then moved off sulkily at the whistle of the sheriff's quirt. The sheriff drew out a bandanna and mopped his face, which was moist from the sudden shock at this danger to his guest of guests.

"It's all my fault," said he, "but I always took it for granted that ladies stood shy of cattle. Well, we've sure seen something, folks." He looked again with a mystified expression at Patricia, then shook his head. "I just got back from town and went out to drive in these horses so we might have a ride this afternoon. There's Charley calling us in for chow."

Throughout the appetizing meal the sheriff's eyes went constantly to Patricia with a puzzled look. He was trying to determine the source and quality of her uncanny strength, for though any powerful man might grasp the horns of such an animal or even a full-grown steer and, getting past the point of leverage of the powerful neck muscles, by a quick and unexpected twist force the animal to throw itself, the very weight of the solid head seemed entirely disproportionate, less to the actual size of Patricia's bare forearms—for these were very full and round—than to their soft contour. Her fresh skin was of a fineness of texture that the calloused hand of the rancher could scarcely have felt, were he to stroke it lightly, and that same suggestion of rounded softness pervaded the whole of Patricia's personality.

To the mind of the sheriff, muscular force was associated in the case of a man with brawn and bone and the clean-cut visible contours of knotty bunches of contractile tissue. In a woman such strength was more associated with a sort of tough scrawny vigor, reddened hands and a bleak face. He had never particularly interested himself in athletes or athletics for either sex. He had worked his way through college as a hired hand in summer and doing odd jobs in a smithy, welding tires for carts or sledges, preparing tools or the like as his time permitted. College athletics for girls or boys he had regarded from a distance, and less as physical training than play, as one might watch the sports of children. He made the popular mistake of many strong workingmen in associating muscular force with a rough exterior and regarding it as a sort of exclusive stock property of the laboring class.

So now he found himself sorely puzzled to account for Patricia's feat and the origin of the forces set in motion. There were also to mystify him the swift courage and fearless assurance that made it possible. A second's delay and the sturdy little bull would have tossed her over his shoulder or lowered his head and crushed her against the rails of the corral fence. She had profited by his slower bovine mentality to take him by surprise, but it seemed to the sheriff almost as if there had been some uncanny agency at work for which physical laws could scarcely account.

But he said no more about it at the time, determined to probe the problem later. It made him a little sick to think of the tragedy that might have happened, and this with the breathless emotion inspired when his eyes rested on Patricia made him slightly confused, took away his appetite and interfered with the natural easy flow of his conversation when entertaining guests. His duties of host were often requisitioned. His acquaintanceship was very wide—in Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Montrose and other towns—and as the ranch was known for its hospitality and but a little off the transcontinental road, residents of the region motoring through with their families frequently paid him a visit en route, finding always a warm welcome. This constituted the sheriff's social life as well as playing a part in his activities of office, as people came frequently to consult him in the righting of some wrong. The midday meal was excellent, a dinner in fact, and the guests did it full justice. Afterward the sheriff suggested that a little later they might care to ride.

Léontine excused herself on the ground that she was more tired than she could have realized and would prefer to rest. Stephan said that he was greatly interested in certain books relating to the country which he had discovered on the bookshelves, while Sir Harold's apology for declining the invitation was that having acted as chauffeur for the last two weeks his correspondence was sadly in arrears and he would be glad of the opportunity to get through some rather important letters. But Patricia agreed to the proposal with a smile which showed her strong white teeth and the peculiar lifting of her long left eyebrow.

"I'm never tired," said she, "and I've no one to write to, and I never read except aboard ship."

"How about riding clothes?" said the sheriff.

"I've got some in my valise—at least the breeches and gaiters. You see, Mr. Hartwell, they're part of an ambitious movie actress' equipment."

She went out, presently to return dressed as if for a canter in the Bois. The eyes of the ranchman blazed brighter than ever at sight of her. She wore a silk shirt with a green necktie, a soft hat of the same shade, and her long round legs were snugly incased in thin pliant morocco gaiters. Small silver spurs completed the smartness of her appearance. The sheriff had never seen her like in real life but was familiar with it in the motion pictures.

"You look like you had just stepped down off the screen," said he. "I often wondered if girls really dressed that way to ride or if it wasn't just made up." He gave his boyish laugh. "A few years ago a gentleman I used to guide sent me one of these big white Russian wolf hounds—a *borzoi* he called him. If we only had that dog now we'd be all fixed for a swell turnout—the beautiful lady with the dog, and the ranchman guide. Now I'll go out and saddle up. I'm mostly single handed since harvest time; got all hands over yonder sifting dirt for diamonds."

"But do you feel quite safe about that?" Stephan asked.

"Safe as the United States mint, sir. There ain't a man on my place wouldn't be shot sooner than rob me of a nickel or shoot anyone else he thought might be trying it. Sometime or other I've been able to do something for each of 'em, and out in this country folks don't often forget a good turn, or at least until they've squared the account. I wouldn't have a person here I couldn't trust with that bag of rocks I showed you last night. You see our Western folks sort of get sifted into two lots—those on the square and those that ain't; and it don't take long for us to get a line on which are which. Well, make yourselves as comfy as you can, friends. If there's anything you want just holler for Charley. We'll be back in a couple of hours."

He rose in his light springy way. "I'll go with you," said Patricia, "and help you saddle up."

They walked out to the corral, the sheriff treading the air, as it seemed to him. Patricia in her riding clothes impressed him in some way as smaller, though her actual height was a scant two inches less than his. But she seemed to fit in better with the place, less removed in sex and character, more obtainable, the distance between them diminished; to the eyes of the sheriff a wonderful pal of a girl in boy's clothes, and her speech and manner enhanced the impression.

They walked to the corral, where the sheriff picked up a lariat and deftly roped a horse.

"This one's Starlight—half Arab, half mustang, which makes her all Arab I guess, because they claim our wild mustangs are Arab stock brought over by the Spaniards years ago. She is docile and nicely gaited. I broke her myself." He threw a light Texas saddle across the mare and showed Patricia how to pass the cinch knot so that it lay flat. "Most times I could whistle her up to me, but they get a mite skittish after being turned out a while. I'll ride that pinto. He's just plain horse but has got more sense than most men. Maybe you noticed how he straightened out that sassy young bull that tried to get fresh with you. This ain't properly a cattle country, but I like to keep a little bunch because I'm fond of stock. There's no great market for horses nowadays, with flivvers and tractors, more's the pity."

They mounted, and as the horses ambled off the sheriff looked at Patricia with a glowing smile. "It's easy to see you're no stranger to a horse," said he. "I figure to make you hate this country a little less before you leave it."

"I am beginning to like it better already," she answered. "It's nice to ride straight off into the distance this way and not bother about a road."

"Of course it ain't like the open ranges," said the sheriff. "My property is mostly wire fenced but the pastures are so big you don't notice it much. Suppose we ride over and see if they found any stones to-day."

He lifted his reins and the horses increased their speed, the sheriff's in a lope while Patricia's mare struck a long gliding pace, not awkward and swinging, but so smooth and straight and steady that it seemed to her as though the animal were on wheels. The gait was new to her and she looked at the sheriff in surprise.

"What a singular motion, Mr. Hartwell. I might as well be sitting in a car."

The sheriff laughed. "That mare's a natural pacer," said he. "They're mighty rare. She can keep that without breaking when Barney here is running his darnedest. I'll show you."

He spoke to Barney and the horse shot suddenly ahead as if the bell had rung for the race. But after the first scurry Starlight was not distanced. Her slight motion became a sort of trepidation, a vibration, even and fine, and the wind sang in Patricia's ears. There seemed no need on her part of any effort of control or equilibrium. With no apparent exertion Starlight forged up abreast of the scampering Barney, and neck to neck kept pace with him, not trying to pass, but seeming to accept him as a pacemaker. This burst of speed lasted for perhaps three-quarters of a mile across the firm though dusty turf, when the sheriff drew rein and they slowed into a normal speed.

The sheriff looked at Patricia with twinkling eyes and for the first time saw actual animation in her face.

"It's wonderful!" said she. "I always thought a pace was like a trot, held up to a certain speed and after that a run."

"That's most always the case," said the sheriff, "but with the natural pacer it's the horse's fastest speed, as well as the slowest

(Continued on Page 59)

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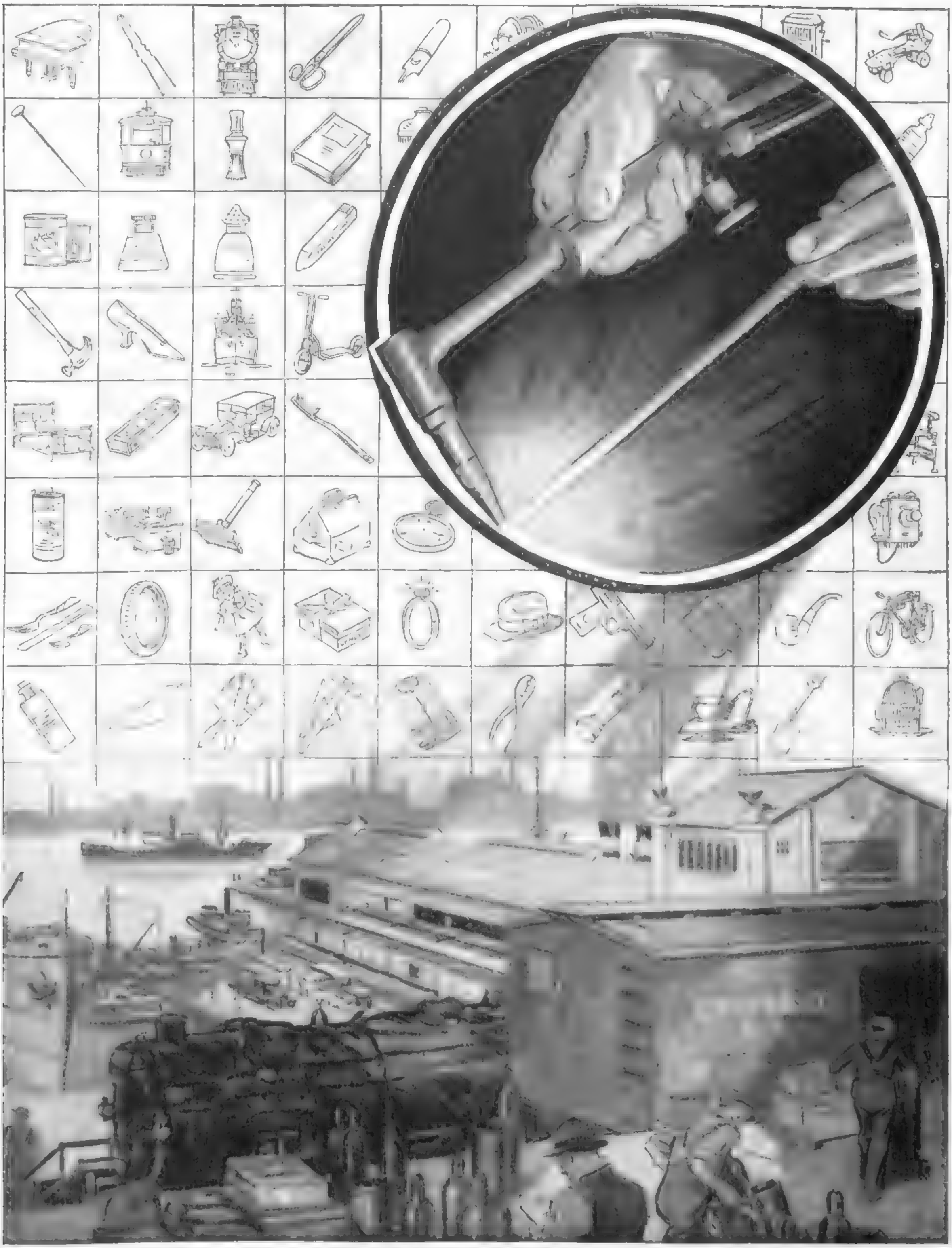

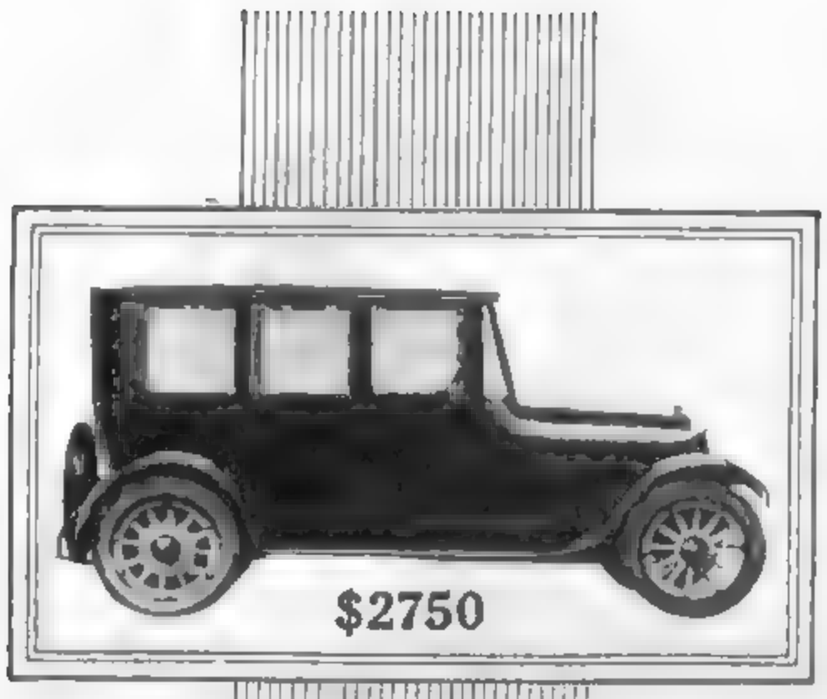

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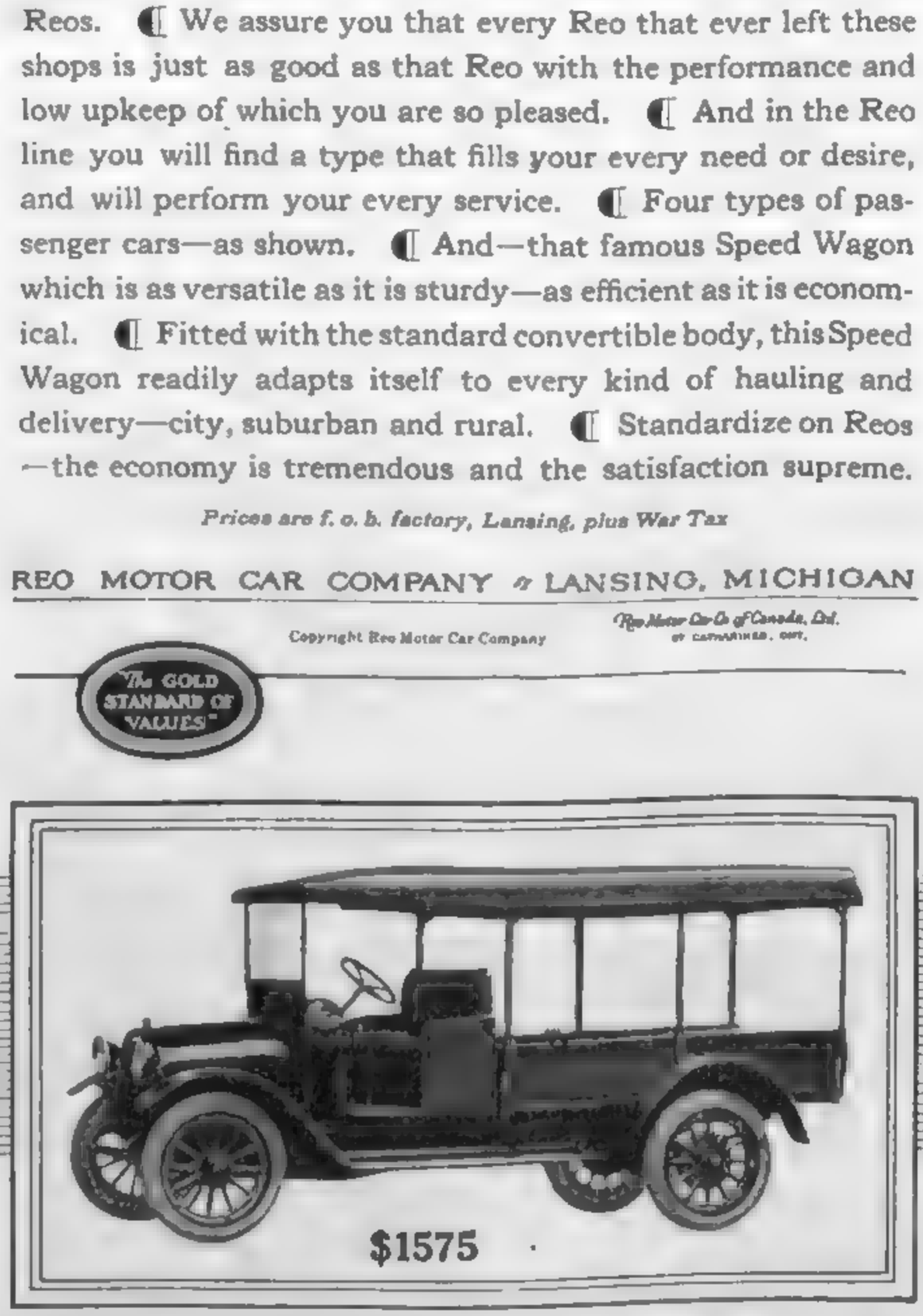


(Continued from Page 54)

after a walk. That scarcely ever happens except in the case of wild mustangs, and when they've got it they've got most running horses beat. One of my old friends, a judge from Boston, visited me a few days last year. I put him on Starlight and after we'd ridden a few miles he said, 'Confound it, Bob, this ain't going to do anything to my liver!' I said: 'Judge, when we ride out here we don't aim to exercise ourselves or the horse. We aim to get somewhere with as little work as possible.'" He laughed again. "I told him if he wanted to jog up his liver a few I'd put him on a pitcher. Do you want to swap, Miss Melton?"

"No," said Patricia, "I like this. It's new."

"Well," said the sheriff, "that's worth something. Take it from me, young lady, you can't always judge a country from the look of it through the window of a Pullman or riding in an automobile. There's generally a box of tricks somewhere. Now Starlight is sort of like a high-powered eight-cylinder car. She can creep along dead slow or raise her speed without shifting her gears; but she wouldn't do for the East, where folks like to show how they can ride."

They crossed a great fenced meadow and came to a gate which the sheriff opened and closed behind them without dismounting.

"Could they jump it?" Patricia asked.

"I reckon so, but we've had enough excitement for one day. I've trained Starlight to jump wire, but it's a risky business." He shaded his eyes with his hand. "Here's my gang coming back. They knock off to do chores."

Far in the distance Patricia saw a small black object, followed by a trail of dust.

"They go out in the flivver," explained the sheriff. "You see that little butte sticking up way over yonder? The diggings are in a sort of crater the other side of that. Let's head 'em off and see if they found anything."

They slightly altered their course, passed through another gate and came out upon a narrow trail. As the car approached the sheriff raised his hand and it came to a stop. There were five men in it and Patricia noticed that they all took off their hats, and then after a first shy curious look in her direction did not appear to see her.

"Any luck, boys?" said the sheriff.

"Just one little feller," answered the man at the wheel.

He reached in his pocket and handed the sheriff a diamond which when cut might have weighed two carats. The sheriff nodded and rode on.

"Not much of a day's work," said he to Patricia, "considering the cost of labor and cutting." He handed her the stone. "Keep that as a little souvenir," said he.

She thanked him, and the sheriff watching her face wondered at the sudden quiver that seemed to cross it, and the glow in her baffling eyes. He would have been a startled man could he have guessed that the sight of the rough little gem had suggested to her mind a great blue lambent piece of flawless carbon which gave from its wondrous depths a concentrated firmament of stellar flashes that even a darkened room could not subdue. For a moment she saw the Sultana, which for a brief period she thought she had stolen, only to find it a masterly imitation of this, in point of beauty, record gem.

They rode on in silence for a little way, then increased their pace, and came presently to the foot of the low butte, where the ground was scored tentatively with excavations.

"But don't you keep a guard here?" asked Patricia.

"No; as the proposition stands it would hardly be worth a man's while, taken as a gamble. Besides, they're sort of shy of me in these parts and I'd soon get onto it and somebody would have a heap of trouble. But there's wealth in that crater and the heap of dirt beside it, Miss Melton, and if my scheme goes through I'll get to it one of these days. Let's ride up on the top of the butte and look round. It's right pretty 'bout this hour with the sun getting low. We might get down and cinch up, too, before starting back. When horses have been turned out a spell they bloat when they're saddled up."

They made their way to the top of the butte, a diminutive plateau where they dismounted and the sheriff tightened girths. Patricia admitted the truth of his statement that the place at that hour was not without a sort of wild and desolate beauty. The sun was getting low, going down in fantastic swirls of lacy cloud. And the saffron-tinted air, still charged with impalpable dust, held marvelous effects of softened colors.

As far as the eye could reach swept the prairie, bounded like the ocean by the dim horizon and, like the sea after a gale, swelling in the foreground with irregular undulations which in the distance deceived the eye by a suggestion of motion. Its surface was brushed by a low note of mauve, but always with the prevailing tint of golden yellow; and the air was cool and fine and dry with a dryness that held a certain invigoration.

Patricia walked to the edge of the butte and stood staring out across. A dweller of the crowded places, she found something dreadful about its emptiness, the more so perhaps because it was not entirely empty. Far in the distance could be seen the tiny specks of the ranch houses, widely separated. She thought of the lives of such women as might be living in them, and how dreary these must be. The monotony of their poor surroundings, the same faces day in and day out, thoughts milling like a captive squirrel in its wheel, their only recreations such as were offered by the centers she had seen along the railroad—a station, a store, a few battered houses, possibly a motion picture once a week in a public hall or schoolhouse, tantalizing glimpses of an outer world, a remote world of life such as they might feel destined never to see in reality. A little shudder rippled through her. It seemed to Patricia that here was a prison in all but its confining walls, and prison was to her but one short step removed from death.

The sheriff having tightened the girths walked over to where she stood.

"Well, young lady," he asked, "what do you think of it from this point of view?"

Patricia shook her head. "I'd better not say," she answered. "It frightens me, and I'm not easily frightened."

"I'll allow you that. But what's so terrible about it?"

The sheriff stood for a moment with his feet a little apart staring out across his domain. Patricia could see only his strong profile and so failed to get the expression of thoughtfulness in his face. He spoke without turning to her.

"Is that all it says to you?" he asked, and then without waiting for her answer went on in his even vibrant voice: "There are two ways of looking at it, Miss Melton. I'd like to try to make you see it with my eyes, because I've studied it from both angles, and I've proved the truth of each."

"Very well," Patricia assented.

"Here's the first point of view: Productivity. Imagine this country as far as you can see, green with crops, turning yellow as the season wears on and bearing hundreds of thousands of bushels of food—strong material for foodstuffs to feed thousands of hungry mouths the world over, breadstuffs for famished men and women and children, big trainloads of yellow grain, hoisted into elevators and poured into big ships that take it to the four corners of the earth to bring back life and strength to starving humanity, to plump out the children and give the fathers and mothers fresh hope and a grip on things. Humanity has got to be fed.

"That's one way of looking at it; and here's the other: Think of these big prairies, first green, like I just said, but with the green you see on the back of a dollar bill; then think of them turning yellow, but with the yellow of a gold piece. Imagine a sort of fluid money oozing up out of the ground to fill the stalks which smelt them down into the little yellow nuggets you find in a sheaf of wheat. Then imagine these winnowed out into a flow of molten gold that runs out of the big elevators in a steady stream, to be converted into real gold, through all the markets of the world. Fasten your mind on the idea of drawing out this fluid wealth from the very dirt that tormented you so yesterday, and seeing it coined into the medium of exchange for almost everything that you and I and other people want. That's what some of us have been making it do, and for a while we have to pay the price in this lonesomeness and monotony that you complain of. None of us can expect to get a lot for nothing; honest or dishonest, there is a price to pay.

"Then look down at this patch of earth at your feet. In another year or two I figure to have a big hydraulic pump battering at the side of this heap of dirt and washing down the earth into sluices and sifters and straining out little pebbles like I gave you half an hour ago. There's great wealth right here under our feet, and a different kind of wealth out there as far as you can see. That part of it I've got pretty well developed, but this part I've got still to work out. But I need a partner."

He turned and his eyes glowed at her eagerly.

"Maybe you can guess the sort of partner I mean. It's no longer a question of money with me. I can swing the money part of the show, but I need a partner to make it worth the work of getting it. I might quit now with all I could ever need for myself, and if I can't get the partner I want I might do that most any day. Until yesterday I had never found that partner, but she's here beside me now. The countess has told me something about the way you're fixed.

"Well, here's a partnership offered you. If you think it's good enough, Miss Melton, there's the offer."

Patricia turned slowly and stared at him. Then her smile whipped up with that lifting of the eyebrow which came when something touched her elfin whimsy.

"I've had some curious proposals, Mr. Hartwell," said she, "but never one as cleanly cut as this. If I were like other women I'd accept. But I'm not, though I dislike having people tell me so. My motto has always been 'Freedom first'—and by 'freedom' I mean remaining the peculiar sort of person that I am. I could never give myself to any man, no matter what his charm or position or wealth. If I were to accept your offer I'd find myself in a few months' time—or it might be only a matter of days—a different individual. Perhaps I might be a better woman and a happier woman, but I could not possibly be the same woman. I might even find the soul which Léontine says I lack. But I have not the slightest desire to change my individuality." She looked at him and laughed. "You wouldn't want to yourself, would you?"

"Well, yes," said the sheriff, "if it looked like a good swap. I see what you mean. I reckon there'd be only one way to capture you."

Patricia gave him her veiled glance. "What?" she asked.

"By force. The way strong men have taken their women since the world began."

Patricia nodded. "I fancy you're right," said she. "That would be the only way. But so far I've always been able to defend myself."

"Then my proposition is turned down?" asked the sheriff.

Patricia made him a little curtesy, and her mocking smile sent the blood rushing to his head. "You have done me great honor, Mr. Hartwell," said she. "I decline your offer with my most profound appreciation of it."

He stared at her for a moment with a lurid light in his eyes. "You're a wonder," said he. "You refuse what I propose, and you have the nerve to tell me in the same breath that force might get me what I wanted. Yet here we are, a powerful man and a soft tender woman, miles away from anybody you could holler to for help, and giving me a dare; because that's about what it comes to, isn't it?" His blue eyes blazed at her and he drew a step closer. "I don't know how to take you," said he thickly. "Is it a dare, young lady, or is it just a bluff?"

Patricia gave a low, seductive laugh. "My dear man," said she, "it's precisely what you choose to take it. I never bluff."

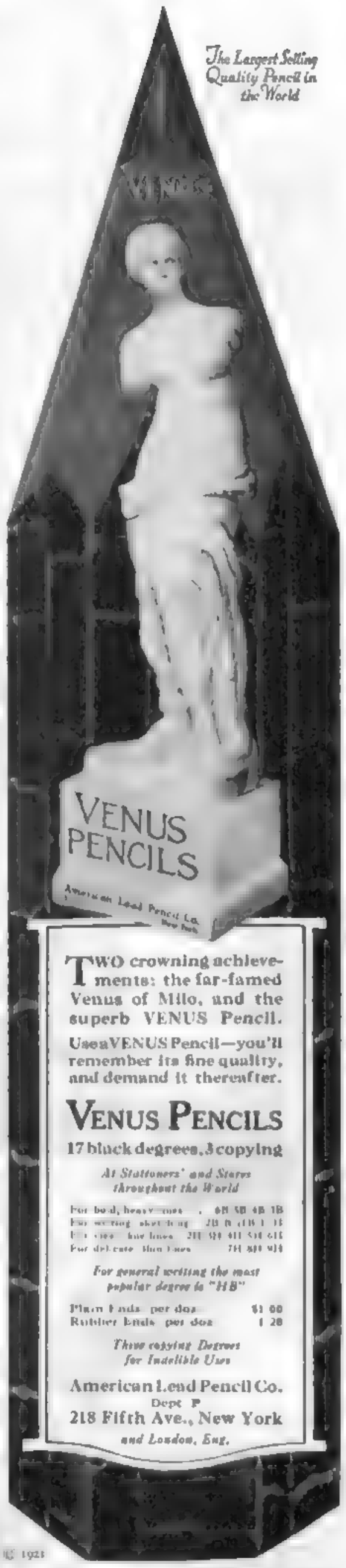
"Then you mean to say," said the sheriff in a stifled voice, "that you might give in to the man who could take you by force?"

"Perhaps," murmured Patricia, and her rounded shoulders moved restlessly under the loose pongee shirt.

"Well, then," said the sheriff between his teeth, "I'll hold you in my arms for once if it's only to take your dare."

He stepped toward her, jaw grimly set, his eyes pouring out a blue flame. Patricia did not stir, but stood lightly poised, watching him intently. The sheriff's powerful hands went out to her, reached for her supple waist.

And then a strange fantastic thing occurred. Patricia's left hand flashed out to fasten on his right wrist with a little slap. She swayed forward and before the sheriff could realize what was happening his arm was thrust under and behind him, while Patricia, evading the clutch of his left hand, drove her elbow under the angle of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his jaw. The sheriff found himself whirled about, thrown off his equilibrium, tottering. Patricia's right arm swept round his neck, gripped his right wrist and drawing this quickly upward spun him in his tracks and threw him heavily upon his back. Bewildered, confused, unable to realize what had happened, something padded but vicious struck violently the angle of his jaw, still further numbing his faculties, and as he floundered there he heard a mocking laugh, and struggled up in time to see Patricia toss the hanging reins over the head of Starlight, mount and, swinging the mare on its hind legs, plunge down over the steep slope of the butte.

Confused, astonished and with a growing fury, the sheriff scrambled up, rushed to the pinto and threw himself into the saddle. But he knew that he had lost the trick; Starlight was pacing out across the prairie at the top of her unusual gait. The sheriff urging the pinto to its best speed knew that he could scarcely hope to overtake the girl, who suddenly left the trail and headed straight across the prairie for the ranch house. But as it seemed to the sheriff she had mistaken the direction of the gate, and it was not until he saw her nearing the first wire fence that he realized her intention. He then remembered having told Patricia that Starlight had been trained to jump wire, and apparently the mare had learned her lesson well, for she cleared the barrier like a bird. Safely over Patricia looked back and gave him a wave of the hand. Her mocking laugh reached him faintly. Then to his surprise she reined up and waited for his approach.

He came up slowly, face swarthy, eyes reddened, almost in tears of mortification. Within fifty yards Patricia hailed him.

"Will you be good now?" she cried. "Or must I ride back alone?"

"You win," answered the sheriff grimly. "I'll sit tight."

He rode up abreast and they turned off together toward the nearest gate. The sheriff rode for a hundred yards in silence, then he gave his short boyish laugh and said: "I guess I understand better about that bull. My first idea must have been right. You're not a real girl; you must be a fairy after all."

Patricia reined up suddenly and the sheriff was startled at the expression of the face she turned to him. "Don't say anything like that," she warned, "or something worse might happen you."

"All right," agreed the sheriff. "I brought it on myself, but I've got a sort of hunch the hand isn't played out yet."

And they rode the rest of the way to the ranch in friendly conversation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THREE OF A KIND

(Continued from Page 15)

shades, lace curtains and heavy plush, pulled tight over all. The room was dark, so dark that things that were ugly looked mysterious instead. The blackboard, the davenport with broken springs, Madgie's dolls' house with a sheet thrown over it. It might be anything—a dead person under the sheet. The darkness was faintly lit with candlelight. There were three candles, one for each member. They were stuck on white saucers and arranged in an exact triangle on a round table in the center of the room. Inside the ring of candles were a black leather photograph frame, closed, so that the picture in it did not show, a black-covered book, closed and tied with a black ribbon, and a pressed-glass vase in which three joss sticks were burning. The table and the three chairs that were placed at it were all draped with black: a camel's-hair shawl, an old silk wrapper and five yards of new black cambric bought with the club funds; but they were all the same black by candlelight—a beautiful dead black. Best of all, round this table stood the three members of the T. O. A. K.

Their right hands were clasped in the secret grip of greeting with which their ceremonies began, their eyes reverently fixed on the black photograph frame, their faces interesting and pale in the flickering candlelight. The girl with the small pointed face and big brown eyes and tightly curled hair was Madgie Carr—Madgie, a superior being, a leader of society, an older girl, and yet Sally Belle's own friend. The girl with the beautiful face and golden hair rolled back in a smooth high pompadour was Sally Belle's best friend, her Lillian; and the other girl was her own self, Sally Belle Smith.

Sally Belle, once the twelve-year-old kid, and still called kid for a nickname; Sally Belle, in society now and safe in this inner circle, the envied of all society. It was too good to be true, but it was true.

"The meeting will come to order," Madgie said. The three hands unclasped, three black chairs were drawn back and the T. O. A. K. sat down. "Trixie will preside."

"It's my turn, Madgie—I mean Trixie," said Sally Belle faintly.

"Pixie is late and has lost her turn to preside," Madgie announced formally.

"Well, I couldn't help it. I had a fight with Pig. He's sore at us. Stub and Tish are too That's why I didn't call for Lillian—Nixie."

"Pixie will come to order," said Madgie firmly, "and stop talking. Trixie will take the chair. As we are going to stop early and make Judge, I will omit the minutes of the last meeting."

"Oh, read the constitution," said Sally Belle—"I mean, Pixie moves that the constitution be read. Now Lil—Nixie ——"

"Nixie will stop stepping on Pixie's toe," said the presiding officer. "I know every time you do it. Let her have the constitution read, Lil. She wrote it. I've got something to read by and by that I wrote myself. Is this motion seconded?"

"I suppose so."

"Nixie seconds the motion," the presiding officer translated. She opened the black-covered book and read fast, keeping a severe eye on the other two club women:

T. O. A. K. CONSTITUTION AND CHARTER

We the undersigned, Nixie, Pixie and Trixie, life and charter members of the T. O. A. K., or Three of a Kind Club, do solemnly promise and swear these three things:

First, we will be true to the subject of this club. We will never marry or get engaged to anybody but him till death do us part.

Second, we will faithfully note down and report every time he speaks to us or we see him, and meet once a week for the purpose of telling each other about it. We will name all four of our bedposts after him every night, sleep with a picture of him under our pillow, or a picture that looks like him if we can't get a real one, and will otherwise do all we can to show and promote our affection and respect for the subject of this club.

Third ——

The presiding officer stopped, for at this point the constitution stopped too.

"It sounds good when you read it," she said kindly. "But why don't you make up the third part?"

"I—I don't know. I'm making up—something else."

"What do we have to have a third part for?" asked Lillian sulkily.

"Things always have three parts. You ought to know that, Nixie," said the chair severely. "That's parliamentary law. You don't know much about clubs. If you weren't in love with the subject of this club I wouldn't let you be in this club at all."

"Well, she is, and that's what the club's about," said Sally Belle loyally. "Last time she stayed all night with me she made a hole right through my picture of him kissing it good night. It was the school group, the one where his profile shows. I didn't cut him out. I sleep with it all."

"That picture is worn out, anyway, and anybody could kiss a hole through it," said the chair judicially. "The business of the meeting will proceed. Nixie has the floor."

"I don't want the old floor," Nixie replied promptly, "if you're going to nag at me, Madgie Carr, even if you are older than I am, and got up this club. I am just as crazy about the subject of this club as you are. I made Tish drive past his house three times last night after supper. There was a light in his room, and I thought he was there. The third time somebody opened the window, and it was his mother. I've got his picture—that snapshot that's light-struck—pasted into my locket. Tish got it open and looked at it, and I had to pretend it was a picture of Tish to keep him from getting mad. Tish has fighting blood. If he really gets mad there won't be any club or any subject of the club, either. Tish ——"

(Continued on Page 63)

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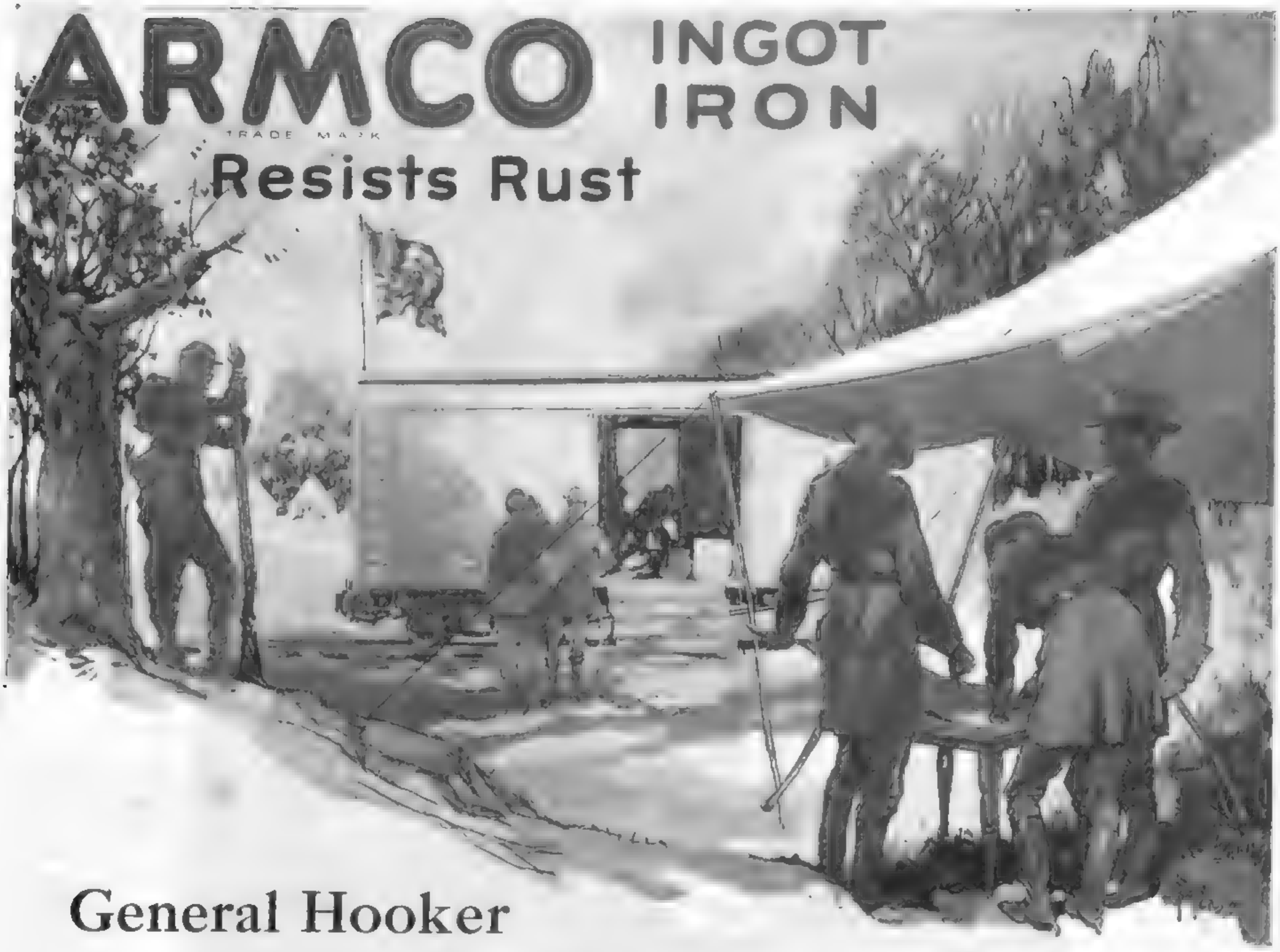

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(Continued from Page 60)

"When you have been going with 'Tish as long as I have been going with Stub," said the chair calmly, "you'll boss him. You won't let him boss you. Nixie will come to order and finish her report in proper form."

"That's all. I was home from school sick with a cold four days last week, and did not see the subject of this club."

"Pixie has the floor. Has she any report to make?"

"No. I've just seen him, that's all—not talked to him. I've got a list of the dates. And Wednesday I think he—the subject was going to ask me to skate, but I got scared and hid and then skated with Pig. Was it awful to hide?"

"It was cute of Pixie to hide," said the chair graciously. "But Pixie must learn to make her report in proper form."

"I'll fix it now if you want me to."

"Never mind. Is that all?"

Sally Belle gave one long look toward the hall, where her bag and the red notebook were. "I—yes, that's all," she said.

"Trixie has the floor," the presiding officer announced. She cleared her throat elegantly.

"Ladies of the Three of a Kind Club," she began correctly. "I was absent in Franklin Center last week visiting my aunt. I did not see the subject of this club, and I have no report to make; but I have something to read to you." With a graceful gesture she unbuttoned her shirt waist and from this romantic hiding place produced a folded paper. "It—it's a poem," she said.

"Well, go on and read it. Don't stand there and hold it. I'll move for you to read it if you want me to," said Lillian. "What's the matter, Madgie?"

"Lil, it's a poem," said Sally Belle. "Leave her alone. She can't read it till she gets ready to. You can't, with a poem. Poems are different. They aren't like anything else. They—they're poems."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I"—said Sally Belle—"I [illegible]"

But the chair was herself again.

"This is a poem," she began. "I never wrote one before. It is short, but very good. You don't have to move for me to read it. I've got the floor, anyway. I will read it now," and holding the paper daintily between two fingers and speaking in her most parliamentary voice she read:

"To You

Walter, depart
From the house of my heart.
Walter, Walter, you will not go.
What is it that fascinates me so?

The chair read this poem through, then waited, composed and smiling. Nobody else spoke at once.

"The meeting is open for general remarks," she said encouragingly.

"Is—is that all?" said Sally Belle. "All the poem?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I thought poems were longer."

"Some poems are. This poem isn't. I wrote it in five minutes."

"You—you can't," said Sally Belle. "I mean—this poem is good, of course, but you can't write poems like that. They have to come. They don't come all at once—just a little bit at a time, and you think you heard it somewhere, then you know you are making it up, and it's a poem. I mean—I thought ——"

"Nobody cares what you thought," said Lillian. "What do you know about writing poems?"

"Nothing," said Sally Belle meekly.

"This poem is beautiful. It—it ought to be printed. Can I copy it?"

"If you care to."

"It—it's beautiful. I love it."

"Oh, Lil, you don't! Not that poem," said Sally Belle.

"Don't you want her to like my poem?" said the chair. "Why, you're all red in the face! Are you jealous, kid?"

"Yes, she is, and sometimes I get sick of it too," said Lillian.

"Nixie and Pixie will stop fighting and come to order," said the chair. "They are crazy about each other, really, and everybody knows they are. Well, I'm glad you like my poem, and you can both copy it. We can learn it and say it out loud. If there is no further business to come before the meeting we will unveil the subject's portrait and then make fudge."

"I move the portrait of the subject of the Three of a Kind Club be unveiled," said Lillian.

"Second the motion," said Sally Belle.

"Oh, I've got a new one, girls!" the chair explained informally. "It looks just like him. It's a surprise. Ready, Lil? All right, go ahead, kid, it's your turn to unveil."

Sally Belle rose, her knees a little shaky with excitement. This was the big moment of the afternoon. It was here and it was hers.

"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of the T. O. A. K.," she said. She put out a trembling hand and pulled open the black leather frame. Then as one girl the T. O. A. K. knelt down on the carpeted floor, rested its elbows on the table, put its chin on its clasped hands and looked at the picture revealed.

It was a surprise indeed. The black leather frame, which had enshrined in turn a New York matinée idol, a popular preacher and a sad-eyed young man cut from an undertaker's catalogue and wearing grave clothes, all three chosen for their resemblance to the subject, now held an authentic cabinet photograph of the subject himself. It was Walter—Walter Clark. It was a full-length photograph, and you could see all of him, even the shoes, which were pointed and very small, with the toes well turned out. A tall slender boy with clothes that looked tall and slender, too, and a small round head, a small mouth and a short straight nose, and dark hair parted in the middle, very straight, and eyes that looked right at you. Wonderful eyes, round and full and black; eyes like the sea—the eyes, the face, that wrecked a thousand ships. They were Walter's eyes.

"Oh!" breathed Sally Belle. "Oh!"

"Where did you get it?"

"His mother gave it to my mother."

"It's handsome."

"He's handsomer."

"I feel so foolish when I do this."

"But the kid's happy. Look!"

"Hush!"

The two voices which Sally Belle had heard dimly through a dream now stopped, and silence infolded the T. O. A. K., the five minutes of silent worship with which their meetings closed. Madgie looked graceful kneeling, but Lillian's hair looked like an angel's hair. Sally Belle, kneeling between them, could almost hear her heart beat, she was so happy. They did not want her poems—they must never hear her poems. But that did not matter. Nothing mattered but the T. O. A. K. She was part of it. She was safe in it. It was beautiful. Mother wanted it to end. Pig wanted it to end. Poor mother! Poor Pig! They did not understand. Nothing could end it. It was forever.

She was going to remember this minute—remember it always. She raised her eyes and looked straight into the subject's eyes, and her lips moved, making no sound, but speaking real words—speaking them straight to him.

"When the lamps are lit in the mirrored room," she said.

"Pig, I told you not to call for me."

"I'm not. It's time to go and I'm going. I've got to get there—can't fly. The street's free. If you're too good to walk with me you can walk on the other side."

"I don't care."

Pig had walked up and down outside the house, waiting for her while she dressed. She had seen him, but it was no use to say so. It was never any use to argue with Pig. He only went on saying the same things over and over until he changed his mind himself. Sally Belle fell into step beside him, crunching the hard-packed snow. It looked blue-white in the starlight. There was no moon. It was the night of Walter Clark's party and she was going.

"Club meet to-day?" said Pig.

"Yes."

"Huh!" said Pig. Then he was silent, not even whistling.

Sally Belle was not mad with Pig. They were speaking. But they were not on good terms. They had not been since a quarrel two weeks ago. Since that day nothing had been quite right with Sally Belle's world. At home mother and father had long talks about her, and stopped when she came into the room. At school Lillian and Madgie were always whispering together and stopped when she joined them, and Pig and Stub and Tish sat on the steps at recess and had secrets together, and wrote notes to each other in class instead of to the girls. Even at the T. O. A. K. things were not quite the same, though she had skated

(Continued on Page 65)

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VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

(Continued from Page 63)

twice with the subject and her red book was almost full of poems. She had it with her now, in the pocket of her party cape. The T. O. A. K. was still the most beautiful thing in the world, but she felt lonely all the time, and afraid of something, she did not know quite what—afraid sometimes that this party would never come.

But it had come, and she and Pig were turning into the front yard of the old Carr place, which the Clarks had rented furnished. You could see from the street that a party was there. All the front windows were lighted and the lights showed yellow and gay through the overgrown hedge. There were footprints in the snow on the walk, and arctics and rubbers on the front porch, and someone was playing ragtime on the tinkly old square piano in the back parlor—playing the Georgia Camp Meeting. Sally Belle's feet danced to it on the snow. She had been six whole months in society, and she was not used to parties yet. Pig stopped her outside the hedge with a fur-gloved hand on her arm.

"Listen here!" he said. "I've got something to say to you."

Sally Belle stopped under the willow tree by the gate, where the ground was almost bare, and Pig stood before her in the snow, shifting from one foot to the other.

"If you've got to talk—why, talk!" she said.

"It's not my fault," said Pig.

"What's not your fault?"

"Have you seen Madge and Lil since the club?"

"No. Why?"

Pig cleared his throat.

"Well, when you do see Madge and Lil," he said, "something is going to happen. You won't like it, and it's not my fault. I tried to stop it. I've been trying ever since you know when—that fight you and I had about you know who, that time two weeks ago in my sleigh when you got so mad. Sally Belle, if you want anything that much I want you to have it, even if it is foolish."

"If I want what thing?"

"Him. You know who. Clark. Him and your darn fool club. But I can't stop Stub and Tish. I went in with them, and I can't stop them and I can't back out. I have got to do what they want. I have got to do it now."

"Do what?" said Sally Belle coldly.

"Why, have this talk with you and come to an understanding. Stub and Tish and I agreed to before this party. Stub called Madge up on the telephone and they came to an understanding. He was round there to supper. And Tish went round to Lil's, and they had an understanding too. And now I have got to come to an understanding with you. I have got to say just what they said to Madge and Lil. I promised to." Pig braced himself in the snow with his feet wide apart and poked his head forward.

"You girls have got to can your crush on Clark and break up the Three of a Kind Club, or Stub and Tish and I won't go with you."

"Break up what?" Sally Belle said in a whisper. "What?"

"The Three of a Kind Club." Again Pig uttered that sacred name carelessly, like any other three words. "A cute name I call it."

"Oh!" said Sally Belle. "Oh!"

For a minute—or a lifetime, was it?—she said nothing more, but stared hard at a snowdrift that she did not see. It was in passing minutes, through careless phrases, lightly spoken, that hearts broke and lives were wrecked. She had always understood that, but she had never supposed it could happen to her. She had certainly never supposed that Pig could break her heart or any heart. She could hear him breathing deep with relief that a painful scene was over, then beginning to shuffle his feet uneasily.

"It's not my fault," he said.

"Oh, no!" said Sally Belle sweetly. She lifted her chin very high and smiled at him. "Is that all you've got to say? Then suppose we go in. My feet are rather cold."

"But—but what have you got to say?"

"Why, nothing much. Who told you the name of my club?"

"I'd rather not tell."

"Lillian?"

"No."

"Madgie Carr?"

"I'd rather not tell. Well, yes. Stub got it out of her. She's stuck on him all right. Showed him the whole shooting match, constitution and all. We think of getting up a club and asking you girls to join, now the Three of a Kind Club's broken up."

"The Three of a Kind Club is not broken up," said Sally Belle.

"But Madgie's going to resign, and Lil is."

"I know it."

"So even if you won't come to an understanding with me, the club's busted. You can't belong to a club alone."

"Coming to an understanding with a girl means getting your own way, does it?"

"Sure!" said Pig.

"Then, Pig Plummer," said Sally Belle, "you will not come to an understanding with me. I can belong to a club alone if I want to. There's no law to prevent me. You can't stop me, and Lil can't and Madgie Carr can't, and nobody else can."

She turned and walked into the yard and up the steps and kicked off her storm rubbers deliberately. Pig, dazed and silent, watched her and did not move.

"Nothing can stop me!" she repeated. "Nothing!"

Then she rang the bell, opened the door, and holding her head high and stepping in time to the Georgia Camp Meeting, which was still being played, she went into the house and straight on up the stairs.

She was so late that she was not met at the door, but she knew her way. She was not a child, she was a society woman now, and she knew society. She would need all her social training, all her poise to-night. To laugh while the world laughed with you, to smile and smile while your heart broke, that was woman's work, and she had a sacred duty to perform. It was hers and hers alone. Nothing should take it from her. For she meant what she had said to Pig. She was the T. O. A. K.

The front bedroom was the ladies' cloakroom, the back bedroom the gentlemen's cloakroom, and the hall bedroom an overflow cloakroom for late guests, all quite correct. She put her new red party cape on top of the pile on the hall-room bed. The coats, capes and sweaters were all wraps that Sally Belle knew, but they looked quite rich and strange in that many-colored heap. The little room had the picked-up queer look that all rooms had in houses where there were parties. She combed her hair with her side combs, found a can of talcum on the dresser and powdered her nose very white. Her party dress buttoned in the back, but it was a grown-up color—lavender. She felt ready to face her world. She went down the stairs to the door of the back parlor, where the party was, pushed back the red plush portières and stepped inside.

She stood still there and looked at the party. You could not see very much, but you could see that the subject's party was like no party in Sally Belle's social experience. The parlor was almost dark, and the light that there was looked softer than lamplight and brighter than candlelight, but it was candlelight. The candles were set in Japanese lanterns that hung in clusters from the ceiling, on picture wires crossed from the moldings. In the bay window, with lanterns hung low on both sides of it, their light dimmed by its yellow glow, there was a big jack-o'-lantern. She had seen them before, but never so toothless and fierce. It leered at her. At first it was the only face she could see in the room, then she saw the girls huddled into a bunch on one side of the room and the boys on the other, as they always were before a party got going. They were whispering and giggling, but not talking out loud. The floor was not cleared for dancing, and there were no card tables. The only table in the room held a bowl of red apples and a bowl of pop corn. What kind of party was this?

"What do they think we are? Bunch of kids?" said a voice beside her. "They call this an old-fashioned party. Sit here, darling." The voice and the arm that slipped round her and drew her down to occupy half an unsteady chair were Madgie Carr's. Sally Belle let the arm stay round her, but sat up very straight.

"Good evening, Trixie," she said formally.

"Don't call me that any more," Madgie whispered. "Didn't you see Pig? You aren't mad with Lil and me? That's right. Walter Clark is sweet looking, but he is a sissy. And you have to give in to the boy you are going with when he gets mad or you can't boss him the rest of the time. And, darling, I promised not to tell, but I will. You and Lil are going to be taken into the Happy Thought Club." This select group of six older girls ruled society.

"You are old enough now. I worked hard to get you in."

"Indeed?" Sally Belle was polite, but cold. "I don't know that I care to join. I can't belong to two clubs at once. I belong to one club now—the T. O. A. K." She pushed Madgie's arm away and rose. "I don't care to discuss it. I don't care to discuss anything. This party is going to begin," she said.

A boy had stepped out of the dim ranks of other boys into the yellow patch of light that the jack-o'-lantern made. It smiled at him over his shoulder, and he smiled, too, as he stood there. The party, received in twilight gloom, was getting its first look at the host. The mist that always came before Sally Belle's eyes when she saw the subject cleared away and she looked too. She saw a tall dark boy with a small smiling mouth and small shiny shoes. It was Walter Clark, but where were Walter's clothes, his beautiful smooth-fitting Boston clothes? They were gone, and instead he wore things that were not like any clothes she had seen before. The coat was a queer shape, short and fat looking. The collar was worse. It was very wide, and stuck out all round his face, so that his neck stood up very long and thin. It was finished with an unpleasant floppy bow, and it was made of paper. But the legs were worst of all—the subject's lovely slender legs. They were strangely dressed. All society was in long pants now, even Pig, and to-night the subject was in knickerbockers—knickerbockers that did not fit. They bagged at the knees. They bagged all over. Round them were ribbons with large bright buckles, and below them were black silk stockings, very thin, and you could see white underneath them.

"Sissy!" whispered the faithless Madgie, and a low whistle of surprise and delight was heard from the boys' side of the room, then excited murmurs of comment from both sides. The subject made a graceful gesture to command attention, and spoke; and though his appearance was changed his voice was, as always, very refined, very clear:

"I am pleased to see you all here, and I hope you will all enjoy the evening."

"Thanks, teacher," said a respectful voice—Tissue Doyle's—and the subject turned toward it graciously.

"I am not supposed to represent a teacher. I represent a boy of our grandfather's day. As you all know, this is an old-fashioned party. We are going to play old-fashioned games. The first on the program will be going to Jerusalem, the next will be clap in and clap out and the next will be post office. After that refreshments will be served. We will then have an old-fashioned spelling match. If you don't know any of these games I will explain them to you." The subject waited, but nobody spoke. "You all know them? That's fine. Then we can begin. I'll show you how to fix the chairs."

There was a long, dreadful pause, but at last, as if at a signal, the groups at the two sides of the room broke up and merged. Chairs were pulled into place down the center of the room. Madgie Carr struck up the High School Cadets' March on the piano, hitting false notes in the dark, but banging out the tune very loud, and the game began. Walter Clark had insulted society, but society had swallowed the insult. It never played games now. It was too old for games, but if the host insisted it would play to-night. Once, twice and again a procession wound round the row of chairs, stopped, scrambled for chairs and then marched as before. It was a long procession, and in the gloom it looked longer. Except when accidents happened, it marched in grim silence.

"Sweet light to crack your shins in."

"Don't mind a little thing like that. I just tore my dress."

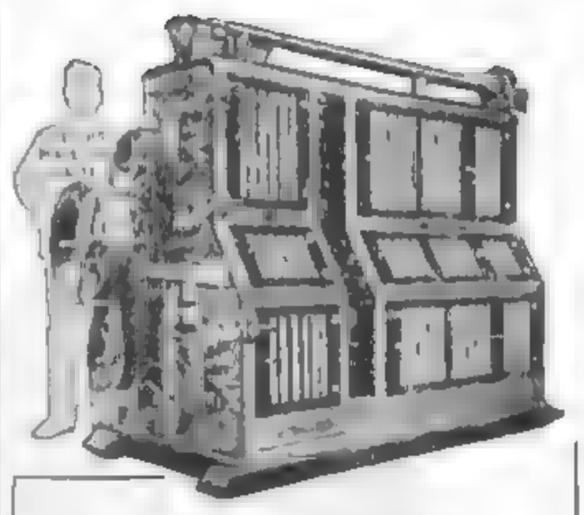
"Girls, this is some party!"

Stub, in a high falsetto, was trying to be funny. Sally Belle, at the tail of the procession, knew that society was angry. She knew, but she did not care. For heading the long line, stepping daintily in the dark, the subject walked before her. His face looked paler than other faces. You followed it like a light. She would have followed it anywhere.

It was not his fault that they did not like his party. She liked it.

"We ought to keep on till all the chairs are gone," the subject said at last, "but some of us seem tired. We will start clap in and clap out."

(Continued on Page 68)



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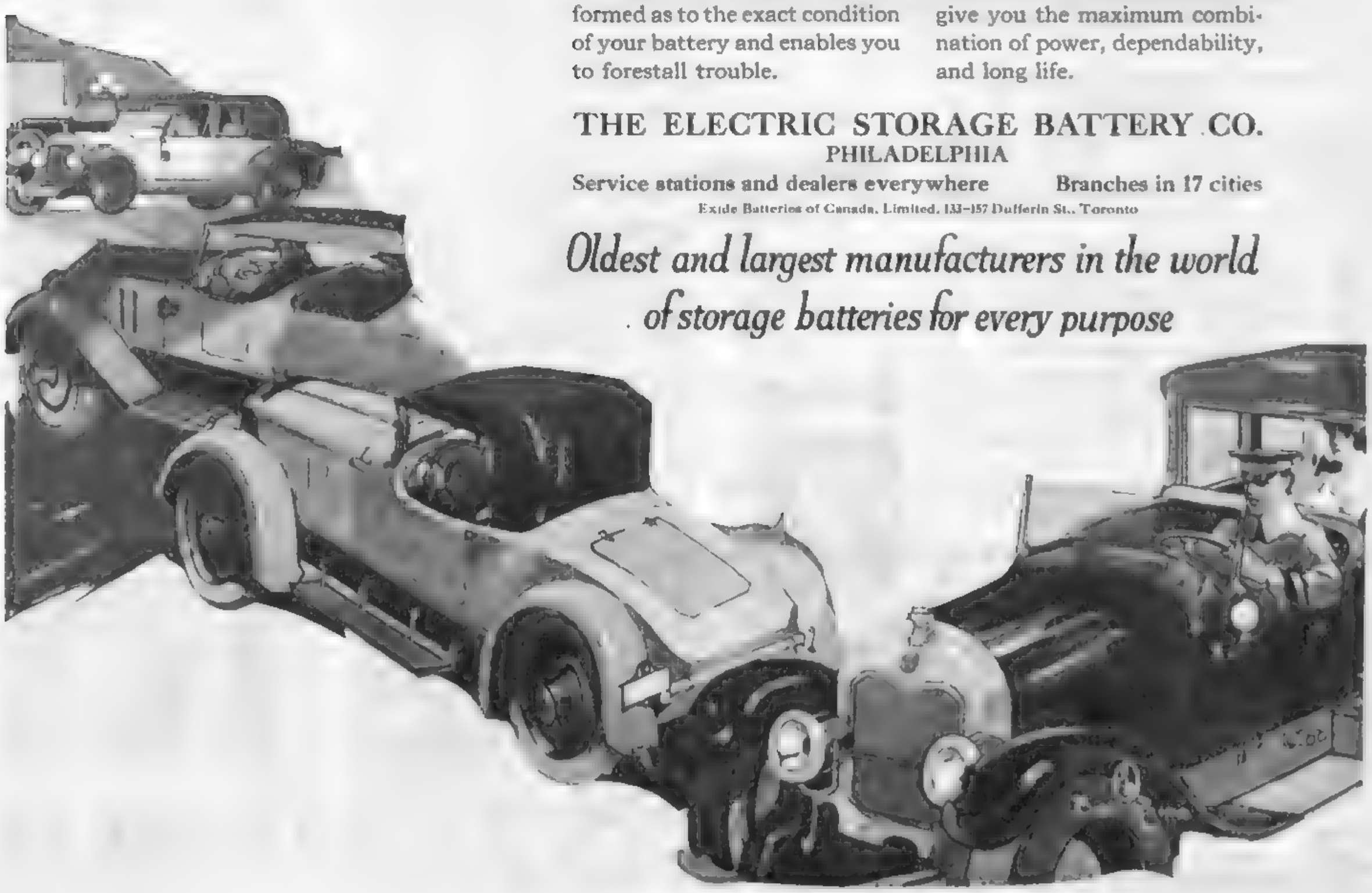

If anything happens on those open knife switches out there—

Don't blame me!

For 18 months—said the chief electrician—I've been talking about the open knife switches we're using out there. Every month I've been marking the Square D advertising for your attention. I've been telling you that electricity is safe, but that open knife switches near careless men are dangerous.

Some day we're going to have an accident—maybe a serious one. One of the men is going to reach for his switch without looking. He'll get a jolt that sends him staggering—perhaps away from his machine—perhaps . . .

It *can* happen and it's only a question of time *until it does!*

Attacked everywhere—the dangerous open knife switch

The fire marshal has been warning us. The safety commission has been writing us. And now the National Board of Fire Underwriters has practically doomed the open knife switch by ruling that enclosed safety switches should be used. Why, the architect on the new Donaldson plant refused even to specify open knife switches because they're fire and accident hazards!

I can't *insist* that we install safety switches. But I *can* recommend it. If we install Square D's, it won't cost very much. But if we don't—if we keep on letting the men work with open knife switches at their elbows—and if anything happens—*then don't blame me!*

Install Square D—Prevent accidents

Completely enclosed, lockable, externally operated, and plainly indicating when "ON" and "OFF," Square D Safety Switches supply absolute insurance against fire and accident. To obtain the cost of a complete protective Square D installation, call any electrical contractor. He can tell you to a penny.

DEALERS Write for our proven business getting plan. It will help you hasten the installation of Square D switches in the factories and homes in your territory

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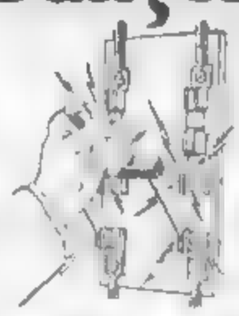

Safety!

Square D Safety Switch

MAKES ELECTRICITY SAFE FOR EVERYONE

(Continued from Page 65)

In the old times, when society played games, Sally Belle had liked this game. It was so quiet and restful, and the beginning was mysterious like Christmas, though you knew just what would happen. You waited in the hall with the other girls until the boy you were going with called you in to sit on the floor in front of him. You sat down in front of the wrong boy once and got clapped out, then guessed right the next time he called you and sat still and watched the game. She was the first girl called to-night. She did not want to stay with Madge and Lil, so she sat down at once on a large soft cushion in front of Pig. The boys laughed at her, of course, for guessing right so quickly.

"Hello, my lady, whose black baby are you?" they called to her out of some coon song, and "Oh, you Sally Belle!"

"You can lean back against me if you want to," Pig said under cover of the noise.

"I don't care to," said Sally Belle coldly.

Then Stub called Madgie and the game went on. Madgie guessed wrong three times, and most of the girls did. It was a long game, and Sally Belle was glad. Sitting there, she could watch the subject all she liked and he would not know it. His costume was very funny, but he was not. He did not know that they did not like his party. He was a man of the world, a perfect host. He was wonderful. She could have watched him forever. But the last girl sat down and the game stopped. Sally Belle's foot was asleep. She rubbed it and rose. Pig tried to speak to her, but she turned her back on him. Tish moved toward her through the crowd as the game broke up, and drew her into a corner.

"Lil wants to see you," he said. "She's out in the hall."

"I don't care to come," said Sally Belle with dignity. "Lil can come here if she wishes to speak with me." Tish laughed. He always laughed at Sally Belle, but she liked him.

"Lil is as sore as the deuce," he said, "because you won't get out of the T. O. A. K. Have some sense! Take my say about Clark! Don't fight with your best friend about him. He's not good enough. Look at his get-up to-night! Would a he man wear it? Look at this whole darn-fool party!"

"Tissue Doyle," Sally Belle said, "I don't care to discuss my host with you when I am a guest in his house. And I don't care to discuss the subject of my club with you when you don't belong to it. I belong to the T. O. A. K." Tish gave her a long queer look, as if he liked her and did not like her, both at once.

"Girls are the deuce," he said. "Well, if to-night won't cure you I give you up." Then he went back to Lil.

Sally Belle did not talk to anybody else. She could not. They were clearing the room for the next game and rough-housing a little while they did it, throwing apples and getting into fights and singing. The party had got going. It was the enchanted hour that she liked best at parties, but she could not enjoy it or watch it. She and Lillian had never gone to bed mad with each other, and they would to-night. She had quarreled with her best friend. It was a great price to pay, but the subject was worth it. Now, indeed, he was hers, and nothing could take him from her. The room was ready soon and there was a rush for seats. The subject stepped into the middle of the room and clapped his hands for silence.

"Post office," he announced. "The office will be in the front parlor. I will send the first letter. Mr. Plummer will tend door. Do you know how to, Plummer?"

"I can make out to," said Pig in a gruff voice.

He got up and went with the subject to the folding doors between the two parlors and stood there a minute talking to him, then the subject went into the front parlor. Pig shut the doors behind him and stood alone. His arms hung straight down at his sides in a kiddish way, and his eyes looked large and moist. He had never looked more unhappy. His chin wiggled. He tried to speak, gulped twice and spoke.

"Sally Belle Smith," he said, "the office is open. There is a letter for you."

"In—in there?" said Sally Belle.

"Sure! Go on in—no, in Post Office Square." Different voices said: "Lost the use of your legs?" "Lost your tongue?"

For the moment Sally Belle had. She did not know this game. She had never played it before or seen it played. But she knew that the subject had singled her out from them all for some honor. He had chosen her, Sally Belle Smith. He had chosen her now, in this hour when she had been tried and stayed true to him. She rose, crossed the room and brushed past Pig into the lighted room where the subject was.

Pig banged the doors shut behind her. She leaned back against them and felt for the door knob, and found it and clung to it. Her knees felt weak. She could not see the subject or anything else in the room. Then she saw him. He was standing by a center table with a red-shaded lamp on it and looking at her. She could not see his face very clearly. It was only a white blur with dark eyes, but he was smiling at her—she could tell from his voice when he spoke.

"Scared?" he said. Sally Belle shook her head.

"Ever play this game before?"

"No."

"Glad I called you?"

"I—I ——" Sally Belle choked.

"You are scared! And you are a kid, but you are a very nice little kid and I like you. Want your letter?" Sally Belle nodded. She could not speak. "Come on over here."

Sally Belle let go of the door knob and stood up straight and came forward to where the subject was and stood in front of him, waiting and holding out her hand, but he did not give her the letter. Instead he did a queer thing. He put his arm round her waist.

"Where's the letter?" she said.

"Take it now, or wait till you get it?"

His arm felt like your partner's arm in the first position for waltzing, but she did not want to dance, and it was bad manners to hold your partner tight. He was holding her very tight. She could smell the musty smell of his old-fashioned coat. She hated it.

"You let me go!" she said.

"Here's your letter."

She tried to push him away, but she could not. He held her tighter and put his face down close to hers. His face felt smooth and soft like Lillian's. Then before she could stop him or guess what he meant to do his mouth touched her cheek. He kissed her.

He let her go and stood looking down at her, and she looked up at him. The kiss had been in the middle of her left cheek. She put up her hand and rubbed it.

"Like your letter?" he said. "You can have another one if you call me out by and by."

This game was a kissing game and the kiss was the letter. She had been kissed by a boy. Nobody had ever kissed her before but her own family and Lillian. And the boy had a baggy suit and a long scraggly neck and a silly smile and a high squeaky voice like a girl's voice.

"What's the matter? Don't you like to play this game? You can have another letter now if you want one," he said. He came towards her. Words came into Sally Belle's head and she said them.

"Sissy! Fool! Smart Aleck! Dude! Don't you ever speak to me again!" she said.

Then without a backward glance at the subject of the T. O. A. K. she walked out of the room. She went through the hall and upstairs. She went straight to the little room where she had left her cape. It had a door that locked. She shut it behind her and locked it. She had the room to herself, and nobody had seen her go to it. She could cry if she liked, and there were some tears in her eyes, but she did not want to cry. She just wanted to be alone, and she was. She looked round her. The bed was full of wraps and the matting on the floor looked hard and cold.

She found her own red cape and spread it on the floor and lay down on it.

A terrible thing had happened. She did not know why it happened, but it did. It happened just now downstairs when the subject kissed her. She had not understood that life was like this, that a lovely thing you had made yourself could die in a minute for no reason. What could comfort you? What was there left in the world that was beautiful at all? The subject was not the subject. That was the thing that had happened. He was a strange boy who had kissed her, a boy she hated. There was no T. O. A. K.

Something hard in the pocket of her cape hurt her, and she pulled it out and looked at it. It was her little book with her poems in it. It was a dear little book. She had loved it. She loved it now. She put it

(Continued on Page 71)

"There was a magic instrument—

> very precious, made out of costly red wood and gold, with a tube which contained a drop—no, it wasn't a drop, it was a nothing which lived in the water, but the nothing looked like a drop, and it ran in a frightened way up and down the tube, no matter how cautiously you tilted the magic instrument."
>
> —*Sinclair Lewis in "Main Street"*

The greatest value in a plumb-and-level is that the "nothing that looks like a drop" shall register accurately.

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A few weeks ago a Velie 34 stock touring car in charge of Harry A. Lord of the Los Angeles Velie Agency made the hazardous trip from the Canyon's top rim into the waters of the Colorado River at the bottom—sliding and tumbling downward 5000 feet into the very bowels of the earth and then working its way up to the top—all under its own power

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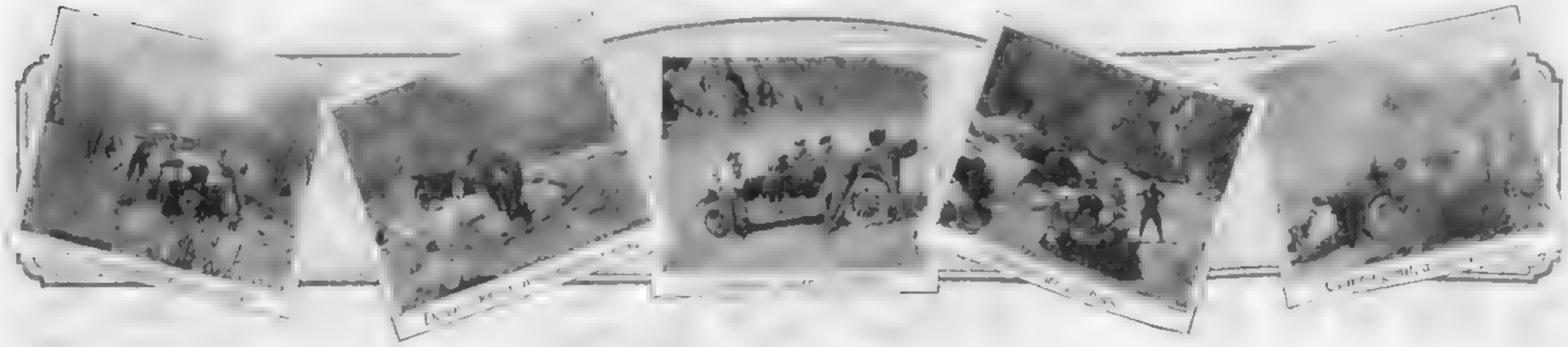

(Continued from Page 68)

under her cheek and lay down again, petting it. She did not feel very sad. Great griefs stunned you; you could not feel. She was resting and comfortable as if she were going to sleep. When you wrote poems the best ones came just before you went to sleep. Lines, phrases, lovely words would slip into your head and stay there—whole verses sometimes.

Sally Belle turned on the floor, which was getting hard. There was a mirror in front of her and a lamp on the bureau under it: a glass hand lamp, turned low, so it gave a pretty light. She might get up and see how tears looked on her face, only her tears were all dry. She lay still and watched the light in the mirror. The party downstairs was making more noise now. Somebody laughed very loud. There was a feeling that came when you wrote poems, a prickly feeling all in the roots of your hair. It was like nothing else. She had not felt it for weeks.

Somebody was coming up the stairs and stumbling in the dark, somebody looking for her. She lay still and held her breath, but he would find her. He always did. He stopped outside her door, tried it and found it was locked, and stood there, shifting his feet and making the floor creak. He did not dare to knock.

"Hello!" she called. "Hello, Pig! How did you know I was here?"

"I didn't. I looked every place else first. You crying?"

"No."

"They're having refreshments downstairs. Brought them in just after Clark called you out. They didn't play any more. They don't know you're up here. They're all eating. Want some ice cream?"

"No."

"It's peach and chocolate mixed. I could get mine, too, and bring it up here and eat it with you." Sally Belle sighed, but it was no use to argue.

"All right," she said. "Oh, Pig, have you got a lead pencil?"

She got up, went to the door and unlocked it and opened it a crack. A hand slipped through, holding out a small stubby lead pencil. She took it and shut the door.

"Oh, Pig ——" She stopped. Even now this was a little hard to say. "Pig, I don't belong to the T. O. A. K. any more. It was a silly club. I don't want you ever to mention it to me again."

"You don't?" Pig stopped talking, but did not go. The floor creaked and he breathed very hard indeed. He wanted to tell her something.

"All right," he went on at last in a hoarse whisper. "But you can belong to it if you want to. I won't stop going with you. I—I can't. It would take more than the T. O. A. K. to break up you and me."

"That's good. Now go along, Pig."

Pig went. She heard him go down the stairs. She had just time enough. The pencil was dull, but it would work if you wet it. She opened the little red book at the one blank page and balanced it on the bureau and turned up the lamp. She spoke rapidly and softly, out loud:

"When the lamps are lit in the mirrored room,
The air is full of a sweet perfume.
Low laughter rings on the perfumed air
And I think of you. Will you never care?
Waking or sleeping, your face I see ——"

There was more of it. She had it all now. This was the poem she had always liked best, but she could never finish it before. She could finish it now. It had just come. It was a beautiful poem, and this was a beautiful minute. She was going to remember it always. She wet the pencil between her lips and began to write.

The Poets' Corner

Somewhere or Other

SOMEWHERE or other some isle of the sea
Somehow or other is calling to me;
Some lazy isle with a long coral beach
Fringing the jungle where cockatoos screech,
Where the wee monkeys all chase one another
Somewhere or other.

Somewhere or other down under the line
I shall discover this island of mine;
I shall go sailing through warm-tinted seas
Till I have come to my island of ease.
How shall I know it? I'll seek for it, brother,
Seek it and find it—somewhere or other.

Doubt you my island? Well, what do I care?
Somehow or other it may not be there;
Still, all the fun of the sail would be mine,
Under the heavens and over the brine—
If I stay here I shall certainly smother,
I must go somewhere, somewhere or other;
Somehow go somewhere or other.

—Berton Braley.

Reminiscent

I

PHENOMENA of long ago,
How much I think of you!
When there was not an income tax,
And life was not askew.
There used to be those peanut stands,
As sure as I'm alive,
Where they sold apples—think of it!—
Big apples, three for five!
And haircuts cost just fifteen cents,
And milk was six a quart.
They let us play ball in the street—
Indulge in any sport.
And gallery seats were fifty cents,
And sodas only ten.
I tell you those were happy days;
Ah, things were glorious then!
There wasn't an appendix
In the world, nor any grippe,
And waiters said, "I thank you!" for
A
ten-
cent
tip!

II

We used to buy a dozen eggs
For fourteen cents or so,
And one could have a five-cent beer
At any burlesque show.
One thought of Europe as a place
Of peace and Old World joy
Alas! Alas! How things have changed
Since I was but a boy!
We rode our wheels on thoroughfares
Untouched by motor cars,
And cigarettes were wonderful,
And so were all cigars.
There was no subway where we stood
Like cattle in a train.
Republicans and Democrats
Fought—but made up again.
We went abroad in leisure hours—
Oh, gay, delightful trips!
And waiters were contented with
Our
ten-
cent
tips!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

Life

ONCE, as a bad
Byronic boy,
I half believed
Life was all sad,
And joy
Was coy,
And mirth deceived.

Grown broad and tall,
I put on wings
And told each friend
That life was all
Life's pleasant things,
With scarce an end.

Now, gray,
I say
Of man and lad:
"They both were wrong;
Life goes its way,
Both grave and glad,
Both prose and song;
Not very gay,
Or very sad—
Or very long!"

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

A Thought

OH! THERE is so much to say!
Shall I ever get it said?
Life is always just "to-day"—
Can I never run ahead
Up to God—and turn—and see
What to-day will do to me?

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

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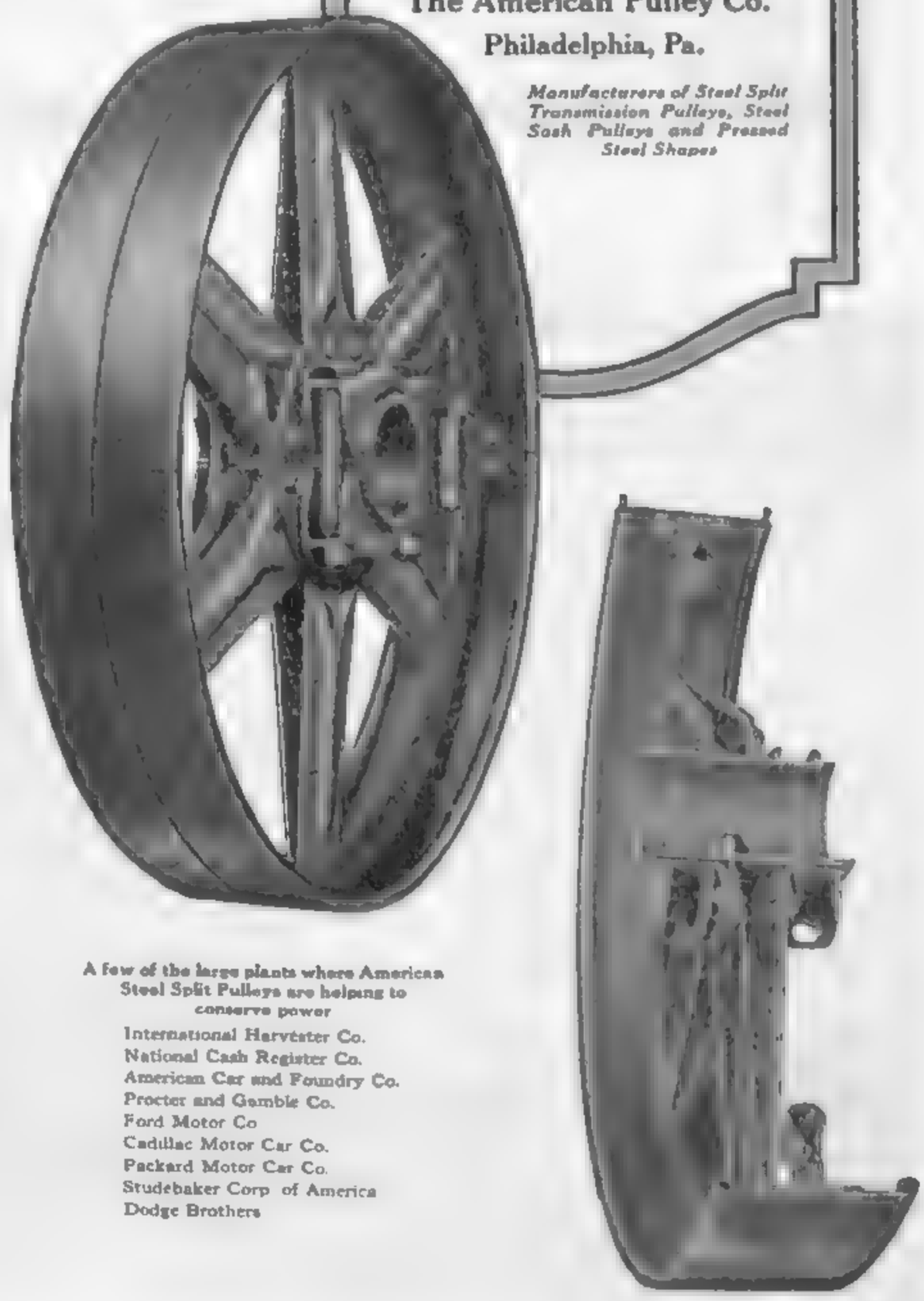

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THE THREE-PLANE NAVY

(Continued from Page 17)

That remarkable man, Von Tirpitz, insisted on building 800-ton submarines so they could go to sea. He said they could go to sea, and he sent a dozen of them into the North Sea, where they stayed for two weeks and came back in good condition. They knew that they could do that at a time when we did not know it. There was an entire misunderstanding of the capabilities of the submarine."

It has come to the knowledge of our naval authorities since the armistice that the Germans employed only 10,000 men in their submarine forces. There were never more than thirty submarines at sea at any one time, manned by not more than 1500 men.

This small force was opposed by the navies of England, the United States, France, Italy and Japan—at least 1,000,000 men. About 5000 antisubmarine craft were employed daily against the thirty submarines at sea. And yet this insignificant force of Germans nearly won the war by starving England. It was actually touch and go early in 1917. The Germans now say that only about twenty of their submarine commanders did virtually all the damage to merchant shipping. It is knowledge of this state of affairs that leads naval officers to say now that had the Germans understood in the beginning what a terrible weapon they had in the submarine, and had they had a larger force of them in 1914, we should in all probability have lost the war.

Bear in mind that the submarine was not a new and novel weapon. It was used in our Civil War. It had been in existence nearly half a century, and still the navies of the world did not recognize its possibilities. Conservatism seems a mild term to apply to such mental inactivity and blindness. Now that the undersea boat is known and appreciated as a weapon its development is assured. Already there is talk of submersible cruisers carrying twelve-inch guns. Fighting under the water is an actual thing to be reckoned on.

But fighting in the air is a brand-new thing and its possibilities have not been developed. At present they are only hinted at. What sound at present like the most extravagant claims are made by experts in aviation, but they have the weight of evidence and probability on their side. In the face of what has already been proved it would be foolhardy to deny that the airplane may shortly prove itself to be the most deadly and effective weapon of warfare man has ever devised. The flying men may prove, as they now claim, that they have made the battleship obsolete and can destroy it at will, either at sea or in harbor. Even now they are eagerly clamoring for a chance to put this claim to the test, and to have a try at any surface craft that may be offered them as a target.

Present Naval Strength

It has taken a matter of thirty-three or thirty-four centuries to develop the galley to the modern superdreadnought or battle cruiser with its great speed and sixteen-inch guns. But the fighting airplane has come on with incredible speed and is yet far from the limit of its development. Even during the war I think I am safe in saying that fighting machines became obsolete about every six months as new types were developed and perfected. The United States Government bought its first airplane in 1908. To-day it is a museum piece and much more primitive and ineffective than a Roman galley propelled by oars as compared to the most modern battleship.

Whether or not the airplane will drive the battleship out of existence entirely is yet to be proved, but nobody denies that it has greater undeveloped possibilities than any other engine of war that has yet been invented. That being so, let us look over our arsenal of naval weapons and see how we stand. I am indebted to Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam, who is an advocate of submarines and airplanes as absolutely essential adjuncts to a surface navy, for this summary of our present strength:

The United States battle fleet comprises eight dreadnoughts: Utah, Florida, Delaware, North Dakota, Wyoming, Arkansas, New York and Texas; and nine superdreadnoughts: Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Mississippi, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, Nevada and Virginia. All other battleships in the Navy are practically obsolete. Thus we have seventeen modern fighting dreadnoughts. This is a strong force.

Next to the dreadnought fleet in importance we have about 300 modern destroyers. This is a very powerful asset.

There are eleven superdreadnoughts under construction. Of these, six are between 25 per cent and 90 per cent completed as follows: California, Colorado, Maryland, Washington, West Virginia and South Dakota. It would appear good policy to complete these six ships, which would give us a very powerful battle fleet of twenty-three dreadnoughts. The remaining five superdreadnoughts are less than 25 per cent completed as follows: Indiana, Montana, North Carolina, Iowa and Massachusetts. It would appear wise to suspend further construction on these five ships for at least six months, while it can be determined whether or not they may be obsolete in the near future or if changes in their design may be advisable. They might, for instance, be completed as airplane carriers or they might be given armored decks to protect them from bombing. Inasmuch as we shall have twenty-three dreadnoughts without these five, we may wisely wait six months. These ships are not needed now, and may not be needed in the future.

Our Submarine Weakness

There are six battle cruisers under construction as follows: Lexington, Constellation, Saratoga, Ranger, Constitution and United States. These six ships are less than 10 per cent complete. It would therefore be wise to suspend construction on them for six months at least, or continue construction on their hulls and machinery so that they may, if necessary, be changed in design or be transformed into airplane carriers as circumstances may dictate.

There are ten scout cruisers under construction, from 30 per cent to 80 per cent complete, as follows: Omaha, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Raleigh, Detroit, Richmond, Concord, Trenton, Marblehead and Memphis. These cruisers should all be completed as soon as possible. Our Navy is sadly in need of cruisers. No matter what may happen as regards capital ships, cruisers of this type will always be needed.

There are forty-seven submarines under construction. They should be finished without delay. We are fatally short of submarines. There are no submarines in our Navy capable of cruising and fighting with the fleet. It is an amazing and perilous situation. There is not one long-range, up-to-date submarine or mine layer in the Navy. If devoid of submarines and air forces a surface fleet, no matter how powerful, will be practically helpless, if it meets a fleet properly supplied with these modern weapons.

It will be seen that we have now, or near completion, a powerful surface fleet. Even without the battle cruisers it is strong, because we have a vastly larger destroyer force than any nation except England. This force is so strong that, if well manned and well handled, it would so threaten a hostile fleet and so well screen our own fleet that, with scout cruisers and airplane carriers, we may not need battle cruisers. It is more than probable that the airplane and torpedo-plane carrier will soon be recognized as a capital ship, quite equal to a battle cruiser in usefulness and fighting power.

Briefly reviewing this subject of our surface fleet we find that with twenty-three dreadnoughts, 300 destroyers, and ten scout cruisers, our Navy will stand next to that of England; it will be at least 30 per cent stronger than that of Japan, and, omitting Great Britain, it will be more powerful than the combined navies of all Europe.

In the face of these facts it cannot be truthfully said that in suspending work on five battleships and six battle cruisers we are advocating a weak navy, inadequate for national defense. On the contrary, suspension of work temporarily on these vessels may safeguard us against a policy that will produce a weak navy as the only return for the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars. A surface navy alone is a one-idea navy. Such a navy is weak to-day, and it will be still weaker in the near future.

It must be evident that a modern navy will operate on three planes—the surface, above the surface and beneath the surface. These forces must exist in due proportion, and must be coördinated strategically and tactically to win a modern naval battle. The navy which lacks forces on the upper and lower planes will be seriously menaced. A one-plane navy cannot win against a three-plane navy. The Navy of the United States to-day is practically a one-plane navy. The minds of many naval officers and legislators are fixed upon one or, at most, two planes.

Sanity is demanded in the discussion of our naval policy. Extremists with single-track minds must not control. In the fighting navy of to-day battleships alone will not suffice; the submarines alone will not suffice; air forces alone will not suffice—we must have all three in proper proportion.

Recognizing this basic principle as the key to the problem for the present, the first thing to do is to determine whether or not this principle is conserved in the legislation that now shapes our building program. After supplying forces in the three planes it may of course develop in the months or years to come that the force on some one plane is of paramount importance. In that event we can modify the building program to suit a new condition.

The following is the condition of our submarine force: There are about 30 boats of from 300 to 450 tons, all unsuitable for offshore work, fit only for training; there are about 50 coastal boats from 350 to 550 tons, now in fair condition, but not intended for distant service; there are about 50 boats of 800 tons and above, some uncompleted. A few of these may be efficient, but as a class they are failures.

It appears, therefore, that in the years following the armistice the Navy Department has failed to develop any long-range boats such as the Germans sent to our coast in 1918. We have spent approximately $130,000,000 on submarines, and the Navy has not one submarine to-day fit for service with the fleet! In this the Navy Department ignores the past, neglects the present and fails utterly to anticipate the future.

It is estimated that not less than $100,000,000 is needed to-day to supply this country with an adequate submarine force. This is not quite the price of three dreadnoughts. In view of the fact that we have prospectively twenty-three dreadnoughts in our surface fleet shall we add still further to the battleship force before we supply ourselves with submarines? It is a matter of common sense. How will the money be most wisely spent? Shall we put so much money into the craft that did not control the sea in the World War that we shall have no money to provide us with the weapon that fought single-handed and nearly won against the combined navies of the world?

An Inadequate Air Force

So much for the force that operates on the lower plane of a modern three-plane navy. It remains to consider the force that operates on the upper plane.

At present the United States naval air force is pitifully inadequate to meet modern conditions. What we have is good, and the personnel is efficient and brave. But the force is so small that a hostile fleet supplied with adequate air forces could completely command the air above our surface fleet and subject it to constant bombing from above, and constant attack from torpedo planes from above and below. Nothing will justify our leaving our surface fleet to such a fate.

It is estimated that not less than $120,000,000 will be necessary to provide two modern airplane carriers together with the bombing and torpedo planes to place our naval air forces in condition to operate effectively with the fleet in modern war. This is the approximate price of three dreadnoughts. Without an air force our surface fleet, no matter how powerful, cannot exist and operate effectively if the enemy commands the air. As in the case of submarines, shall we continue to build dreadnoughts before we have provided the air weapons that are essential for both offensive and defensive naval warfare? It is once more a question of the most economical investment of our money. If we have a powerful surface fleet with no air or submarine fleet, money spent upon our Navy

(Continued on Page 75)

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(Continued from Page 72)

will be wasted. It will be a weak navy in every sense of the word.

Briefly considered, an air force with the fleet will be required for observation and scouting; for spotting, or controlling long-range gunfire; for bombing the enemy; for torpedoing the enemy by means of the torpedo plane; for placing a barrage of mines around a hostile fleet; and last, but not least, for subjecting the decks of the enemy ships to bombardment by means of nonrecoil guns which are now being mounted in airplanes. Thus airplanes will bring four weapons to bear upon surface ships—bombs, torpedoes, mines and guns. Can a force so varied and powerful be ignored while we add without limit to the surface fleet so vulnerable to attack from above and below?

In this connection it is important to note that England, France and Japan are strenuously seeking the fullest possible development of air forces. These nations see the handwriting on the wall. They realize that air power is a necessary adjunct of sea power. Indeed we may assert that sea power hereafter can exist only with the aid of air power. The fleet, or the ship, which loses the control of the air above itself cannot control the sea.

World-War Lessons

It is not intended to imply that our battleships are useless to-day and should be scrapped. But it is contended that their power and usefulness have been greatly limited of late, that they are seriously menaced, and that a full discussion of their probable and possible rôle in future warfare is necessary at this time. Surely we may assert that the battleship even as a backbone will not suffice to control the sea.

It must be considered that in future warfare the submarine will be allied with aviation—bombs, torpedoes, mines and guns from above. The battleship in the World War was comparatively immune from air attack. It is now between two fires.

Recent developments in the offensive and defensive attributes of aviation, mines, torpedoes and submarines conspire to make it impossible to send large armies across the Atlantic or the Pacific in helpless transports, however they may be escorted, against any nation properly supplied with these weapons of under-water and above-water attack and defense. In other words, it would appear that large armies will be employed hereafter only in continental, not in intercontinental, wars. The United States cannot be invaded from Europe or from Asia. Similarly we cannot invade European or Asiatic countries. The size of our Army, after properly garrisoning our far-away possessions, may therefore be determined by the probable dangers at home or on the American continent. This statement challenges contradiction.

It is wrong therefore to deceive the people of the United States by the cry that we must have a big surface navy to repel invasion. Previous to the World War, invasion of the United States would have been perfectly possible had our enemy possessed a surface navy strong enough to defeat our fleet and command the sea under conditions existing at the time. But we made no preparations against it. Neither the Administration nor the people could be aroused to the danger when it really existed. Our Army was small and our Navy inadequate, but the nation refused to lift a finger.

But to-day we may assert that with an army and navy smaller than in 1914—yes, even without any surface navy whatever—no nation could land a large army on the coast of the United States, either in the Atlantic or the Pacific, if we were supplied with an efficient submarine fleet and a powerful air force. The attacking fleet with its helpless transports could not bring with it across the sea an air force sufficiently strong to maintain the command of the air above itself. Its defense could be smothered and its ships and its army would be subjected to a merciless attack from the air above and from the sea below. The enemy could not land. It would be impossible and inhuman. The submarine and the air force therefore discourage war overseas—especially as far as the transport of armies is concerned. In this respect they are elements of peace.

It would appear that this self-evident fact, demonstrated by the World War and the Gallipoli campaign, is ignored alike by many naval officers and legislators in framing our building program. They insist on building the most expensive and the least useful craft, while depriving us of the submarine and air forces that are vital in modern war. They build upon the conditions of 1916. They are blind to the conditions of 1921. They would give us not a strong navy but a weak one.

Admiral Von Scheer, who commanded the German Fleet at Jutland, has recently expressed the following opinions:

Surface ships are tremendously expensive, and yet they are very vulnerable.

Hitherto only a few nations could afford these big ships, and so they ruled the sea. But the submarine has knocked all this into a cocked hat, and "fear of the British fleet as a fighting weapon has gone."

A great surface fleet can no longer protect a coast or overcome commerce.

Submarines can best defend or attack a coast and can best protect or destroy commerce

In short, an adequate submarine navy will enable a comparatively weak nation to pursue an overseas policy without worrying about a surface fleet.

These conclusions of Von Scheer are shared by many distinguished officers and statesmen in England and elsewhere. For instance, Lord Rothermere, formerly director of England's air force, makes the following assertions in an article entitled, The Folly of the Big Battleship.

Referring to the United States and Japan he says: "They are obviously building against each other and not against us. Great Britain cannot afford to spend money on naval construction at present. . . . If the United States and Japan persist in pursuing antiquated forms of warfare, that is no proof that capital ships will survive. . . . No nation will henceforth enjoy naval supremacy. It is a nasty pill, but we must swallow it."

These assertions—based on experience in the World War—that submarines and aviation have revolutionized naval warfare, cannot be ignored. The gist of it is that surface ships are between two dangerous fires, one from below and the other from above.

Both Rear Admiral Sims and Rear Admiral Fiske, who have wide naval reputations, not only at home but abroad, favor changing some of the least advanced in construction of the battleships now building into airplane carriers. They would both retain the battle cruisers. Admiral Sims would change six of the battleships now under construction into carriers. Admiral Fiske would change ten. Both these officers say that a fleet without airplane carriers and without an air force would be licked by a fleet accompanied by such modern adjuncts to sea fighting. Admiral Fiske puts it this way:

"I would put aviation ahead of battleships, and lest I be considered very extreme in saying that, I would like to point out that in any organization you want to strengthen your weakest point. And even supposing for the moment that the airplane carrier is not as good as a battleship, nevertheless that is the weakest point. I can put it this way: If there was to be a fight out on the ocean between an airplane carrier on the one side and two battleships on the other side, and I had to be on one side or the other, I would go on the airplane carrier rather than be on the two battleships."

The Airplane Carrier

Admiral Sims tells me: "I firmly believe that the airplane carrier of the modern type is the most powerful capital ship that can be designed. She corresponds nearly to a battleship that is able to fire torpedoes, bombs and gas effectively at an ordinary battleship from a distance of a hundred miles, and the latter's only method of defense against the attack with torpedoes and bombs is her almost wholly ineffective antiaircraft guns—and she has no possible defense against an attack by gas bombs.

"It is for this reason that I stated that if I could have my way, and if it were practicable economically and politically, I would stop the building of at least the last half of our battleships and replace them by the most up-to-date airplane carriers."

At another time the admiral gave his reasons for his belief in substantially these terms:

"I do not hesitate to say this: That so great is the menace of airplane attack that our fleet as it stands to-day, and what it will be when the ships under construction are completed, would be of little use in a contest with another fleet adequately supplied with an air force and with improved submarines, and our fleet would easily be defeated. In order to make our fleet of any real use we have got to develop that air force, because it is being developed on the other side with great rapidity.

"We will assume that some nation is building in competition with us and builds airplanes and airplane carriers; we will assume that the airplane carrier is a capital ship and that she builds, we will say, 20 airplane carriers, while we build 16 battleships and 4 airplane carriers. Now each of those fleets will be provided with auxiliary ships, each one having 6 battle cruisers, 100 light destroyers, 30 light cruisers and 30 submarines. In other words, we will assume that the fleets are identical in all respects except that one has put his money into airplane carriers, 20 of them, while the other has 16 battleships and 4 airplane carriers. Now each of these airplane carriers carries 30 planes—10 torpedo planes and 20 bombing and fighting planes; or, in other words, 20 carriers would carry 600 airplanes, while the other fleet would carry in its 4 airplane carriers 120 airplanes. Now if we are to assume that the claims of the inventors of these machines are anywhere near true, it simply means that the enemy would readily wipe out the 120 planes that we have got, because they would have 5 to 1."

Admiral Sims' Warning

"In other words, the fleet that has the greatest number of planes will command the air, and they will be in a position to carry out their operations against the other fleet by torpedo attack and by bombing planes at their pleasure. If the claims of the airplane people are true, it simply means that an airplane fleet of the kind described would inevitably defeat the other. There can be no question about that. Now what we need—and in order not to be caught napping, and in order not to go on waiting until somebody develops something for us to follow—is to find out about this. To do that we have got to put some money, time and some steam behind the development of the airplanes themselves—that is to say, behind the development of the torpedo-carrying planes, the torpedoes that they will carry, and the airplane carrier for the planes to fly off from. I do not think there is any question at all in reference to the efficiency of our fleet that is of anything like the importance of pushing ahead with this development of airplanes and airplane carriers."

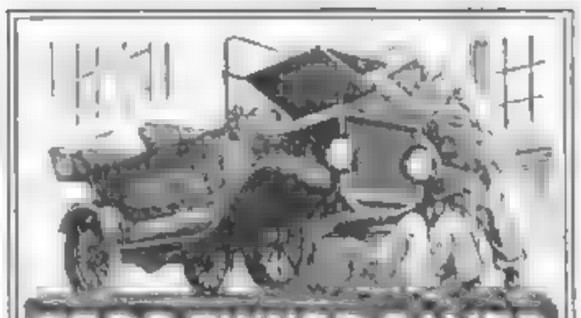
Competition in armaments is always based on fear of what other nations are doing. There is no getting away from that. Fear, that ignoblest and most despicable of all the emotions that move man, is the controlling influence. It is the fears of a people skillfully played upon that induce them to pay grinding taxes to support great fleets and armies. As long as one goes armed the other must arm. If this spirit of emulation could be evoked and incited in matters of public welfare, if we could not rest content until we had such good roads, such good music, art, literature, drama, such good municipal government, such intensive and economical agricultural development; in brief, if we threw all our national resources, will and intelligence into acquiring in this country the highest development found in any other country for the peace, comfort and government of mankind, the millennium would be hastened by at least a hundred thousand years.

But not a chance, so why dream?

Since, however, armament is a matter of competition, for that reason only I consent to consider what the nations are doing toward reaching a decision about the relative merits of battleships and aircraft. No battleship or battle cruiser has been laid down in Great Britain since the Hood was begun in 1916, though recent news dispatches refer to an intention to build four capital ships. The battleships that were being built in Italy and France have been abandoned. It is only the United States and Japan that are pushing forward a big construction program of capital surface ships.

In England there has been recently a public controversy covering a period of weeks on the general question of how Great Britain shall maintain her supremacy at sea. It is assumed as a basic and axiomatic

(Continued on Page 78)



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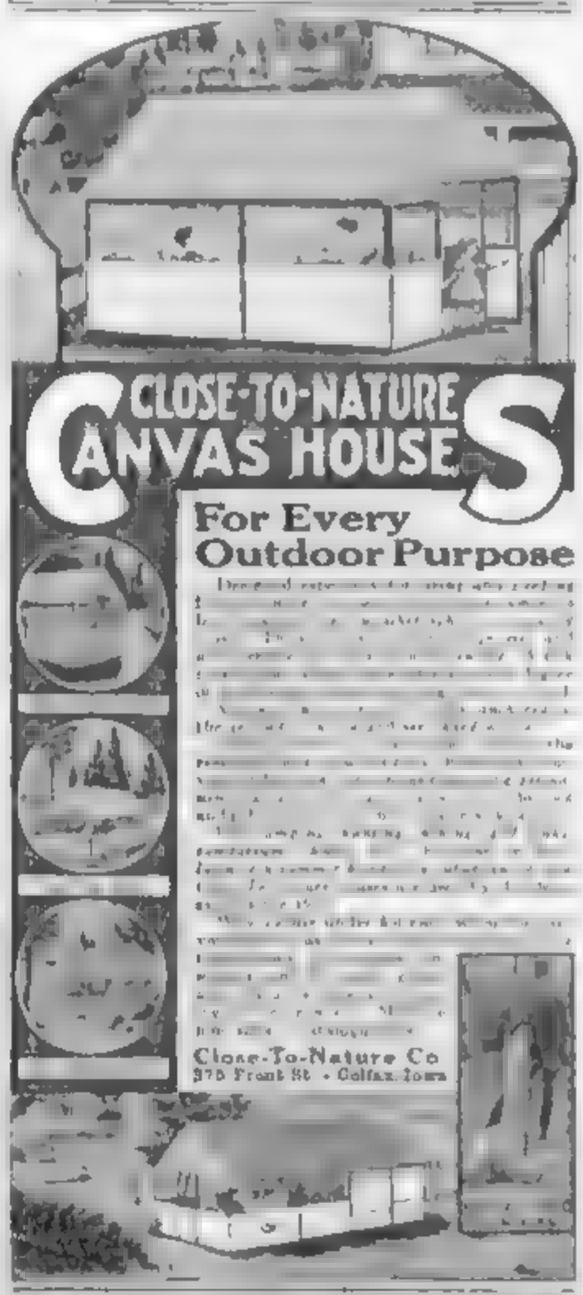

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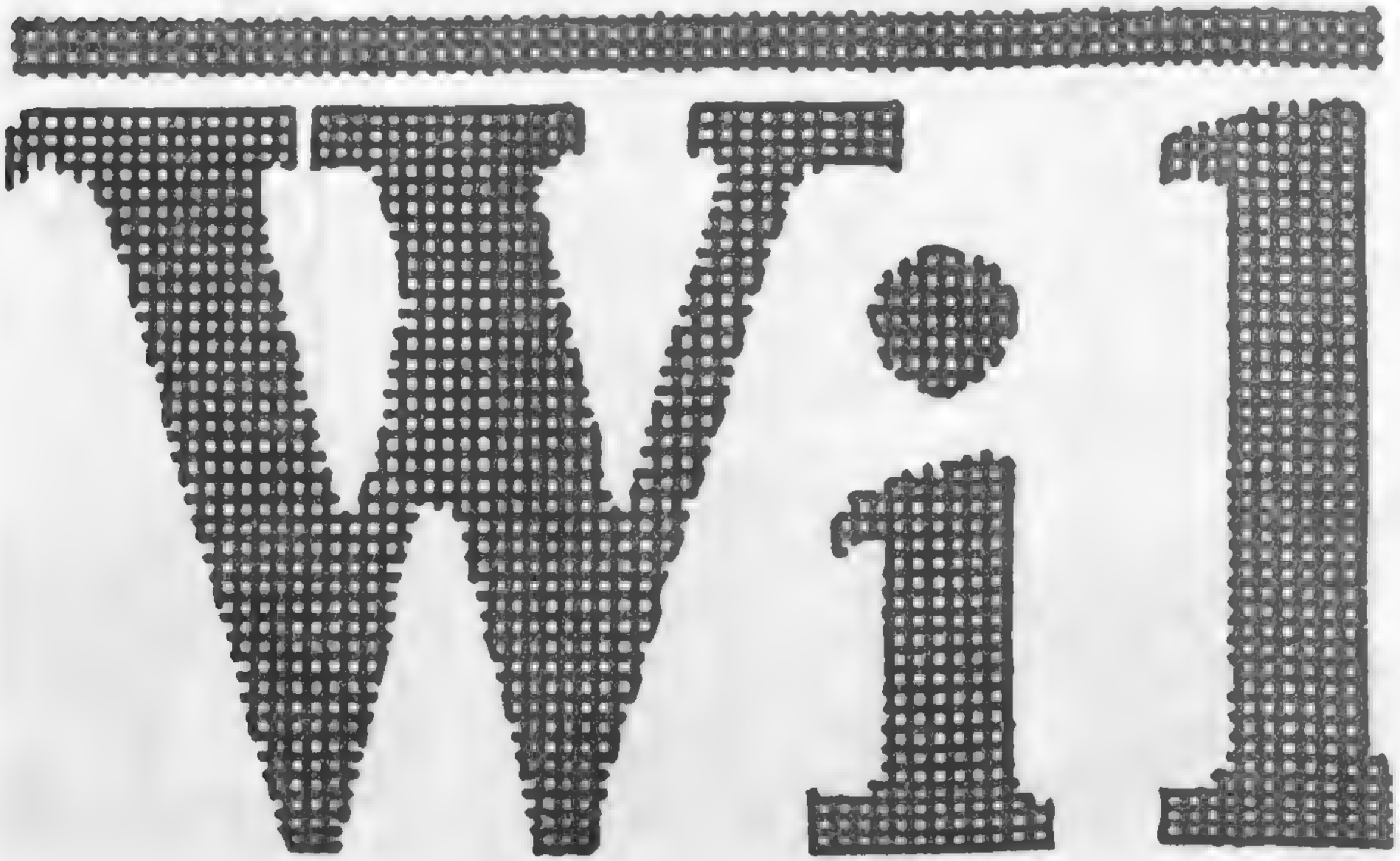
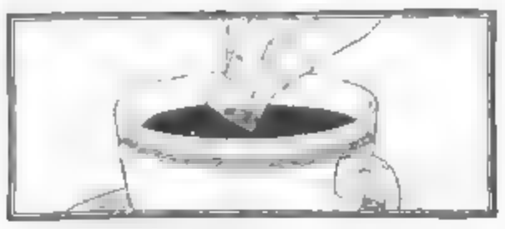


Try this with a Lump of Sugar



Just let a corner of the lump touch the surface of the coffee in your cup. Instantly you'll see the coffee drawn up by the grains of sugar until the lump is soaked with the liquid. It's a simple but striking example of *capillary attraction*, the principle on which the action of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation depends. Every piece of Threaded Rubber is pierced by 196,000 tiny threads, and every thread is a wick soaking up battery solution in just the same way as the sugar soaks up the coffee. Thus the threads not only permit but actually help the free circulation of the battery solution. The threads make the rubber porous.

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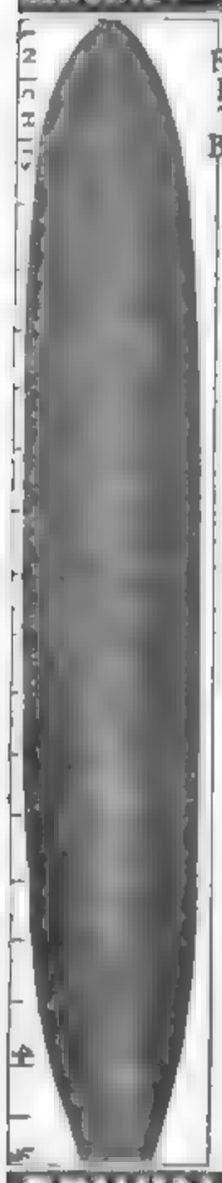

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(Continued from Page 75)

fact by the British that the British Empire is maintained by control of the seas. They take it for granted that once they lose power to guard their trade routes and lanes of water communication they are undone as a great power. That belief and that understanding pervade every stratum of the British community. Even the least informed and most ignorant know that the navy is Britain's sure shield against a foreign foe.

The controversy in England took the form of a debate over the query raised by Admiral Sir Percy Scott: "What is the use of a battleship?" Sir Percy said the one correct reply was given by a midshipman, who answered, "No damned use at all," and he continuously urged upon the Admiralty and the advocates of big surface ships to put forward a convincing rebuttal.

Since that time Great Britain has reduced her naval estimates, has declined to join in the construction race of big battleships, and it has been testified before Congress that she is developing her aviation for use over the waters from airplane carriers; that she has six such carriers, maybe more; and that Japan has projected carriers and is going in for an air-development program. Reports have also reached this country, and have been repeated to committees of Congress, of experiments the British have been conducting with airplanes against surface craft. One of these reports is of a war game when eight planes carrying torpedoes flew from Gosport and attacked a squadron at Portsmouth. It is related that six of the torpedoes hit their marks and that the planes got away unhurt if not undetected. Of course it was only a game and the torpedoes did not carry explosive charges.

It is clear, at any rate, that a large and influential element of English naval opinion is convinced that sea supremacy and maintenance of sea lanes and water communications involve dominance of the air over the water.

We, too, have had experiments here. Our Navy bombed from airplanes the old battleship Indiana. Congress was told that more than 41 per cent of hits were made in the danger zone from a height of 6000 feet—that is, hits directly on the ship or so near that she would have been damaged. A bomb containing 900 pounds of TNT was laid on the deck near the forward eight-inch turret on the port side of the ship and exploded. The upper boat deck was blown off, the second and third decks were wrecked fore and aft, and the explosion penetrated downward to the fourth deck. Some competent naval officers say that the forward magazine would have been blown up had the ship been in action at the time, thus completely destroying it. This bomb, mind you, was not dropped from a height, but was simply laid on the deck and exploded.

Further tests will be made this summer bombing old ships. Air-service officers look forward to these tests with great eagerness and confidence. They say flatly that after 500 years of cannon development gunners cannot make more than 5 per cent of hits at 20,000 yards, while airmen dropping bombs can make a much higher percentage.

There you have, as fairly as I can set it forth, the case of the enlightened naval officers who believe in the value of the airplane as a new and effective weapon. If the office of a warship is almost wholly to transport destructive power to a place where it can be used against an enemy, then it does seem to have been proved that the big bombing plane has virtually supplanted the big surface superdreadnought. What do you think? You will pay the bill, whatever decision Congress makes. We can save a good many million dollars by building a smaller number of battleships and constructing airplanes and fast airplane carriers. We can't be invaded, and surely we don't want to spend our money on weapons when there is even a chance that they may be obsolete. Any business man would not hesitate to reduce expenses by putting in improved machinery. That is what this whole problem of the airplane versus the battleship seems to be when reduced to terms. Doesn't it seem that way to you?

DELILAH

(Continued from Page 11)

When they had gleaned from the menu some trifles that appealed, Mrs. Wicks said: "Mr. Lee has a horse running to-morrow, Delilah—oh, that was a slip, Mrs. Owen. I heard your husband call you that—it seems so just to suit you; it's so unusual; it's like a beautiful name for a handsome race horse."

"Yes, Mrs. Wicks, call me Delilah. I like it."

"Will Slipper Dance win the stake to-morrow, Mr. Lee? Do you like him?" Mrs. Wicks asked.

"He's a mud runner, and the track is lightnin' fast," Lee answered. "He won't have a chance. I may not start him unless it rains, because he's lame, and a hard track would do him a lot of harm."

"My husband thinks Drummer has a good chance," Mrs. Wicks said; then added, "but he hasn't much faith in Drummer's owner."

"Well, Mrs. Wicks, your husband is a pretty shrewd judge of horses and men," Lee said oilily. "On a fast track Drummer should run a good race."

The pale-blue eyes of Mrs. Wicks suddenly popped forward in their fatty holdings. They were fixed on the door as if she had seen a ghost.

"There's Mr. Wicks!" she exclaimed, apprehension in her voice. "He's looking for me—I've got the key of the room. I forgot to tell him I was coming in here." She flourished to her feet, the chair screeching back on the tiled floor as she pushed upward. "Excuse me," she apologized. "I'll be back—unless there's something important."

"The poor old lady won't come back," Lee commented with a smile. "She's just a valet to that old pirate."

"I'm sorry," Delilah declared.

"I'm not. I like Mrs. Wicks. But—well, I'm much obliged to old Wicks. First time I ever liked him."

Delilah toyed with an ice, apparently oblivious of everything but its quality.

"I saw you at the races to-day, Mrs. Owen," Lee advanced.

"Did you?"

"Did I? I'll tell the world I did!"

"Don't! The world makes a bad confidant."

Barney laughed.

"I thought so. I knew you could say things like that."

Delilah allowed her wonderful eyes to express just nothing as she looked at Lee.

"Were you betting to-day?" he asked to recover his equilibrium from the disconcerting eyes.

"My husband put ten dollars on some horse ——"

"And it stayed put?" Barney laughed.

"Yes, my husband is a mining man and doesn't know anything about horses."

Delilah had stated this more or less fact with swift casuistry. Lee's beady eyes, his crispness of speech, indicated that he was furtive, suspicious. If she were to learn from him anything about Slipper Dance he must not entertain the idea that this knowledge would be conveyed to a heavy better.

"Are you going to the track to-morrow, Mrs. Owen?" Lee asked.

"I may if it's fine, though I'm afraid my husband will be busy in the city."

"Come over—if it rains come sure. I've got a car, and you can listen to the patter of the rain on the shingles—your husband, too, if he'll come." He leaned partly across the table and, lowering his voice, said: "If it rains I'll make you win enough on Slipper Dance to buy the best diamond in Detroit."

"I hope it rains," and Delilah smiled sympathetically.

"You heard what I told Mrs. Wicks about Slipper Dance being lame?" he asked.

Delilah nodded.

"Well, she shouldn't have asked that question, and she tells old Wicks everything. He's got betters behind him all over the country, and he'd wire it away. Then the odds against my horse would be cut to nothing."

"I see. Racing is an intricate business. It takes a smart man to succeed," and Delilah's eyes clothed her words with admiration.

"You bet it does!" Barney declared. "The sharks think Slipper Dance is lame and can't win, no matter what the track is like. I don't help them forget that, either. I don't tell them any lies. Slipper Dance has got a crack in his frog, and he races in a bar plate that protects that. All the trainer's got to do is to take that off and put an ordinary plate on when he's working him and the horse limps comin' off the track."

"Awfully clever, Mr. Lee."

Barney accepted this compliment magnanimously and added, "Slipper Dance won't limp none to-morrow if I tell you to win the big diamond over him."

Looking up suddenly, Lee caught the black eyes of Delilah off guard. Their languor had given place to a look that startled him. He was a clever little animal. His brains usually worked with the quick celerity of a stop watch, and he realized that he had been drawn out of himself by the fascinating Delilah. The desire for her admiration had dulled his racing acumen. But it was too late to retract anything. Delilah was too clever for him to attempt to invalidate what he had said.

"I've told you something, Mrs. Owen, that if you was to repeat might cause me a big loss. I've trusted you with a stable secret. You'll play just as square with me, won't you?" Barney asked.

"I appreciate your confidence. I won't mention it," Delilah promised readily.

"Your husband?"

"I couldn't tell him without—well, without telling him too much, could I?"

Barney held out his small, well-shaped hand.

"We'll just shake on that."

Delilah let the tips of her long, tapering fingers rest on his palm for an instant. The cold, unresponsive touch somehow was not too reassuring. Their hands clasped, eyes focused, they were startled by a voice at Delilah's elbow saying, "Well, some little party!"

Delilah smothered a startled exclamation; and Lee, raising his eyes, saw a powerful-looking man, something in his face that suggested trouble.

"Oh, Stewart, you gave me a start!" Delilah gasped; then, "This is my husband, Mr. Lee."

As Barney rose to his feet Owen drawled, a supercilious curve to his lip, "If you're quite ready we'll leave Mr. Lee to finish his supper."

The little man's black, beady eyes blazed. There was something so contemptuous in Owen's attitude; it was like a mastiff thrusting a terrier out of his way. It was not alone the sneering affront of Owen's words; he had discovered, so he fancied, that he had been duped. He recognized Delilah's husband as the man he had seen with Jack Andrews, the owner of Drummer. There was no mistaking that athletic figure, that hat, that independent swing. Owen had been pointed out to him as the man who was backing Jack Andrews; and he, smart, secretive Barney Lee, had confided in this man's clever wife; had fallen a victim to her hypnotic eyes; had told her a stable secret. He was suffused with suppressed passion as Delilah, bowing to him, passed out beside Owen.

"I'll make the big boob pay for this," he snarled vindictively. "Delilah! She's well named, and I'm in the same class as Samson."

Up in their room Delilah explained that Mrs. Wicks had introduced Barney and then had been called away by her husband.

"If you were out gunnin' for a man, girl, why did you bring down a guttersnipe like that?" was Owen's comment.

Of course Owen had a heavy debit on the marital slate, and Delilah mercilessly proceeded to balance accounts, disdaining any defense except her brief statement as to the chance meeting. Even the stable information she pocketed, feeling that Owen's manner did not entitle him to anything. They wrangled themselves asleep.

Almost as if it were a jangling retort the metal cup on the phone buzzed in a jingling clamor. It was the six-o'clock call, Delilah gleaned, as she unhooked the receiver. She had slept all night.

She shook Owen, saying, "Are you coming to the course? It's time to get up."

"I'm not so crazy," he retorted drowsily.

"I'm going," Delilah declared.

Before Delilah had finished dressing Andrews called up from below to ask if they

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

were coming, adding that it was a glorious morning.

"Coming—please wait," Delilah answered, and soon she was ready, and had joined Andrews at his waiting car. Luckily there was no delay at the ferry, and in forty minutes they were on the course.

The air had been chilly as they crossed the river, but as they stepped from the car at the stable, Number A-5, where Andrews' horses were, the morning sun had softened the nipping tang, and Delilah drew a deep breath of tonicked satisfaction. It was, as Andrews had said, glorious, something worth while; it carried a hint of the joy of living, of being alive. Graceful striding creatures, thoroughbreds, saddled, were being ridden or led out to the course for their morning gallop; others were coming in, looking as joyous as schoolboys out for a romp. Andrews spoke to his trainer:

"This is Mrs. Owen. I've brought her over to see Drummer work out. We'll go over and watch him from the stand."

A work-out suggested to Delilah something of excitement; but sitting beside the patriarch, who held his glasses on the big chestnut, she saw Drummer loaf lazily around the course like a good-natured hack. But when he turned into the stretch he broke into a dazzling sprint and came tearing up the track, his mouth wide open, as though he laughed at the joke. Even to Delilah, knowing not overmuch of horses, the way that symmetrical chestnut body, with its blood lines, seemed to settle down, spread out into muscularity, with hoofs beating at the course when the boy on his back gave him the rein, was a joy that thrilled her. Speed there had a soul, a vital force—something of the beauty of creation. It was different from the silent, almost vicious speed of a racing car—the dead meaninglessness of rapid machinery.

The somber man at her side was exulting—muttering with pride.

"The ol' hawse jus' loves that. See him comin', missis! He's got a heart as big as a punkin, an' he jus' loves to run—spread 'em great quarters when the goin's good. An' that's what I wanted to know—if the track jus' suited him, an' it does. The ol' hawse's got brains. He'll always tell Cooper in the mornin' jus' what to expect, an' he ain't never throwed him down—he ain't never quit in a race. See him comin' back now? He's jus' tickled to death. He'll jus' go into his box, an' when the boy has rubbed him down he'll clean up his oats same's a tramp puts away an apple pie."

Delilah accompanied Andrews back to the stable. As they stood in front of Drummer's stall she saw a bay head with a white blotch in the forehead hanging over the half door in a stall across the way. The head looked strangely familiar.

"Isn't that Viper?" she asked, pointing.

"That's Viper," the patriarch answered, turning to view the white-blotched forehead. "An' that black hawse you see in the next stall is Barney Lee's Slipper Dance, the hawse I told you 'bout las' night."

"I'd love to see Viper," Delilah said.

"Come on then," and Andrews took her across the open space between the stables, saying to a stableman sitting on an upturned pail, "This lady's a friend of Mrs. Wicks, an' she wants to look at your hawse." Lowering his voice he added to Delilah, "I'll mosey 'cross to my own stable. I don't want no truck with Wicks or his hawses."

Viper pricked his ears and stretched out his pink flesh-colored muzzle toward Delilah, inviting a caress.

The stableman, who had risen from his pail, said: "Don't be afeared, ma'am. Viper's powerful fond of ladies. The boys've got to be kinder careful of him, 'cause he's nervous with 'em; but a lady could sleep between his feet an' he wouldn't hurt her."

Viper was sniffing at Delilah's coat pockets as she drew closer, nibbling at them with his soft, flexible lips.

"He thinks p'r'aps you've got some sugar for him—he's some beggar," and, grinning, the man handed Delilah a paper bag of sugar cubes, saying, "Go inside, lady, an' hold the sugar behind your back. He'll kiss you on the cheek till he gets it. Don't be afeared of him."

The man swung the half door, Delilah passed inside, and Viper, with ears pricked, a friendly longing in his big brown eyes, put his muzzle up to her cheek, saying plainly, "Please, please."

She heard the stableman say: "One of our horses is comin' in. I've got to go an' get him into his stall; but you stay right there an' pet old Viper—he loves it."

With her back to the wall, tempting the thoroughbred with the sugar behind her back, Delilah was conscious of a soft negro voice in the next stall drooling to Slipper Dance to the accompaniment of a curry brush.

"Ol' Slippah," the soft voice said, "you goin' leave me heah. You ain't goin' get me dat railway ticket to get me down home to ol' Kaintuck. Dere's some little yeller gals dere waitin' foh me. Ain't de good Lawd goin' send no sof' track foh youah ol' sof' foot so's Charlie can win 'nough to go home? 'Tain't youah fault dat you got dat sore heel, ol' Slippah."

Suddenly Delilah started and stood rigid. A lump of sugar dropped from her fingers, and Viper buried his nose in the straw hunting for it.

The sharp snarling voice of Barney Lee cut into the darky's monologue, saying: "Here, you, clear out! We want to look Slipper Dance over. Git!"

There was silence save for a rustle of moving feet in the straw. Then she heard Lee speaking again:

"It's this way, Burt: I'm goin' to start this horse to-day if he breaks down."

"On a fast track? Goin' to uncover him to-day?" the thick voice of the trainer queried.

"No, I don't want him to win. What should win it if Slipper's not wanted?"

"Devastator is the class, but I guess his trip up has sent him back. Drummer looks good to me."

"That's why I'm starting the black. Devastator's got to win. D'you understand?"

"What's the play, Mr. Lee?"

"I've been stung! There's a big stiff named Owen—he's backin' Andrews. I didn't know it was his dame I stacked up against last night, and she hooked me for fair. I guess that fathead framed it to find out about Slipper Dance for Jack Andrews."

"A skirt, eh?" and Delilah could hear Burt chuckle.

"I fell for it like a boob, because she's a swell looker and as clever as they make 'em. I don't know what came over me. I gave it away that Slipper Dance was good."

"What good is that goin' to do them?" Burt queried.

"It ain't—do you understand? What I'm sore at is that they framed me. I guess they was afraid Slipper could run on a fast track an' we was coverin' up, 'cause this four-flushin' minin' man, Owen, phoned Rob McKee at Buffalo this mornin' early two thousand on Drummer. That's my book, see? Rob called me up here at the track, askin' if he'd hold it or lay it off. I told him to hold it. That's two thousand won if Drummer's beat. D'you get it?"

"Yes, I got you now."

"You've only half got me. This stiff, Owen, insulted me last night, and it was all part of the bluff."

"I see; you want to get even."

"I want to bet that two thousand that's found money on Devastator. You give Jockey Wells his instructions how to ride Slipper Dance to kill off Drummer. He won't have to do much, because if Drummer gets shut off a couple of times Devastator'll win. I owe Jack Andrews something too. He crooked me once."

Delilah had heard enough. She slipped from the stall, fearing that she might be discovered, walked rapidly past the long row of stalls beneath the veranda, crossed over and retraced her steps back to Andrews' stable. Then a thought flashed into her mind that Lee would see her, for she was in full view of Slipper Dance's stall. She did not want to meet the little crook in her present anger, so she turned again and passed around the end of the long line of stables, and sauntering over to the gate that led out of the paddock, waited there, bathing in the warm sunshine.

Turning her head to look back she saw Lee coming toward the entrance. He had recognized her, for now he lifted his hat—perhaps he had seen her going and had followed. Knowing what she did Delilah was astonished at the man's audacity. He was as gracious as he had been before the advent of Owen the previous evening. This really clever simulation reacted on Delilah, and she, too, became an artist of deceit.

"It was too bad, Mrs. Owen," Lee began, "for your husband to misunderstand the situation. Of course, if a man is jealous of a pretty wife, that's just about what he'll do—flare up without waiting to discover if he's right or wrong. I suppose I can hardly blame him, though at the time I was paralyzed."

As Lee let flow the oleaginous expressions of magnanimity Delilah was puzzled. Knowing his actual feelings, she wondered what he was leading up to—something, of course.

"I explained the whole matter to Mr. Owen," Delilah said quietly.

"That ought to square it then," Lee declared. "I'm glad you did. I took a great fancy to you, and was blaming myself for getting you in wrong. I want to offset that by doing you a good turn."

"Now it's coming," Delilah murmured to herself.

Lee mistook the smile of derision that curved her red lips for one of yielding friendship.

"I told you last night," he resumed, "that Slipper Dance could win in the mud because he was good; but, though I was unusually communicative, I didn't tell you all. He will win to-day on this fast track, and you must have a good bet on him."

Although schooling herself to control Delilah was startled. Not satisfied to make Owen lose two thousand over Drummer by interference, he was now trying to cause her a heavy loss on a horse that was to be pulled—Slipper Dance.

Lee misunderstood the hesitancy that his plot had given rise to, and added: "Slipper Dance can run just as well on a dry track as he can in the mud, with that protecting plate on. Because I generally run him in the mud to favor his sore heel the public has an impression that he's nothing but a mudder. I'm going to show them to-day. I've sent away a big commission on him, and on a dry track he'll be ten to one. Don't repeat what I've told you—just make a big win and say nothing."

"I won't tell a soul to bet on Slipper Dance," Delilah answered cryptically. "I must go back to my friends now, Mr. Lee. I'll tell you to-night how much I win over Slipper Dance."

There was a sardonic smile on Barney's thin lips as he said, "Yes, do that little thing. It'll give me great pleasure to know just how you come out on it."

When Delilah returned to the stable Andrews said: "Was lookin' for you, Mrs. Owen; but I guess you're so fond of hawses that you've been enjoyin' yourself. They're better to look at'n most people you see on the streets, anyway. If you're ready we'll be goin' back."

"I want to tell you something, Mr. Andrews," Delilah said, moving slowly away toward the grassed plot beyond the stables. The patriarch kept pace with her and when they were quite by themselves she related what had occurred. Andrews stroked his gray beard, offering no other sign of astonished anger.

"Just what I'd expec' of that shrimp," he declared—"jus' what he'd do. An' he's so dang cunnin' he'd swear the boy's life away—his ridin' life if he was ketched."

"You'll report it to the race people and stop it, won't you, Mr. Andrews?"

Again the patriarch had a conference with his beard, and extracted from its long, straggling growth a different method.

"I guess I got a better plan, Mrs. Owen. That way'd get Jockey Wells in wrong with the stewards. He'd be set down, 'cause they'd figger that Barney'd know he'd do it had done it afore. Barney wouldn't get ketched in his own trap; he'd bet on my hawse 'stead of Devastator. Besides, you'd get all tangled up in it, too, Mrs. Owen, an' 'tain't no place for a lady up there tellin' the stewards all 'bout crooked hawse racin'."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Andrews! I hadn't thought of that."

"Yes'm. Jockey Wells is over at the course now—I jus' seen him; an' Barney Lee's gone on out. You'd bes' take a leetle walk over with me, an' I guess we can fix it; I guess we can, an' no harm done to nobody but the snake that tried to frame this."

At the course Andrews said: "You jus' go an' sit up in the stand, kinder back a leetle. I'll bring the boy up an' we'll educate him between us; we'll explain to him the wickedness of pullin' hawses."

In a few minutes the patriarch came up into the stand where Delilah sat, with him Jockey Wells.

Wells was a curious type, a chubby little fellow with an immature, juvenile expression. A little pug nose made his face simous; the blue eyes were the eyes of a baby; but when they fell upon Delilah's beautiful face the baby eyes tensed from the washed-out blueness to appreciative violet.

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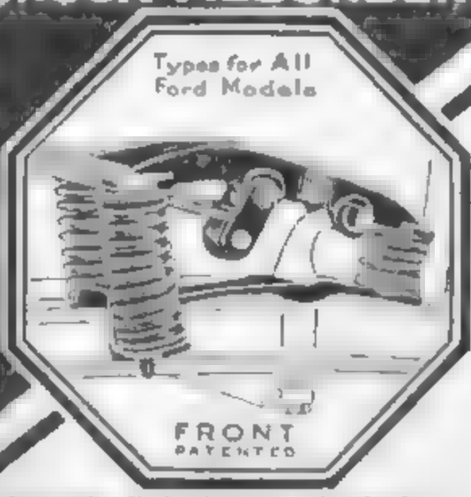

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"This lady is Mrs. Owen, Wells," Andrews said. "Her husband is a mighty fine man, an' puts down a good big bet sometimes on a hawse."

The baby shifted uneasily from one foot to the other; he turned his head and looked at the stairway; he sensed a desire for a tip on some horse.

"I don't know anythin' to-day, Mr. Andrews ——"

"But we know somethin', Wells, an' we're goin' to put you wise—we don't want no tip," the patriarch declared.

Wells looked relieved.

"This lady was in Viper's stall this mornin'," Andrews continued, "an' she overheard Barney Lee an' trainer Burt talkin', an' this is what they was talkin' 'bout." Then Andrews related all that had occurred, the little man sitting with troubled face, listening in silence.

When Andrews had come to the end of the story Wells exclaimed: "I'm sick of that sort of thing! Mr. Godson, who is a good man to ride for—for a boy that wants to win—offered Barney Lee fifteen thousand dollars for his contrac' on me, an' I wanted to go to Godson. I'd 've give five thousand dollars myself to get clear. But Lee clung to the papers an' wouldn't turn the contrac' over to Godson. You know Barney Lee, Mr. Andrews, jus's well's I do, so I ain't givin' nothin' away when I say I'm sick of it."

"I knowed you was, Billy—anybody'd get sick of that skunk. An' I ain't goin' to report this to the stewards, 'cause that'd look mighty bad for you—mighty bad, special if you had a bit of bad racin' luck an' put up a loose ride on Slipper Dance. I guess you'd get the gate. You got a good many years of ridin' ahead of you at a salary bigger'n a bank manager's. You can ride at a hundred pounds, an' you ain't growed none—you ain't no bigger'n you was when you rode for me three years ago—so you've got a good many years ahead of you in the saddle. If you was to put up a bad ride on Slipper Dance to-day, an' this come out, you'd chuck away more'n a hundred thousan' dollars, 'cause you can earn that in five years."

"I won't put up a bad ride," the little fellow declared. "If the trainer says anythin' to me about jobbin' Drummer I'll speak to the paddock judge."

"Don't do that, Billy! Jus' don't say nothin', but ride straight. Drummer's got plenty of foot, an' you'd have to ride Slipper Dance under the whip to cut him off. I'll be holdin' the glasses on you—p'r'aps I'll be in the infield. The patrol judge'll be watchin' for rough work, an' the stewards in the stand an' Judge Frank'll be watchin', so if you done any rough ridin' this lady'd tell 'em what she'd heerd, an' you know what'd happen. Don't say nothin' to Barney Lee or the trainer. Jus' ride Slipper Dance's if he was all alone in that race. I ain't goin' to say nothin' 'bout this. I'm jus' goin' to hold it over Barney Lee, an' some day I'll put a crimp in him."

"I'll do that, Mr. Andrews; I'll ride Slipper's if I'd got orders to win if I could. But I'll tell you somethin', sir—I might beat your horse to-day."

"On a fast track?"

"Yes, sir. Barney Lee told this lady the truth when he said Slipper Dance could run on a fast track."

"How could it be the truth, Mr. Wells, when he was lying to me to get me to bet on the horse?" Delilah asked.

"Barney Lee is a clever crook—that's what he is. He'd figger that p'r'aps you'd heard that, because some people think that it's true, an' you'd believe him when he said he was goin' to win to-day. He didn't know you heard him say he was goin' to have the horse pulled."

Wells turned to Andrews.

"I worked Slipper Dance at Saratoga in the summer a mile an' an eighth—that's the distance to-day—in 1:53, an' he done it with his mouth wide open; I never moved on him. Lee's been coverin' this up, waitin' to make a big killin' on the horse; an' if I ride him out to-day that killin' may come off an' the owner not on."

A troubled look came to the patriarch's eyes. He had had suspicions of this very thing.

Delilah exclaimed: "I'm going to bet on Slipper Dance then, Mr. Wells."

"I didn't mean that it was a good thing, Mrs. Owen," the boy answered. "'Tain't! I've just said he might win. He'll have that plate over his cracked frog. The trainer'll leave it on so's he'll gallop fast enough to interfere with Drummer, but if his tender foot started to heat up poundin' this hard track he might quit."

"I'll back Slipper Dance," Delilah insisted.

The boy held out his tiny hand to Delilah, saying: "You can take my word for it that I'll ride him to win; and, Mr. Andrews, Slipper Dance won't interfere none with Drummer if I can help it. You've give me a square deal on this, an' that's more'n Lee was givin' me. He was takin' a chance of gettin' me ruled off, an' I wasn't to have a say in the matter. He might've ruined my life, 'cause I ain't fit for no other work but just ridin' horses."

As Andrews and Delilah motored back to Detroit the patriarch roused himself from a deep cogitation to say: "I jus' guess we've got Barney Lee lashed to the mast. There's jus' one more thing I'd like to put over on him to-day to learn him not to be so dang crooked. If I'd the money to spare I'd claim Slipper Dance outer that race. I ain't got a mud runner in my barn, an' they're mighty useful to pay the feed bill."

"What would he sell Slipper Dance for, Mr. Andrews?"

The old man expressed a clucking noise that was meant for a chuckle.

"Barney Lee ain't got no say in the matter. He entered his hawse at fifteen hundred to get a light weight on his back, thinkin' there might come a muddy track. The purse is two thousand, with about two hundred entry fees added; the second hawse gets four hundred, and the third two hundred—that leaves sixteen hundred to the winner. Anybody that's got a hawse in that race can claim Slipper Dance by puttin' thirty-one hundred dollars in an envelope with a wrote claim, an' deposit it in a box in the secretary's office fifteen minutes before the race. After the race the hawse is his, if there ain't no other claims. He's got to keep that hawse for thirty days—the hawse can't run in nobody else's name for thirty days—it's agin the rules."

"And if there are other claims, Mr. Andrews?"

"They draw for the hawse—fust envelope outer the box gets the hawse."

Delilah's eyes sparkled. The patriarch's words had set her blood tingling with a desire to deal Lee a crushing blow, and also own a race horse. The atmosphere of the morning, the beautiful thoroughbreds, the tense interest that the brave creatures excited, had crept into her blood.

"I've got ten thousand dollars of the money I won on Condor in a bank in Toronto," she said. "If I had it here I'd buy Slipper Dance and give him to you to train. Wouldn't that be lovely?"

"He'd win himself out, Mrs. Owen, 'bout the fust time he started, if he was well placed," the old man advised.

"I wish I had the money here," Delilah sighed. "I wonder if I could get it by wire in time."

Andrews pondered this matter in silence for a little. A good horse in his stable with somebody to pay a training fee wasn't so bad, not so bad at all. He would also get a part of the winnings—he'd see to that.

"If you're dead sot on gettin' Slipper Dance, Mrs. Owen," he said presently, "I guess it could be managed. I got a credit balance with the Orworth track, 'cause I won over four thousand in purses at the meet. I could put my check in with the claim, an' it'd hold good; then if you got the hawse you could give me your check."

"Do that, please," Delilah cried eagerly. "Don't tell Stewart anything about it. It'll be like getting a horse for nothing, because I won the money on Condor. It won't be Stewart's money at all."

"I'll attend to it, Mrs. Owen," the patriarch declared. "If you change your mind let me know half an hour before the race."

"I won't change my mind," Delilah declared emphatically. "I'd just love to have a race horse."

"I guess a woman mos' always wants somethin' to look after. Some of 'em, if they ain't got babies, gets 'em dang bleareyed, four-legged mops they call dogs. Some of 'em does wuss. They string with half a dozen dif'rent men—that's wuss still."

"One man is enough for me, Lord knows," Delilah laughed.

"He's kinder frisky, but I guess he's in good hands; an' he ain't got no meanness in him—jus' got a kinder healthy idee everybody's on the level. Lor', when he laughs one wants to give him a hawse or somethin'," the patriarch said.

(Continued on Page 85)

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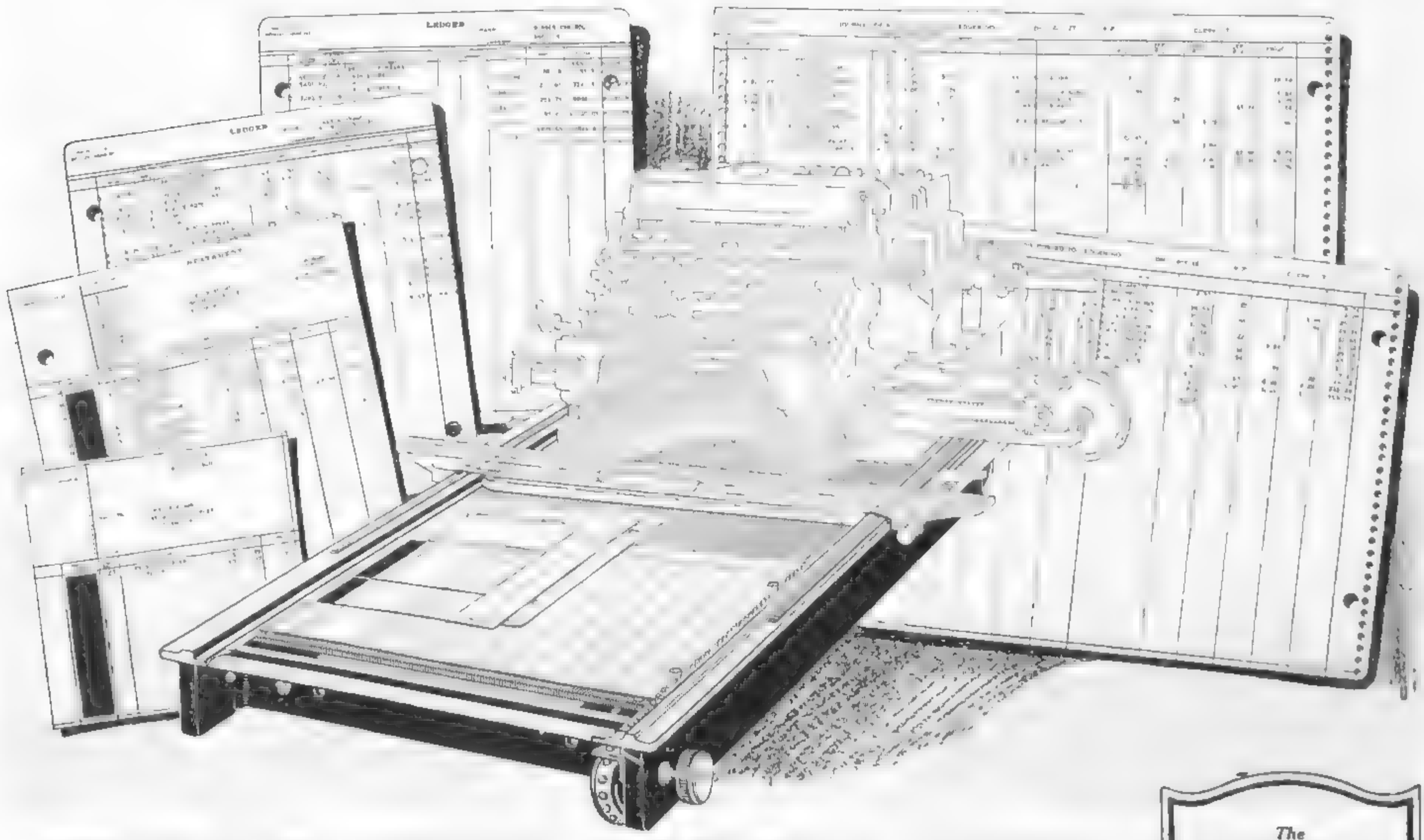

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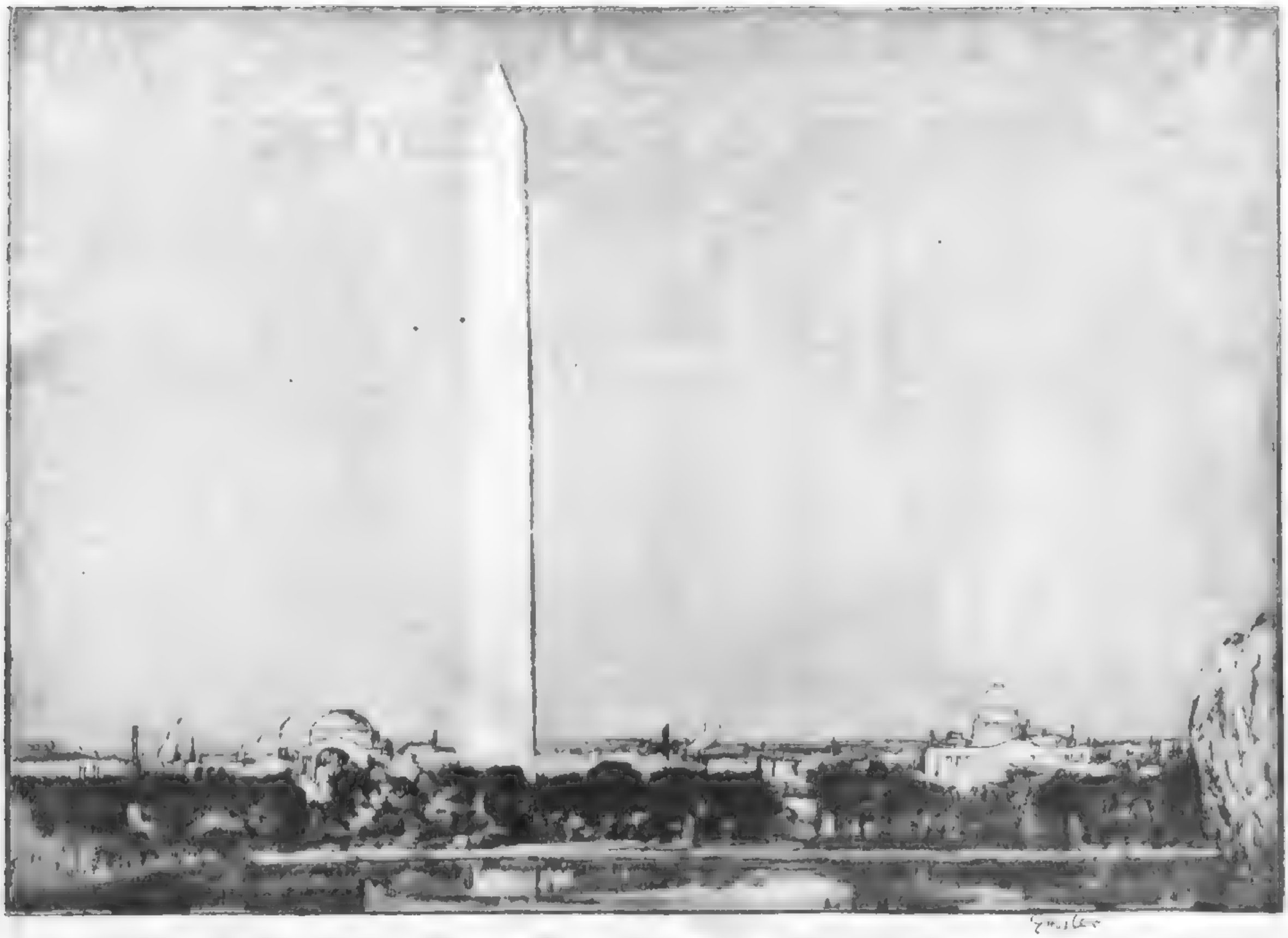

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(Continued from Page 82)

"Perhaps I can make Stewart pay for Slipper Dance to-day," Delilah said with a smile. "I'll borrow five hundred from him, and perhaps win the horse with that five hundred."

"Don't let me put you off, Mrs. Owen," Andrews objected; "but I jus' wouldn't do that. That boy Wells has got great hands when it comes to handlin' a hawse. He can nurse a tired hawse home an' win. He's got good judgment of pace, but that purty nigh lets his judgment out. His brain ain't growed no more'n his body has; he's jus' a baby. Slipper Dance can't beat Drummer at a mile 'n' an eighth on a fast track—can't beat him nohow. Drummer's got speed, an' I don't think Slipper Dance has. He's a mud-runnin' fool. An' Drummer can stay. He'll run that last furlong faster'n the fust mile."

"Well, Mr. Andrews, five hundred won't put a big hole in that twelve thousand I won over Condor, and I'll be backing my own horse, practically, for you'll have claimed him."

"I guess you was born in the West, wasn't you, Mrs. Owen?" the patriarch asked.

"Yes, Spokane."

"They breed 'em that way out there, men an' women," Andrews declared solemnly. "There's somethin' in the climate. I guess the Creator kinder put that spirit into the atmosphere so's the earth'd be developed."

The car had now swung in to the curb at the hotel, and Andrews, letting Delilah out, said: "I'll park this bus an' take you an' Mr. Owen over this afternoon. We'd bes' leave about one, 'cause there's a big jam at the ferry with people goin' to the races."

As they motored to the course Jack Andrews would sometimes take his hand from the wheel and shake his fingers. Time and again he scanned the sky off toward the west apprehensively. The sun was shining, but there was a heavy oppressiveness in the air, a murkiness; and in the west, peeping above the horizon, were clouds, their deep purple suggesting density.

"My knuckles is yelpin' rain," the old man growled once, "but I guess she'll hold off till to-night. If she holds off till half past four she can cut loose then an' I won't worry none."

"Why 4:30, uncle?" Owen queried. "You got a date with the weather?"

"Kinder, so far's I'm concerned. I come purty near prayin' las' night for a fas' track for the Tribute Stake, an' that's run at four o'clock."

"I see. Cheer up, uncle! It isn't goin' to rain before night," Owen declared blithely.

Delilah was divided in her allegiance. She didn't wish Andrews any ill luck; she didn't want to see Stewart lose the two thousand he had bet on Drummer; but all her interests, the interests of Delilah, a paramount thing, were tied up in Slipper Dance; and rain, a muddy track, would be advantageous. She hoped it would rain.

Owen had secured three reserved seats just behind the row of open boxes.

"I'd have taken a box," he explained, "but it'll be broilin' out there in the sun. I'll stay pretty close, Lilah," he added, "'cause I'm goin' to confine my bettin' to the fourth race. I guess I'll put another thousand or two on Drummer. The old man's very sure he'll win."

As the horses were going out for the third race Andrews joined the Owens, saying, as he took his seat beside Delilah: "I've did the sowin'; now I'm jus' goin' to sit here an' watch for the harvest."

"Drummer, uncle?" Owen asked.

"Yes, Ol' Reliable's ready to do his part—he never was better. Cooper thinks he'll win, an' I've promised my boy Kelly four times a winnin' mount if he lands him fust past the post."

"How much, uncle?"

"A hundred."

"I'll buy a fifty-dollar ticket for the boy," Owen declared. "That'll let you out."

"Thank you, son. I can't afford to bet none myself to-day."

"You don't need to. You're in five hundred on my two thousand, an' if the sky don't slop over I'll bet another thousand or two."

The patriarch turned a troubled face upward, leaning forward to peer from under the stand roof.

"I guess she'll hold off, son, though she's purty dark behind the stand over in the west—purty dark—an' I see a few streaks of lightnin'."

"The race'll be over in half an hour," Owen contended.

"Purty near." Andrews turned to Delilah. "You still set on backin' Slipper Dance?"

Delilah unclasped her hand bag and held it open toward Andrews, displaying a sheaf of fifty-dollar bills, saying, "Borrowed money always brings good luck."

"Borrowed is right, girl. You'll lose it, but you've got to pay it back," Owen thrust in.

"Well"—the patriarch stopped to take two sweeps with a hand at his beard—"that skunk Lee was goin' to put Drummer out of the race, an' while I don't believe in doin' nothin' crooked, I'd 've returned that compliment if it shaped right. My jockey, Kelly, is an awful hones' boy. He'd do mos' anythin' for me, 'cause I treat him right. He knows Barney Lee done me dirt, not oncet but twicet, so I was feared he might pinch off Slipper Dance a-purpose—might give him a bit the wust of it. I had a leetle talk with him up in my room to-day after we went back, an' told him to ride an hones' race. I told him if anything happened so's he couldn't win not to do nothin' to Slipper Dance, 'cause you was bettin' on him, Mrs. Owen. I told him there wasn't none of us puttin' a bean on Devastator; that we'd like if anythin' happened Drummer to see Slipper Dance win."

"That would've been good stuff if it had rained an' Slipper Dance had a chance," Owen remarked.

"It won't do no harm, anyway. Races is dang funny things. If owners could dope 'em out beforehand so's they'd turn out right everybody'd get rich—an' most of 'em is broke. Anyway, Kelly's an awful hones' boy, an' I told him Barney Lee is bettin' on Devastator; so I guess he won't give the big hawse Devastator none the best of it; that wouldn't be racin'," and Andrews drew his lean face into a mask of righteousness.

Delilah laid her slim fingers on the patriarch's arm.

"You think of everything, Mr. Andrews. That was very kind of you."

"Well, I was jus' tryin' to keep the money in the fam'ly. If Drummer gets beat Slipper Dance might win. It'll be kinder too bad for Kelly if it goes that way," he added mournfully. "His fifty-dollar ticket on Drummer won't be no good."

"I'll fix that," Delilah declared. "I'll buy him a fifty dollar ticket on my horse."

"My horse!" Owen exclaimed. "I like that! You're gettin' pretty racy, girl."

Delilah gasped. She had nearly let the cat out of the bag. She hadn't told Stewart about the intended claiming of Slipper D .ce.

Something of this subconsciously touched the patriarch's memory, and he said, "I put that claim in jus' as I come up."

"What claim, uncle?" Owen asked.

Now it was Andrews' turn. He had forgotten that Stewart was not to know till afterward. He drew a big hand across his mouth and answered: "I guess I was talkin' in my sleep; I was jus' thinkin' of stable bus'ness; I got to claim 'prentice allowance for my boy to-morrow."

The third race had been run. It was a three-quarter sprint for cheap selling platers, and nobody but the bettors was much interested.

Across the track, like a fireman's ladder being erected against a building, a board structure heaved up to the perpendicular, carrying the numbers of the starters and their jockeys' names. Three horses had been scratched, leaving seven runners. Andrews wrote the jockeys' names on his program.

"There they are," he said. "Drummer's Number 1, next the rail; Brophy's ridin' Devastator, Number 2; an' Slipper Dance has got third position. My idee is they'll finish jus' like that—Drummer fust, Devastator second an' Slipper Dance third. It's a hunch."

"Do you know what I think, Mr. Andrews?" Delilah said.

"I guess you keep thinkin' all the time, Mrs Owen."

"Some judge, old man! Some shrewd observer!" and Owen laughed.

"I think hunches are only fit for children," Delilah declared. "Absolute convictions are the only things to play in racing."

She took eleven fifty-dollar bills from her bag and handed them to Stewart, saying,

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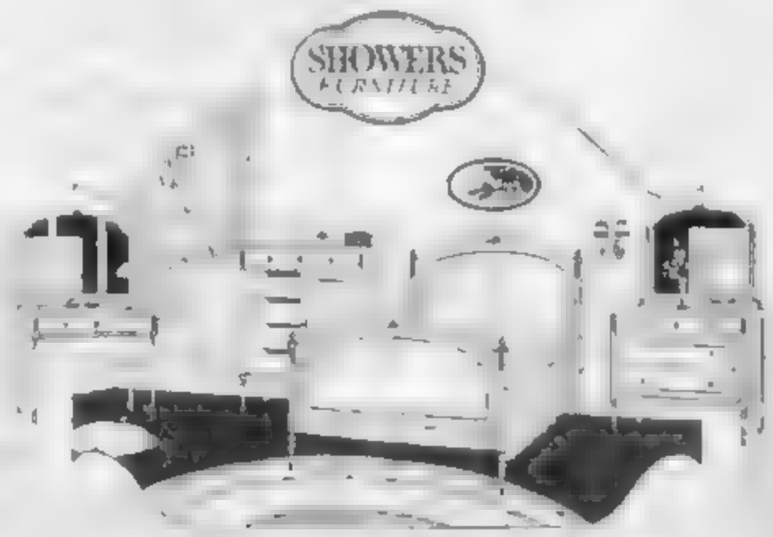

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"Bring me back eleven fifty-dollar tickets on Slipper Dance, Tootie; that includes one ticket for the jockey. But if you meet a cross-eyed darky don't turn back—keep going."

A grumble of thunder caused the patriarch to jump to his feet with unbelievable alacrity for such a sedate individual and clatter down to a front box, where he stood craning his long scraggy neck in an effort to scan the sky over the grand stand. Stewart waited till the patriarch presently returned growling: "She's a-comin', but we'll get this race afore she breaks—that's all I ask."

"Me too," Stewart affirmed. "I want to cop about six thousand over Drummer." Then he swung down the steps and disappeared.

"I ain't goin' out to the paddock," Andrews said, seemingly addressing the infield, really holding a self-communion. "I'm goin' to sit right here an' not tempt Providence by gettin' from under cover. I'm kinder unlucky," he added, turning his solemn gray eyes on Delilah. "If I was to go fishin' I'd get soaked in a storm—p'r'aps I'd fall in the creek—an' I'd come home without a darn fish."

"Touch wood," Delilah laughed. "Put your thumb on the seat; that's the way to beat bad luck. If you keep groaning you're sure to get sick."

Presently Owen returned and handed Delilah a bunch of oblong pasteboards, saying laconically, "You're on. I wish you'd give me an I O U for that amount."

Delilah looked at the pasteboards. Some of them were yellow and some were pink. Then she scanned them closer.

"What's this, Tootie? Some of these are printed 'to show.' What does that mean?"

"I coppered your bet—I split it. Three hundred to win an' two-fifty to show."

"To show?"

"Yes, to run third—to be in the money. If Slipper Dance is one-two-three you lose nothin'—perhaps make somethin'. Nobody expects that horse to win this race."

"I do," Delilah said decisively.

Stewart laughed.

"The faith of a woman is beyond all count. You hang on to them tickets, an' when the race is run I'll go down an' get your money back on third place."

"I think Mr. Owen is right," the patriarch declared. "One of the greatest things in bettin' is to be able to play safe."

Delilah slipped the pasteboards into her hand bag, saying, "You must've met the cross-eyed darky, Tootie."

"By heck!" Andrews exclaimed.

This had been wrung from him by a sudden commotion on the lawn. The mass of humanity that had stood shoulder to shoulder was disrupted; the individual units were scurrying toward the stand; slanting tentacles of wet were beating down, and above there were the reverberations of heavy artillery. A push of wind swept through the stand, carrying hats before it. The infield that had been yellow in the sunlight was darkened to somber green; the aisle between the boxes and the tiers of seats was packed with pushing, struggling humans who fought their way up to escape from the rain.

Delilah saw a little dark-faced man leap from a box and battle the thrusting mob, making his way toward a staircase. It was Barney Lee. The rain had electrified him to a new course of action. It would be a muddy track. If he could get down to the paddock and countermand his orders to Wells to pull Slipper Dance—tell him to win—and get back to the iron men in time to pour in thousands he would forgo his revenge. He could make a killing with no chance of loss.

In his excited eagerness he lost all sense of caution, all decency; he battled against the serried mass of humans that worked their way upward. A full-powered, heavy-jowled man that Lee had elbowed in the stomach thrust grimy fingers in his collar and shook him like a rat; cursed him; wanted to know who he thought he was, where he thought he was going. Barney struggled hopelessly.

The rough one snarled, "You tinhorn! you piker! Why didn't you put your two dollars on before?" He thrust Barney from him, declaring, "I ought to throw you over the rail, you shrimp!"

"They're comin' out, by heck!" Andrews advised.

And Delilah, shifting her eyes from the still struggling, pushing Lee, saw, just beyond the paddock, the line of thoroughbreds with their silk-coated riders passing through the gate to the course. The jockeys were humped forward as if the pelting rain had beaten their shoulders down.

They were out; the gate had closed; they had passed from the dominion of the paddock judge and were in the hands of the starter; the turmoil of the elements was nothing; the law of the race was paramount.

"I guess the ways of the Lord is mysterious!" the patriarch groaned. "If it keeps up, if they don't get away soon, that track'll be a swale."

The procession of horses seemed like a funeral to Andrews. The slow-measured walk of the steeds was like the ticking of a grandfather's clock, each second registering a lessening chance.

Across the sky serpent tongues of flame darted; and—one, two, three, in seconds—there was a deafening crash of thunder. The stand rocked on its steel pillars. And still the file of horses plodded on.

As they passed the stand Andrews commented: "See the big chestnut, Devastator? He's a tired hawse. It was a sin to start him, taken off the train this mornin'. He's the biggest-hearted hawse I ever knowed. 'Tain't often that anythin' that grows big is as plucky as a gamecock, but Devastator is. The poor ol' feller'll nigh break his stout heart to-day tryin', but his limbs is weary. He's half drunk from the rockin' of that train. The big weight he's packin', hundred an' thirty-one pounds, 'll tell on him in that slip'ry goin'. An' look at Slipper Dance! That black leetle cuss is as perky as if the stable boys was givin' him a wash-down. He jus' feels to home in this dang storm; the slop feels good to his sore heel. His braided tail's standin' right out, showin' he's mighty cocky. He's jus' built to run through a plowed field; short-coupled, strong quarters, deep narrer chest an' big wide nostrils that takes in lots of air. I've seen him run in the mud. He's got a short, choppy way of goin' that keeps him from flounderin' about in the grease."

"Drummer doesn't seem to mind it," Owen declared hopefully. "He's all business."

"Yes, he's hones'. It won't be heavy—jus' slop, an' Slipper Dance'll know he's been in a race if he beats Drummer."

At some signal from Judge Frank the jockeys did not turn in a parade, but continued on toward the barrier a furlong down the stretch. Past the platform on which stood the starter they went; and now the rain, like a veil, almost hid them from the stand. Already the course was white with floating water that the earth had not had time to absorb.

As the horses circled fifty yards from the barrier and faced the driving rain some of them, in rebellion at its pitiless thrust, whirled and broke. Vainly the jockeys sought to bring their mounts to the starting gate.

Cupping his hands into a megaphone, the starter bellowed, "Go back! Go down the course! Keep your horses moving—keep moving!"

Then he turned his face to the black sky, waiting till the first tempest should subside. He knew that the horses were safer there, if they kept moving, than if they were back in the saddling paddock that was swaying in the storm like a tree. Besides, he had no orders to recall them; he had never seen it done.

"They can't race in that rain," Delilah offered.

"They got to!" Andrews declared. "They're in the hands of the starter—that means a race."

"I guess my money's on the blink, uncle. It'll be a heavy track," and Owen laughed.

"It won't be heavy—it's too sudden," Andrews objected. "But it'll help that black devil with the sore foot. You got a mighty good chance now, Mrs. Owen. Lordy, look at it! 'Tain't rainin'—it's just the bottom's fell outer the sky!"

The downpour was like the flood of a woman's tears—it had hushed the passion of the sky; the booming of thunder had ceased; the red crevices in the heavy black had disappeared; there was just the beat of rain that seemed to smother the earth.

The stand was a solid mass of humanity, a humanity hushed to silence by the overpowering magnitude of the storm. Scarcely anyone spoke. They stood or sat shoulder to shoulder and waited.

And down the course seven horses wove in and out, guided up and down in that

(Continued on Page 89)

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(Continued from Page 86)

pitiless rain by their plucky jockeys, who knew only one law—the word of the starter.

Now that omnipotent official swept a big hand upward beckoning them to come on, for the tumult of the skies had lessened, the downpour had moderated. The drenching had taken the fire out of the thoroughbreds. They came up the course as if schooled cavalry horses—up, up to the barrier. A little shifting; a horse, his bridle grasped by the assistant starter, twisted out into his proper place; a bellowing word from the starter, and the silent ones in the stand were roused to vociferousness.

"They're off! They're off!" echoed.

"Drummer's on the job," Andrews droned as the golden chestnut, roused from his placidity, with marvelous quickness was first away. A neck back raced the gigantic Devastator. Outside of these two, lapped halfway, galloped, nose and nose, Slipper Dance and The Butler. Thus they thundered past the stand, the three other horses behind.

At the first turn Wells eased Slipper Dance back and cut down the incline to swing his horse in behind Drummer flat against the rail.

"See that!" Andrews said. "Billy Wells don't never throw nothin' away. Now he's got a nice berth an' they can't pinch him off. P'r'aps Kelly whispered to Billy when they was down the course to slip in behind Drummer, an' if Kelly knowed he was beat he'd let Slipper Dance through. Billy Wells is ridin' jus's if he knowed somethin'."

Down the back stretch they raced, and Andrews could see that Brophy on Devastator was trying to run around Drummer to steal from him that short cut, the rail position.

But he could see also that Kelly was still riding high in the stirrups, holding the chestnut Drummer in his lap. He hadn't moved on his horse.

"Drummer's still in the lead, uncle, an' goin' easy," Owen commented. "Kelly hasn't made a move, an' Devastator's jockey is shakin' the big horse up."

"That don't mean too much, son," the patriarch droned. "Kelly don't never have to hustle Drummer. That hawse'd run his heart out for that boy, 'cause he ain't never laid the bud on the ol' hawse's ribs but oncet—that was in the Condor race. Oh, Lord, I wisht it was a fast track! There wouldn't be nothin' to it; Drummer'd beat Slipper Dance in a walk."

"Devastator's gainin'," Owen cried, for as they rounded the oval Devastator's long neck was in front.

But Andrews explained: "'Em two boys, Kelly an' Wells, is puttin' it over Brophy. He shouldn't be makin' his run on the big hawse round that turn; he should've waited till he swung into the stretch; they're kiddin' him. Drummer makin' the runnin', Brophy thinks he's only got Drummer to beat."

Devastator was now half a length in front. Suddenly he dropped back, and Drummer, too, had checked his speed. The black head of Slipper Dance was pushing in between Drummer's quarter and the rail.

"Take that, Brophy!" Andrews snarled. "That serves him right," he added, still holding his glasses focused on the two chestnuts. "Brophy tried to pinch Drummer on the rail, an' Kelly bested him—he carried him wide."

Now they were swinging the last turn, and gallant Drummer's golden head was still in front. But between Drummer and the rail a wedge of space showed. Then it was blotted out by the black form of Slipper Dance. He had slipped into the opening made by the two boys on Drummer and Devastator who were fighting for the lead.

"Drummer was carried wide," Owen said.

"I guess the mud's got him," Andrews moaned. "He's tirin'. Kelly can't keep him straight." He lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "I guess Kelly knows he's beat an' ain't goin' to give Devastator none the best of it."

Tensed humans were now sending up cries of "Devastator! Devastator! Come on! The favorite'll get this!" For the big honest horse was always a favorite.

But the black, Wells low crouched on his back, as motionless as a sleeping bird, was catching up—up, and new cries sounded: "Slipper Dance! The black wins!"

Andrews, in a tired way, lowered his glasses for a second to say: "I guess it's all over, son. The further that black devil goes in the mud the faster he runs, an' a hundred an' four on his back ain't nothin'."

A roaring turmoil in the stand, the crashing of men to their feet, even up on the benches, caused Andrews to clap his glasses back to his eyes.

"It's still a race—still a race!" he droned. "Ol' Devastator's comin' again! Anythin' may win!"

The boy on Slipper Dance, low crouched along the black's neck, an eye cocked over his shoulder, saw the rush of the big chestnut. He sat down and rode, lifting Slipper Dance with knee and spur, with arm and shoulder. Foot by foot they fought it out, chestnut and black; and always the lean camel, Devastator, gaining by inches. The black head and the chestnut head rose and fell—now the black seemingly in front, and then the yellow head in the lead. And no man could say as the judges' stand blotted them out which had won; no man could say—except the judge.

There was a hush. The clamor had died out as though the lava of Vesuvius had buried the stand.

Then a roar went up as Number 3 was dropped into the first niche.

Slipper Dance had won!

Delilah had been standing on her chair. Her finger nails had indented themselves in Stewart's arm. Intensity had stilled articulation. Now the lids of her wonderful eyes were moist. She shook hands with Andrews, with Owen, crying, half in forgetfulness, "And to think that that beautiful horse is mine!"

Owen stared.

"I guess the excitement's got you goin', Lilah. Don't you own the track too?"

Andrews, knowing that the time for secrecy was really up, explained:

"I put in a claim for Slipper Dance for Mrs. Owen, but we don't know jus' yet. If there's other claims we'll have to draw. I best get down there quick. If we get the hawse I'll ask the stewards to make Lee deliver him in the saddlin' paddock right away. He'll be so dang mad that if he gets him inter his stable he'll yank that bar plate off his hoof, an' I want that. It jus' suits him."

The patriarch thrust his strong angular figure through the excited people, and Owen, a quizzical, boyish stare in his eyes, said: "You're a corker, Lilah! An' you used to lecture me about racin'!"

"And I've won enough nearly to pay for the horse, Tootie."

"We've won enough," Stewart corrected. "You backed him with my five hundred. I guess I'm fifty-fifty in this."

Delilah opened her hand bag, shuffled the tickets and tendered Owen a bunch, saying, "There's your half."

Stewart gasped. They were all show tickets—on Slipper Dance for third place.

"It was your fault," Delilah declared. "I told you to bet to win. That will get your five hundred back."

"Well," Stewart said resignedly, "give me yours. I'll cash 'em for you."

"I'll cash them myself," Delilah retorted sweetly.

The gaunt figure of Andrews pushed into the aisle.

"You've got Slipper Dance, missis," he said. "Cooper's ready with a halter."

Then the patriarch vanished.

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GRUBSTAKING CINDERELLA

(Continued from Page 13)

"Bart, are you eating anything? You seem to get thinner and thinner. It worries me. Couldn't you take a tonic? You see, when the winter comes ——" She lifted the lid of a box. "Ah, so that's it!" she said. "That's it!"

He raised his head and looked at the stuff she held in her hand. It was a green, cold and translucent as ice, a green flecked with silver, as if dewdrops had been caught and imprisoned imperishably. He looked at it as a newly ordained priest might look at his vestments, as a mother looks at her unborn child's first robe.

"I'm going to drape it," he said, "and catch it with a single rose—a single silver rose. All my life, Rachel, I've dreamed of making a dress like that for a girl like that."

Her lips were pressed into a little pale bud of pure pity. She dare not turn lest that pity should flower into words and affront him.

"She's wonderful!" he exulted. "So very wonderful!"

She said purposely, "I wonder what Percy Hildershimer would say to a gown like this."

That night there came a stilted little missive from Eulalie.

"Mother is going to Paris. There is no one in Folkestone. I hope I shall not be sick. A lady of title admired my blue frock yesterday. Mother said I could not give your name because I should have to say where you lived. Staying here has been very expensive, and we shall have to tip."

The girl's mother wrote more fully:

"No one here has the class or the money. I do not pay out all I have in the world merely to have her stared at. I could get that in a London bus. When you have only a few worms you must angle carefully." She had a certain crisp directness. "You'll get your money all right. Eulalie realizes this is her chance, and not one man in a million would have done what you've done. There's a viscount's younger brother here, but he wears a trench coat dyed navy blue. I saw the dyer's stitching, you know. He seems attracted, but there are about ten brothers between him and the title. I told Eulalie to head him off. The chambermaid told me he keeps an electric iron in his box and irons his own ties. That sort is no good."

The next news he had was from Paris. All his life he had dreamed of Paris as some men dream of the Orient, as suburban sportsmen dream of Switzerland. He had absorbed the Parisian atmosphere as presented by W. J. Locke, Leonard Merrick, E. V. Lucas, by a score of other writers. He was familiar with the names of streets and *apéritifs*. For him it held that hidden stream of romance and magic that all men must have trickling through their mental lives to keep them sane.

Eulalie in the Bois, Eulalie dining at the Restaurant de la Cascade and the Café d'Armenonville, Eulalie at Longchamp and Auteuil, Eulalie at the Opéra, Eulalie at the Odéon, Eulalie at the Palais Royal.

He awaited her first letter with passionate impatience. She wrote that she had been sick and that her mother had found a room in a most fashionable hotel; but she could not even sit in the lounge alone because men stared so. She hated waiters coming into her bedroom and she did not think they brought you enough breakfast. She thought it funny to see men praying in churches and she wished they'd put more hats and things in their shop windows, it made the walks so dull. But her mother's letter hinted at titles and shrewd estimates of income. A famous cinema star from America was staying there, a Rumanian noble and several polyglot millionaires and the heir of the Earl of Rubensfield. He was intensely attracted to Eulalie.

"I shall push it," she wrote, "but sometimes I could shake Eulalie, she seems so lacking in life and vitality."

He made the green gown and showed it to Rachel. The little milliner looked at it; her sensitive hands clasped and unclasped.

"People must ask where she gets her wonderful clothes."

"But she couldn't tell them, Rachel."

Eulalie wrote: "The dress is very nice. I look very nice in it. There is a dark man who stares a lot. He has enormous shoulders and has a lot of beefsteaks. The food is rather messy, all bitty. Yes, I like the Earl of Rubensfield's heir. He is very nice to me."

He conned that over, made a mental rosary of it and was forever slipping it through his mind. Eulalie like a white rose in her bridal gown; Eulalie on the ducal estates; Eulalie the mother of yellow-haired offspring of high estate; Eulalie thinking of him at eventide.

Meanwhile no one came to his shop with work. His landlord came. Rachel was worried over the interview.

She said, "It doesn't do to take the high hand like that, Bart. He won't wait for his money."

She was worried herself those days. There were so many husbands and brothers and sweethearts out of work in her neighborhood that millinery waned and dwindled to nothing. Day after day she sat in her tiny shop dreaming her sweet dreams and yearning. She knew the girl Eulalie was stupid and common-souled. Her kind mouth twisted bitterly and her beautiful hands twisted helplessly as she sat staring at the shop door that never opened.

Meanwhile, when the leaves in the Champs-Elysées crisped and fell, Eulalie's mother wrote to Bartholomew:

"He has proposed and Eulalie has refused him. She's crazy and I can do nothing with her. It's that dark man I told you about. He is nobody and he's got nothing, but he's bewitched Eulalie. She's got no sense of duty or decency. They're out together all day long. Write and reason with her. Remind her what she owes you."

By the same mail came a letter from Eulalie:

"Could you manage me just one gown—just one? I want it for the Opéra. Something warm, with lots of color. I thought perhaps cerise or a bright flame. I want to look lovely."

He looked up bleakly as the shop door opened.

"Well?" said his landlord. His little appraising eyes, quick as a lizard's, flickered round the shop.

"Next week," said Bartholomew Wintern, licking his lips.

"Next week be damned!" said the landlord, and his eyes went on flickering, flickering at their quick, silent inventory. "It is always next week!"

The cry of the girl Eulalie was in his heart and his mind—"I want to look lovely." She had appealed to him directly for the first time.

He took all the cloth from his shop and sold it. It was as bare and bereft as his heart. He bought seven yards of flame-colored satin. In the emptiness of his little shop he was stitching above its glory like a little pale wraith when Rachel came to him. "Have you paid your rent yet, Bart?" she said.

"No."

"They'll take everything."

He shrugged indifference.

"Any news of Eulalie?"

"Rubensfield is heartbroken. I can understand it! The mother writes that this man is common; that he has changed Eulalie out of all knowledge. Eulalie could have married a prince."

"Is that for her?" Her eyes were dark with brooding bitterness.

"Yes."

"Flame, Bart, with her pale hair?"

"She asked for it."

"She must be mad!"

Later that evening he came to her at her shop.

"Eulalie's mother has cabled me to come. I haven't a penny. I must go. Lend me the money, Rachel."

"Your shop? The rent?"

He shook his head.

"I must go, Rachel—you don't understand. If you won't lend me the money ——"

"Need you say that, Bart?"

She was very quiet, her thoughts frozen within herself. She went and got some notes.

"She says the man who has got hold of Eulalie is terrible. He'll never make her happy. He's coarse and unrefined, gross—— And she? Rachel, you know what she is. It would be sacrilege."

She held him a second by his shabby coat sleeve, twisting it. His eyes were black in his white face. It seemed to her that far down in them she could see his medieval idealizing soul shining steadily like a lamp before a shrine, the shrine of the common girl Eulalie.

(Continued on Page 93)

Addressograph

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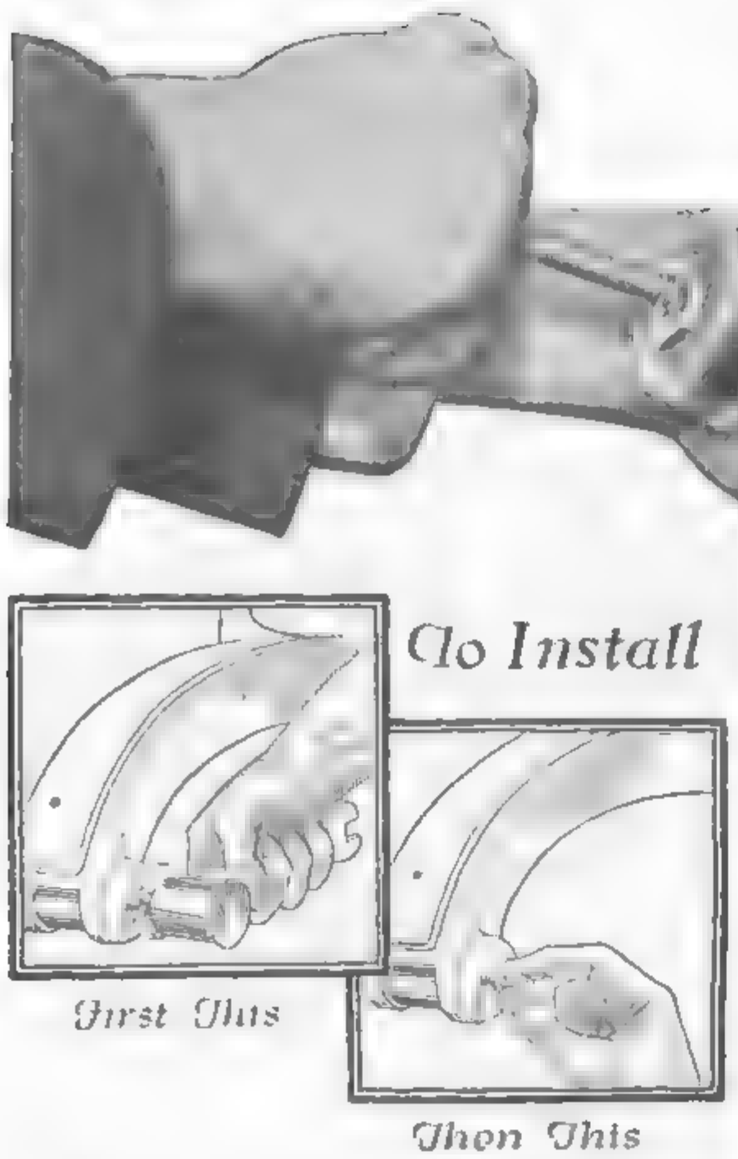

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Look for special Window Demonstrations and decorations that tell you graphically all that Alemite does for your car in reducing maintenance and depreciation.

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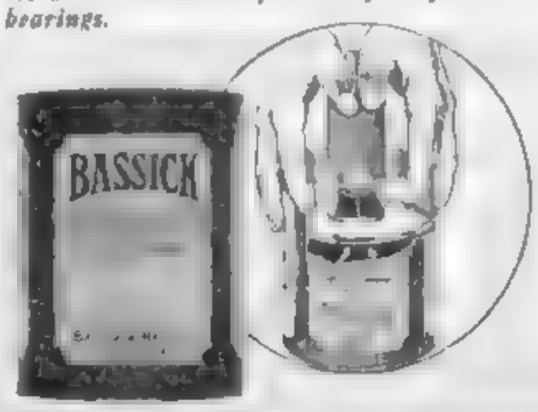
3. Oil, on the other hand, may become so thin that bearing surfaces are subjected to cohesion. Used on an open bearing, oil quickly dissipates itself. Grease, because of its semi-solid composition, stays in the bearings.



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*The Bassick Service Corp., 1780 Broadway

(Continued from Page 90)

"Telegraph me from Folkestone. I'll meet you."

"You're a good friend."

Later she cried herself to sleep with the bitter sting of that, hugging it to her as women will.

"You're a good friend—a good friend."

She had given him her last penny.

He came to Paris about six o'clock. He had been very sick crossing. So often had he dreamed of arriving just like this! Now he drove through it as a knight might pass through the snaring beauty of some magic city of enchantment. He was high-keyed to rescue—the rescue of the lady with the wonderful white soul from the maw of the common beast. Beside him lay a cardboard box containing the flame-colored dress. He was taken at once to the bedroom where Eulalie's mother sat staring out over Paris and biting her lips.

"Thank God you've come!" she exclaimed dramatically. "Of course Eulalie is out with him. Rubensfield's mother came to see her yesterday. She was sweet—sweet. She's infatuated with this brute—a tradesman. Eulalie's gone out in one of his dresses—cherry-colored. It makes her hair look like cheap gilt."

"His dresses?"

"Didn't I tell you he has a shop—shops? Oh, he's so loud—checks and a diamond ring and everything!"

He sat down on the other side of the window and stared out. A last amber flicker of sunset lived and died down there as he watched. It seemed that everyone was dark and laughing and incredibly well dressed. A woman sold dahlias, coral cactus dahlias, velvety blooms that glowed deeper than old Burgundy, yellow paler than an evening primrose. A girl stopped on heels three inches high and bought a fat country bunch of orange ones. It seemed to him incongruous. It was a carnival city. A man in a spinal carriage was wheeled slowly through the crowd. He paused before a man selling live goldfish in little bowls and grinned at them like a skeleton. Somewhere out in the carnival was Eulalie in fantastic make-up. But she would come back to him and take it off; she would be herself—her cool, sweet, white, enigmatic self.

"The low beast is brutalizing her. Last night she told me a story he had told her and roared with laughter at it."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Talk to her. She knows how much she owes you. She's afraid of you because of that. You're my last hope. The Earl of Rubensfield's heir is coming to see her tomorrow afternoon. That's why I cabled. The other is the sort of man who'd have come to the restaurant where she worked and chucked her under the chin—that sort. I've only fifty pounds left. Oh, the prices of these big hotels—the prices! She'd have had Rubensfield if this other brute hadn't come along."

The low, complaining, explaining murmur of her voice went on in the rapidly darkening room. They were allies, and yet he was not conscious of alliance. He had become one big listening ear. He became aware that Eulalie's mother was crying, but he heard her tears as a man listens through rain for some particular sound. They had no significance.

"We planned for her so much—so much. I sent for you because I thought you would have influence. We owe you so much, and Eulalie has always been middle class, lower middle class in one thing—her terror of debt. This horrible man she's picked up loves raw onions with his tea—he's that sort!"

It was quite dark now in the room where they sat and waited for the girl Eulalie. Lights glared in the street below him. They seemed to streak his tired brain distressfully. He began to think of his own troubles, calmly, as if they were troubles of someone dead. Of course the landlord would take possession of his shop. He had the vaguest idea of the procedure. He hoped they would let him keep the little gilt Buddha. He thought of Rachel with a vague comfort that surprised him. He saw her beautiful slender white hands, tapered and delicate, moving among his familiar household gods. Rachel was a lady; that came to him dully, like a revelation to a sodden brain.

"I'm beside myself with worry."

In the street a girl was singing. Her notes were crisp and high like an impatient bird's. They flung themselves shrilly and sweetly at the brooding stars.

"He spends money like water. He's forever buying something to hang on her or filling her up with expensive food or taking her to places where they dance like crazed loons. Of course it's all new to Eulalie. She mops it up. One could think she adored his vulgarity—she reveled in it; one would think she had been waiting for it to wake her up."

He must have dozed. The thread of her talk ran through his dreams. Then suddenly he was aware of a blaze of light and Eulalie laughing in the open doorway.

There were a man's hands on her slender hips as he propelled her before him—dark, squat, powerful hands, hairy hands, that boasted a tremendous diamond ring. Above the golden crown of her little head he saw Percy Hildershimer's dark face.

"Oh," cried Eulalie, "you've brought the frock! I can wear it to-night!"

Every word fell on his worshiping heart like a little sharp stone.

Percy Hildershimer shouldered his way in. In the gewgawish room of golden Empire furniture, rose Du Barry hangings and decadent daintiness he seemed grotesquely vital, indecently masculine.

"It's the little pip squeak Wintern!" he said. "Come to sign the contract?" His amazement was genuine. "How did you know I was here? It's a bloomin' miracle."

He was aware of Eulalie's mother making signs for subterfuge and silence with her suddenly cunning bird's eyes. Of course she had not suspected his acquaintance with the common man!

"I didn't know you were here, Hildershimer," he said, "or I wouldn't have come."

"Then what the devil ——"

When he had first seen Hildershimer's powerful hands on the girl Eulalie he was like a true believer who sees the cherished sacred relic in the maw of an unclean dog. He had felt sick—sick in body and soul; but as the scales fell from his dreamer's eyes he saw that they were fitly mated. She was common in her undistinguished loud Eve, Unlimited, gown; she was common in her soul—ineradicably, incurably common.

She sprang to the canopied bed and seized the parcel containing the orange frock. There was a garish, reckless abandon about her, the abandon of an unrefined female who knows she has found favor in the eyes of an unrefined male. She was intoxicated with physical conquest.

She held it above her golden head. There was something cheaply bacchanalian in her gesture, in the frank lure of her blue eyes.

"I shall look the goods to-night, Percy."

"Don't tell him!" the mother was twittering in his ear. "Don't let him know about us and you! It'll give him another hold." To Eulalie she said, "You're not going out again to-night."

"Oh, yes, I am! We're going to Le Chapeau Blanc to dance. It's wonderful! Everything's white—think of me in my orange frock!" She shook it out, reveled in it. "Percy, run away like a good boy and let me put it on."

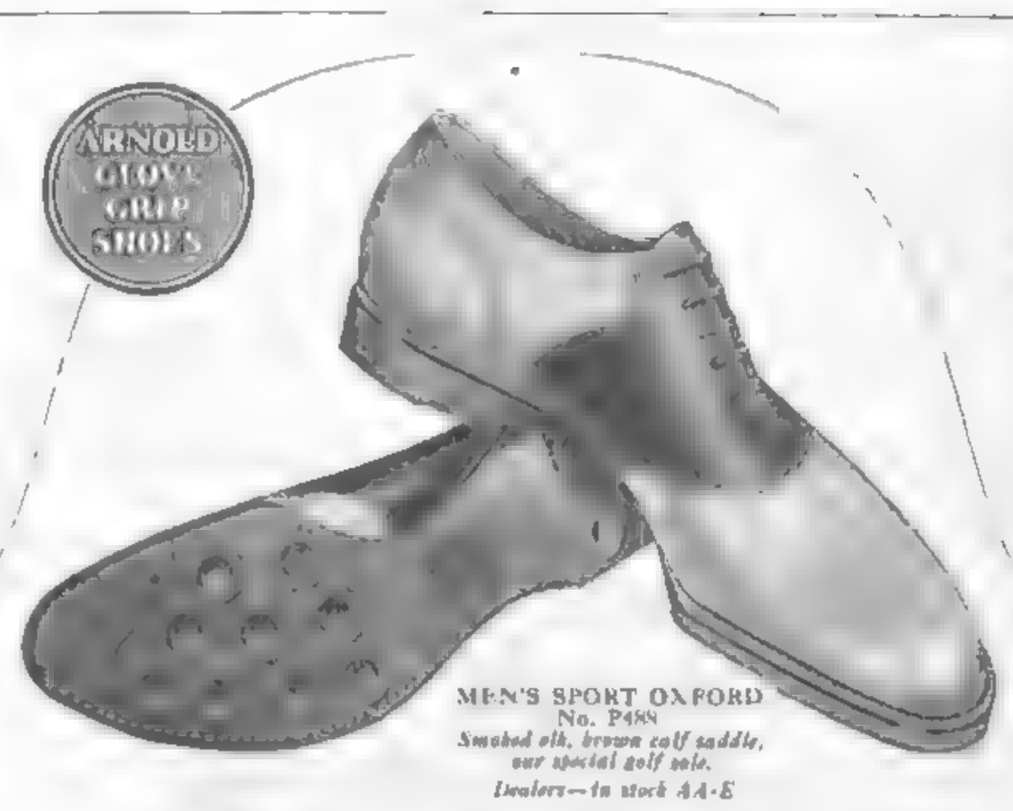
There was whispering, laughter; he saw the orange gown lying on the bed like a flame. He saw the slapstick of their conversation mirrored in their eyes.

"When we're married," Eulalie said—"when we're married, old dear."

Bartholomew Wintern was thinking of the orange dress. For that he had sacrificed his little shop, his future, his stock; for that and for Eulalie he had sacrificed the little milliner, Rachel—perhaps he had borrowed her last penny to come over here. Things had not gone too well in the little hat shop in the back street lately. Rachel never complained. She never told him things. Had he cared? Had he bothered to inquire? She had art in her beautiful fingers. Suppose someone had grubstaked her, started her in a good street, given her a little capital to play with. She had art. She had style. She was a craftswoman.

His haphazard thoughts seemed suddenly to run deep and cool and clear in an ordered course. It was as if he saw Rachel, whom he had known so well for so many years, for the very first time. He saw the little, thick, camellia-white column of her bent neck as she made his toast. He drank of the friendly, tranquil sweetness of her level eyes. He would have liked to put his hands on her sturdy, square shoulders and call her "My dear"

Five hundred pounds would start Rachel in some little place where her art would be recognized and win its reward. Percy Hildershimer had offered him five hundred



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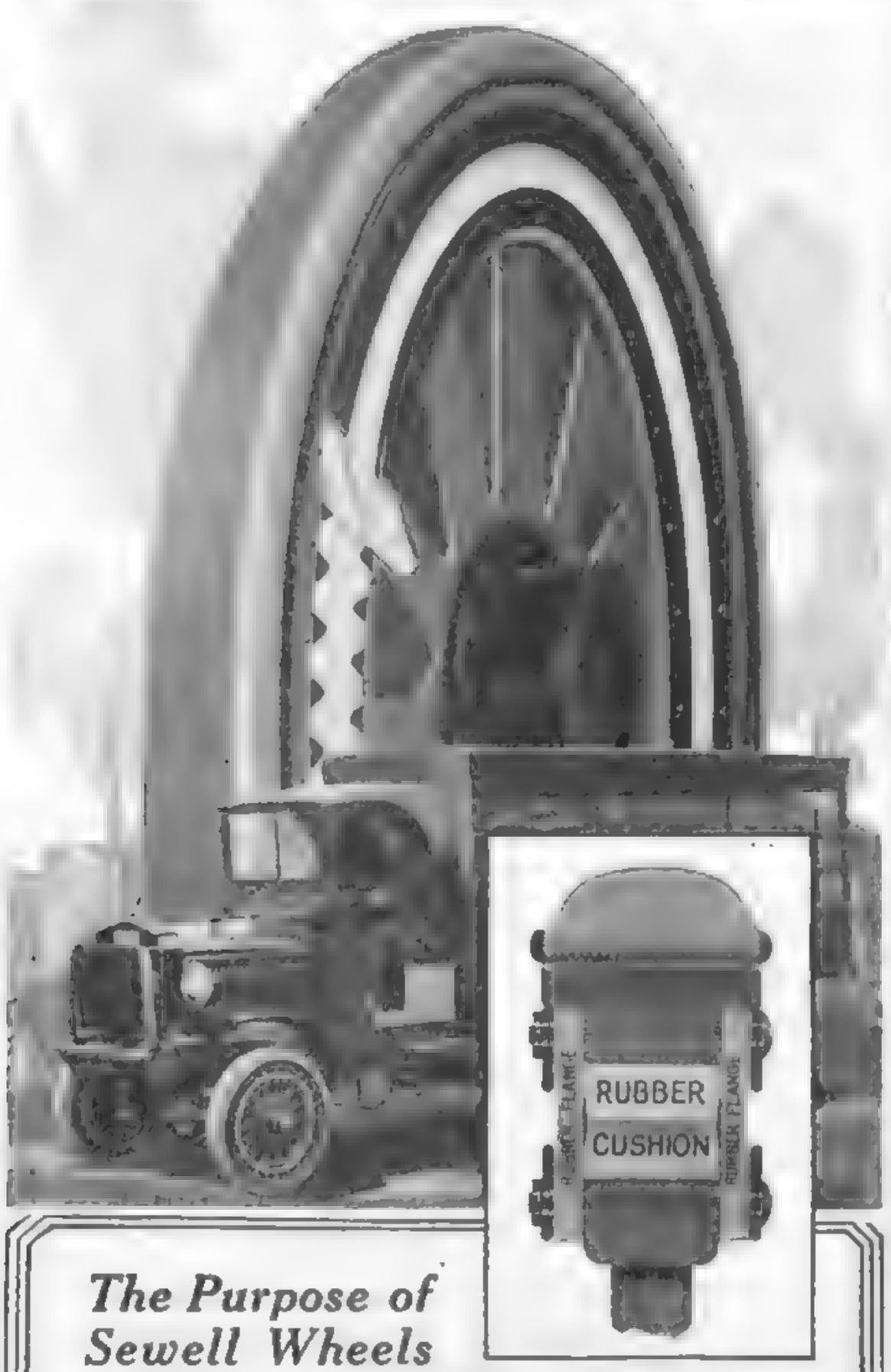

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pounds down the day he signed a five-year contract to work for him. Percy Hildershimer wanted Rachel, but he should never have her. Rachel should be free to create what she chose. He saw himself, without vaingloriousness, giving Rachel her freedom as he had striven to give Eulalie hers; only the object of his gift was somehow real, knowable, concrete, as Eulalie had never been. He would do man's work, disburden himself of his dreams and get down to work. Dimly he stumbled on the strange fact in life that nearly all man's work is done for women and not for men.

Percy Hildershimer laughed. His teeth were incredibly white and even. He kissed Eulalie's neck.

"Cut out that, ma," he admonished Eulalie's mother cheerfully. "Eulie and I are going to be married. We saw the English consul, didn't we, kid?" He paused. "Now, Wintern, where did you tumble from and what's this stuff about this yellow dress of Eulalie's? Did you make it for her?" He swung round on Eulalie: "Why the hell didn't you say you knew him, kid? What's it all mean?"

In a chair by the window Eulalie's mother was crying to herself. She had drawn the blind. The carnival was over. She crouched there making helpless bleating noises.

"I don't know what you mean, Percy," faltered Eulalie. "I don't know what you mean."

She was scared, scared of his anger, still more of his contempt. Mentally she crouched at his feet like a slave woman.

The mother had stopped crying. He could feel her jewel-bright eyes twinkling at him from the corner.

"I asked Mr. Wintern to fetch the frock," said Eulalie's mother suddenly. "I knew it was at the station. I was in the lounge when Mr. Wintern came in. I heard him ask for you, so I brought him up here."

She arranged her lies neatly, dropping them in one after another, waiting to see if another was needed.

"You said you didn't know I was here, Wintern."

"I was having you on," breezed Bartholomew Wintern. "I'm down and out. I've got the brokers in. I came to sign the contract and get that five hundred pounds."

He saw the passionate relief in the eyes of the girl Eulalie. Poor golden worm, the dark hairy man had her in his maw. Already she was afraid with the fear that some women love to feel for a man.

Later he saw her again for a few seconds downstairs. She wore the orange gown. People were staring at her. She was unconscious of it. Percy Hildershimer was passionately aware of it. He collected each stare as if it were something he had paid for.

"It was good of you not to let on," she whispered, her eyes humid. "I'll pay you for the frocks some day. I shan't be Cinderella any more."

He could have laughed in her lovely face. She took the sacrifice for herself—and she was but the grinning, meaningless statue of a lovely woman he had passed on his way from the real shrine on which he had laid his real sacrifice.

Rachel was not at the station, although he had telegraphed. It was a muggy autumn morning. The shop windows steamed. The mud lay in black ribs across the roads. On the pavements it swished and oozed thinly.

Like many men who had never been out of England before, Bartholomew Wintern had never felt the thrill of his nationality. As he gazed at the gray-yellow sky and the mud it attacked him for the first time. The mud, the rain, the coming fog were somehow glorious because they and he were British. Even the cool, clammy touch of the wet brass bus rail was kindly as he swung himself on.

"Goin' to be a proper pea-souper," said the conductor.

It was too early for banks to be open, too early for Rachel. He looked at the familiar landmarks with the eager interest of the returned traveler, and yet he had been away so few hours, really. He would go home to the little shop, wash and change, visit the bank and cash his five-hundred-pound check and then go to Rachel.

By the time the bus set him down at the corner of his road London was wrapped in a yellow fog rapidly blackening. He was vaguely surprised to see everything as he had left it. He had rather vague ideas of the powers of landlords. He looked at the little shop as a man looks at the boy's suit he has long outgrown. He had reached man's estate.

He opened the door and went in. He smelled coffee and eggs and bacon. Through the amber door curtains of the shop parlor he saw a light. Rachel stood up to greet him. She had been making toast.

"I did not think you'd wait for breakfast," she said. "Everything is as you left it, Bart—everything. I have kept everything hot."

It seemed to him very, very beautiful that he should come home to find her there in his little room, shut in from the world by that dank well of sodden fog outside the window and by the tomblike silence of the little shop behind him. He gave the door a little push that he might feel yet more completely shut in with her in the desirable bright coziness.

"Were you seasick?" she said. Her level eyes brooded over him maternally.

"Awfully sick."

"Then I expect you're pretty empty."

All the while he ate his breakfast he felt his tenderness for her grow and grow until the very partaking of it seemed a sacrament. She asked no questions. Once when the fog lifted suddenly she switched off the lights. When it deepened they sat in its yellowness and the red glow of the fire.

"Is he very dreadful—this man Eulalie's fallen in love with?"

"Appalling!"

He pushed back his chair. How quiet it was with her in that little room—like a benison.

"Did she love her orange frock? Did she look wonderful in it?"

"I think so. Did you see that landlord fellow hanging about, Ray?"

"Yes, I saw him. I went to see him."

"You went to see him? Rachel—why?"

"I couldn't bear you to be worried. Bart, I want you to succeed. You've got it in you."

It seemed with every word she ascended steps of some high throne in his heart. When she reached it—when he could no longer bear the sweetness of her there he would take her in his arms.

"It is you who shall succeed," he said. "You who shall succeed, not I."

He was thinking of the five hundred pounds that would buy her success. He did not regret it. He exulted in it. Percy Hildershimer had bought his freedom at the price of hers.

"The man Eulalie is in love with is Percy Hildershimer," he said. "She is going to marry him next week. You know, he went to Paris. He went to her hotel."

He saw her body stiffen and shrink; he felt her mind stiffen and shrink.

"His manager told me he was crazy about some yellow-haired girl in Paris."

"When did you see his manager?"

"Yesterday."

She saw his body stiffen and shrink; she felt his mind stiffen and shrink.

"What did you want with Eve, Unlimited, Rachel?"

"I signed a five-year contract to make hats for them. Hildershimer had told his manager there was five hundred pounds for me any time. Oh, Bart, you're such a child! They'd have taken this shop from you. You can't go on not paying rent and treating it as a joke. I paid your rent for the year. You can give it me back when you succeed. You will succeed!"

They were shut in the timeless yellow heart of a timeless yellow world with the dead flowers of their mutual sacrifice; the dead flowers with which they had sought to make each other beautiful.

"You sold yourself to Hildershimer?" he gulped.

He felt rather than saw her smile.

"I don't know about 'sold,' Bart." Then suddenly she cried aloud like a thing struck. "Oh, Bart, not you too! Not you too! You didn't sign a contract with Hildershimer in Paris"

"I did," he said. "I did."

"I did it for you!" she moaned.

"I did it for you!" he said.

A great sweet sadness that was without regret seized him and rocked him in limpid arms. He gave himself up to it.

Did one lose freedom to find freedom? Was there any such thing as real liberty and individuality?

He felt a king in this little fog-filled back parlor. Smiling, he reached for her. His lips traveled across the wetness of her tear-stained cheek and found her tremulous mouth. They clung there in the little amber heart of the timeless world.

AUTHORIZED Buick SERVICE
Emblem of Satisfaction

BUICK

AUTHORIZED Buick SERVICE
Emblem of Satisfaction

This Buick Covered—
1916 14,568 Miles
1917 30,206 Miles
1918 18,886 Miles
1919 [illegible] Miles
1920— 11,[illegible] Miles
Total 88,979 Miles

This Buick Covered—
1916—16,734 Miles
1917—30,339 Miles
1918—18,006 Miles
1919—21,425 Miles
1920— 8,509 Miles
Total 95,013 Miles

Buick matches the railroad itself in reliability—

The Uintah Railway terminates at Watson, Utah. Between Watson and Vernal stretches sixty miles of arid desert—

And yet the public suffers no inconvenience in traveling between these two towns, because the Uintah Railway maintains an unfailing and dependable passenger service with two Buick cars.

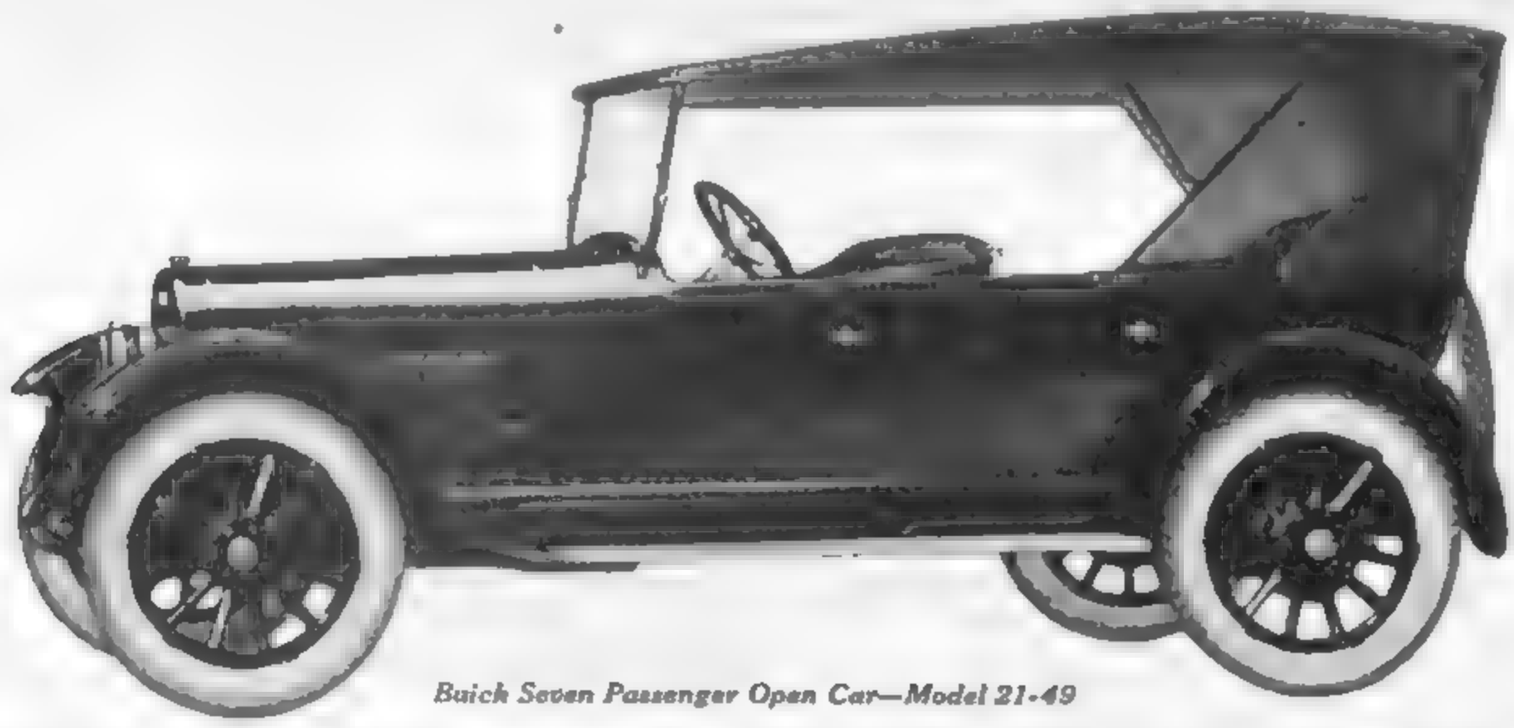
As Vice-President Robinson of the Railway says:

"The road between Watson and Vernal is about sixty miles long, entirely unpaved, and lies across an arid desert region with no habitation other than three relay sections for the teams hauling freight. In summer the temperatures range as high as 110 degrees, while in winter the road is frequently covered with six to twelve inches of snow, with temperatures as low as zero.

"These two cars in question were put immediately into this transportation service and have never traveled a mile on paved streets or macadam roads, the entire distance operated having been over the desert trails outlined above.

"These cars are still in service and we attach herewith photographs of same as they appear today."

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars
Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere



Buick Seven Passenger Open Car—Model 21-49

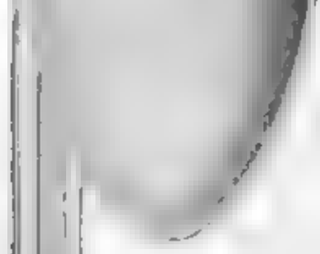
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

1847 ROGERS BROS.

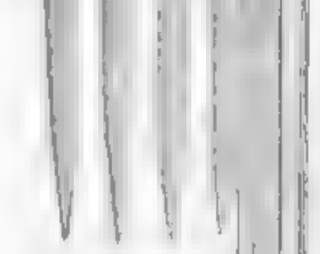
SILVERPLATE

Ambassador

The AMBASSADOR Pattern is the newest representative of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. It is substantial and dignified, possessing the fine qualities which its name implies. All who love beautiful silverware will find fresh points of beauty in the graceful lines and attractive decoration of this new pattern. An Ambassador Table Service started now can be completed later by the addition of other pieces in the same pattern. This feature of pattern harmony is distinctive with 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. Teaspoons, $4.00 for six.



Ambassador Teaspoon



Ambassador Medium Fork

See the dignified Ambassador Pattern at your dealer's, and write for folder F-90, illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

The FAMILY PLATE *for* SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

THE ROCKEFELLER FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 21)

the Rockefellers, with their vast wealth, have not sought directly to cure or at least to alleviate poverty, the greatest or at least the most obvious evil in the world. Knowing that probably this idea had been presented to these donors many times before, I nevertheless asked the inevitable question of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr. He replied:

"As so many writers have pointed out, what would be accomplished if even as much as several hundred million dollars were divided among all the people in the United States? The question answers itself. Nothing is accomplished toward the remedying of poverty if one tries merely to deal with the relief of the needy. It is like trying to dam a great stream. But if you go way back up into the country you can divert the small streams. It is impossible to cure poverty directly. What is needed is a flank rather than a frontal attack. Poverty is not to be cured by an indiscriminate giving away or distribution of money, for it is extremely difficult to give away money intelligently.

"One cannot go at curing poverty directly, because the underlying causes are so many. They have to be got at gradually—disease, ignorance, intemperance and the rest of them. One must strike at the roots of human suffering and misery and put the blows there. We need prevention rather than cure for physical, mental and moral ills. It is of relatively little avail to try to reform the man; to train the child aright is more promising. We must turn from the effort to reform or correct abuses to an effort to prevent or rightly direct from the outset. The child must be educated so that he will not grow up a criminal, instead of trying to correct or reform the criminal himself.

"Hospitals and old people's homes are necessary, of course, but they are not preventive. If we are looking for a hopeful emphasis, it must be on prevention. We cannot cure poverty, but in time it can be prevented to a large extent by promoting healthful living conditions and by educating the child to industry, thrift and self-support."

The Four Streams of Outflow

It is quite generally known that the Rockefeller gifts fall into four main classifications and are being made through four great channels—the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, the General Education Board and the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund. The largest gifts have gone to the first named, the foundation, which works in the fields of public health, sanitation and medical education in many parts of the world. The Institute of Medical Research is a wholly separate institution, its purpose being to study the cause and prevention of diseases, those of animals as well as human beings. The General Education Board is an outgrowth of John D. Rockefeller's interest in education. Its purpose is to promote the cause of education, which is done through gifts to college and university endowment funds and through experimental work, research, study and surveys.

The Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial is the most recent of the four foundations or trusts and is designed to perpetuate the more personal and intimate charities of John D. Rockefeller and his wife. These include churches, missionary enterprises, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations and many local religious and charitable causes which all citizens are called upon to support. Especially, however, it is the donor's desire to emphasize work for women and children as a fitting memorial to his wife.

In reply to a question, Mr. Rockefeller repeated what his father has said before, that the underlying idea of the older man's philanthropies has been to get at the source, the primary causes of human ills, rather than to attempt merely to assuage them. Before quoting the son further, however, it is necessary to indicate, even though briefly, the nature of the work which has resulted from this insistence upon the search for causes, for finalities.

To begin with, it means a constant emphasis upon research. Some years ago the elder Rockefeller spoke of his interest in education as being very largely in promoting investigation, and he said that he believed especially in research, because "all the new facts discovered or set in motion become the universal heritage."

He takes an especial pride in the Institute of Medical Research, which, among other achievements, has isolated the germs of yellow fever and infantile paralysis, has made important discoveries in the treatment of syphilis, and through one of its workers, Doctor Carrel, made what many consider the greatest surgical contribution to the war. Not only does it study the causes of disease, but through a department of chemotherapy it investigates medicines on a scientific scale new to the world and wholly different from the older way, which consisted chiefly in their accidental discovery.

The Rockefeller Foundation is participating in public-health activities and medical education in thirty-nine government areas, according to its last report. Among the diseases which it has been fighting are hookworm, malaria, yellow fever and tuberculosis. In China it has opened a large medical school in Peking and aided four other medical schools and thirty-two hospitals in that country. It supports fellowships for students from many parts of the world who are attending medical schools in this country. It is carrying on health surveys in various parts of the world. An idea of the problems involved in the eradication or even the control of some of these widespread diseases may be indicated by the estimate that in India alone one million three hundred thousand people die of malaria each year.

Medical Research

Besides handling Mr. Rockefeller's gift of fifty million dollars to increase professors' salaries and having for many years aided in building up the endowments of numerous colleges and universities, the General Education Board assists extensively in medical education in this country.

"The quick and pronounced advances made by medical investigators are as yet far from being generally incorporated into either education or practice," says the last report of the board. "This disquieting fact, by no means unknown previously, was brought home startlingly by the experience afforded by the war."

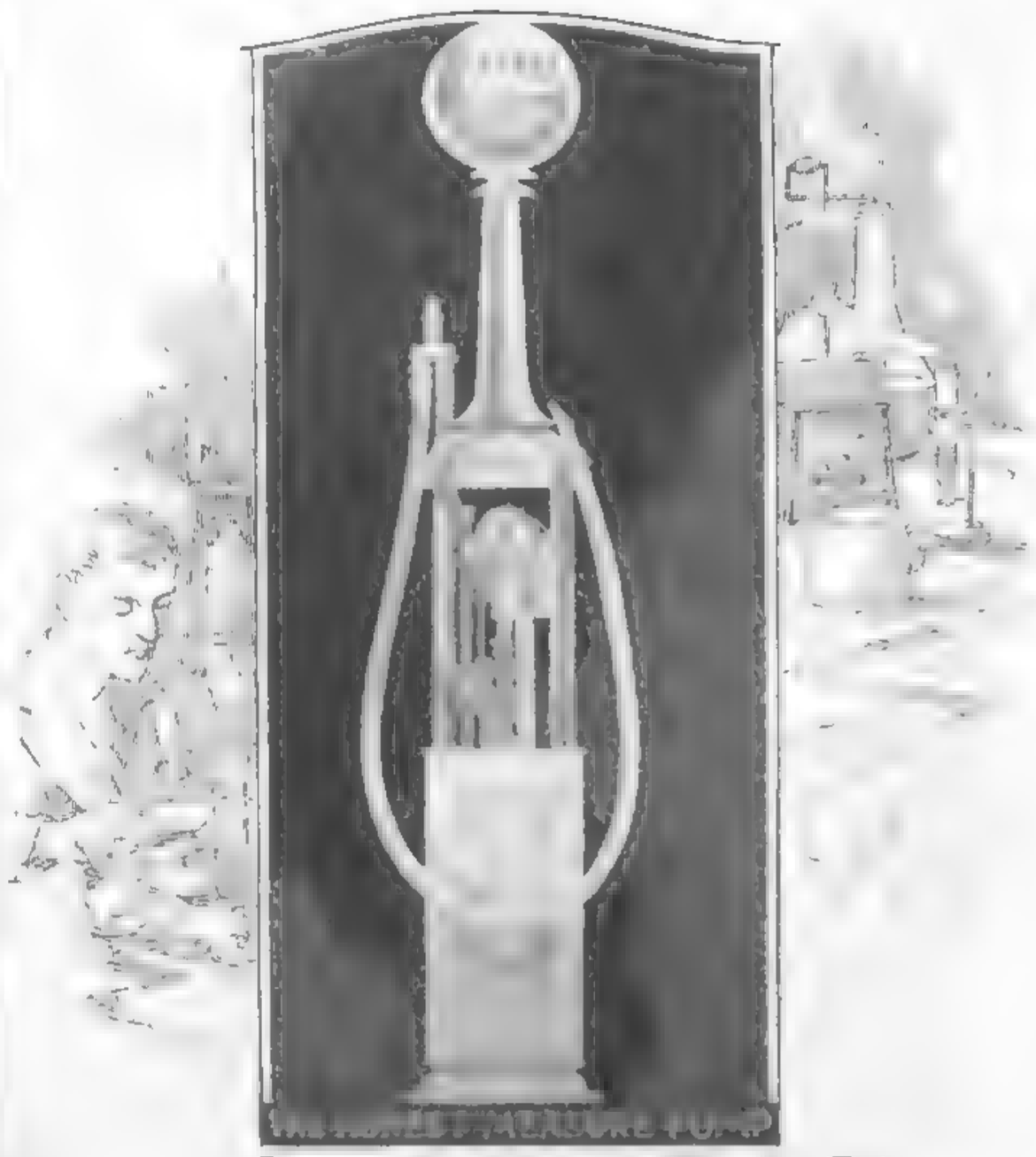
It is not the policy of the board to dump millions of dollars carelessly into any old medical school. Most searching and careful is its study of any medical school which it feels called upon to help. It has taken a keen interest in medical education in the South, where, in addition to diseases common to other parts of the country, hookworm, malaria and pellagra must be fought. It is also anxious to improve the education of negro physicians, and is aiding in the upbuilding of a few great medical centers with clinics in hitherto neglected specialties such as psychiatry and obstetrics.

At the Rochester University it is coöperating with George Eastman in creating a great medical school where dentistry will be put on the same footing as medicine, and will in fact become merged into medicine as a specialty of it. Extensive assistance is given to teachers' colleges, and an enormous amount of investigation is under way in the form of school surveys in whole states and along many other lines looking toward the improvement of educational machinery, personnel and method.

"How else can this work be done?" said Mr. Rockefeller in reply to a question from me. "Certainly not from the means of the average man, from the wages of the store clerk or the factory worker. It takes very large means to support such activities.

"In the case of medical research there is a highly uncertain element in the fact that large numbers of experiments may be carried on and only one prove successful. One of the most valuable of modern remedies, 606, bears that name because out of the multitude of experiments carried on with the same end in view, the one with that serial number proved to be successful. Millions of dollars may be spent and nothing accomplished.

"Playgrounds and kindergartens were first developed through private philanthropy, and when they were seen to be valuable adjuncts to municipal activities, after the element of experiments had been largely eliminated, then they were taken



Why Gas Must Be Clean

1 3/1000 of a cubic inch per explosion
2 1/50 of a second to measure
3 1/300 of a second to fire

Consider these microscopic measurements that your motor must deal with—*continuously*. Each cylinder requires about 3-1000 of a cubic inch of gasoline for each explosion. And your engine has just about 1-50 of a second in which to measure and dispense it into each chamber. Then about 1-300 of a second in which to fire the charge.

The least impurity in the gasoline impairs this regularity—in a greater or lesser degree. And you put the blame on the engine—unjustly.

Clean gasoline is a prime essential. And the way to be surest of getting it is to patronize a Wayne Filling Station. The Wayne Honest Measure Pump, with its four screens and a positive filter, makes it impossible for impurities to get into your gasoline tank. Every part of the Wayne System—both pump and tank—coming in contact with the gasoline is galvanized inside and out—thus preventing rust. You get full measures of *clean* gasoline.

A Wayne Honest Measure Pump in front of a filling station or store is pretty sure to be the sign of a dealer who believes in *clean* gasoline and *clean* business.

We are always glad to hear from more dealers of this type. We co-operate to the limit to help them build good will through 100% service to the customer.

Wayne Oil Tank and Pump Company, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

A national organization with offices in thirty-four American cities. Repair stocks and expert service at your command. Representatives everywhere.

REG. U S
Wayne
TRADE MARK

OIL CONSERVATION SYSTEMS

Gasoline and Oil Storage Systems	Heavy Metal Storage Tanks	Oil Filtration Systems	Oil Burning Systems	Furnaces for Metal Melting Forging and Heat Treating

$1.00 Complete

Your
'Ever-Ready'
Safety Razor
will positively shave you better than any razor made, regardless of price, or we will refund you your dollar. The same offer goes for
'Ever-Ready'
Radio Blades
6 for 40¢

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Factories, New York, Toronto, London, Paris.

over as public functions. In the work which it does looking toward the control of diseases like hookworm, yellow fever and the like the effort of the Rockefeller Foundation is to demonstrate what a public-health service can accomplish, and it withdraws from a community as soon as a public-health system has been developed to deal with the situation."

Mr. Rockefeller made the point that his father's vast philanthropies were only a natural development from his early days, when he gave away a few cents a week to various religious and charitable causes.

"With my father, giving has always been a business. He has always regarded his possessions as entailing upon him great obligations and as giving him a rare opportunity to be useful and to serve, such as comes to few men. Thus he has studied his gifts with the same care as he has his investments. He believes that in these philanthropies every cent should yield results for the cause to which it is devoted."

It is necessary to envisage these Rockefeller gifts as a mighty rolling stream which started as a tiny trickle when almost seventy years ago the lad on his salary of four dollars a week recorded in his humble account book the giving of twenty-five cents to a poor man in church and twelve cents to the Five Points Mission in New York. It is well to remember that his first work was that of a bookkeeper and that from his earliest years he had a passion for detail and for economy. If we consider also that other outstanding qualities of John D. Rockefeller have been his monumental patience and what his friends describe as his almost mechanically perfect judgment, it is easier to comprehend the care and thoroughness with which he has studied his philanthropies.

Anyone who has followed in detail the history of the University of Chicago, to which Rockefeller has given about thirty-five million dollars, is sure to be amazed—I might almost say stunned—by the time, patience, thought and care which he devoted to the subject before making even the first relatively small gift. At that time he was being besieged to found a great Baptist university in New York City, also one in Washington, and likewise to build up a number of small struggling schools and academies into universities. Only after he had decided that the Atlantic Seaboard was already fairly provided with educational facilities, relatively at least, that Washington was not a suitable educational center and that Chicago was the center of a great empire which then had no facilities to speak of, did he give a cent to the founding of Chicago University.

Thrift Applied to Millions

John D. Rockefeller has never fired any shots for general results. He has always aimed at bull's-eyes. He has never been rushed into giving money or been persuaded against his judgment by personal appeals and interviews. He has had a horror of letting his benevolence drift into the channel of mere convenience, of giving money because people asked him to or to get rid of them. He once said that "to help an inefficient, ill-located, unnecessary college is a waste," and his insistence has been upon efficiency in giving so that wealth might be of the greatest use. His practical and cautious mind has demanded definite and clear-cut plans from authoritative sources.

One result of the conceptions and principles which have governed the Rockefellers' use of money has been that their indorsement of a cause often means almost as much to it as the money itself. When the Rockefellers give it is not a mere expression of emotional sentiment, the bestowal of their blessing, as it were, upon a good cause. They assume, no doubt, that any benevolent cause is a good one; but they are far from assuming that every one is wise, necessary or well managed.

"This being the case," said Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., "we cannot afford to contribute carelessly or haphazard."

He referred to the studies which have been made of the finances of a number of universities. In one case the authorities of a university were inclined to question the conclusions of the report, but a year or two later they admitted their accuracy and adopted the recommendations made. It may be recalled in this connection that former President Eliot, of Harvard, has often stated that he first became greatly impressed with the Rockefeller system of giving after it had been pointed out to him that a request of his for money was not wise because he did not ask for enough to accomplish the full purpose which he had in view. After the request had been amended to bring it in line with more far-sighted plans he obtained the money he was after, and more.

I asked Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., if there was not great danger of extravagance and waste where such vast sums are involved. In his careful and thoughtful reply to this serious question he explained the philosophy which underlies the thrift, even in small things, for which his father and himself have become known.

He maintained that owing to the size of their interests the slightest sign of careless or reckless spending on his father's part or his own would result not only in reckless waste in their households but would spread and permeate in many directions. When the founder of the Standard Oil Company entered business most of what are now the by-products of oil were thrown away and the waste was appalling. The Rockefeller fortune was founded upon the principle of saving as applied to the oil industry, and both father and son believe that the principle is a vital one to keep alive and that it would be not only unjustifiable but wrong of them to depart from it. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the one man in the world who has given away more than half a billion dollars has a passion for economy and an ingrained constitutional aversion to and abhorrence of waste.

The Training of the Children

Besides, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has his children to think of.

"I say to them with perfect frankness that wealth will go only to those of them who show fitness and ability to handle it wisely; that neither their father nor grandfather will leave them money unless they give evidence that they know how to lead decent, useful lives, and that they will make good use of any property that may come into their hands instead of squandering it."

"But that question may settle itself," I remarked, "if your father should give away all his money."

"That would very likely be the best thing," was the grave reply. "It is father's definite plan to give away very largely while he lives. He has already greatly reduced his fortune."

Mr. Rockefeller is intensely concerned that his children should not be injured by such vast wealth or lose their naturalness in face of it. He works with them to keep accounts and is careful with their allowances. He told of how one of his children as a very small tot watched the others working in the garden, for which work they were paid so many cents an hour. One of the older ones asked the little child why he did not join them.

"Grandfather will be back any day now," he contemptuously replied, "and he is likely to give me a dollar any time."

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the use by Mr. Rockefeller and his son of their fortune is their apparent attitude of detachment toward the money itself. They do not act as if they owned it or as though their personal desires played any part in its use. In what they do and say they act as if the fortune instead of belonging to them belonged to certain immutable, eternal laws and principles of economy, soundness, propriety and stewardship. They seem determined that this wealth shall build, create, work for mankind, a determination so strong that it shows the existence to-day of just as powerful instincts as those which enabled the elder Rockefeller to accumulate such a fortune.

Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., once wrote this sentence: "The very rich are like the rest of us," and it was no pose either. He seeks no glory or praise because of the wealth that he has amassed. He absolutely refuses to show off. A plodding, methodical, self-effacing, enduring, infinitely patient man, his whole attitude is one of "Let's get on with the job." Nor does he ask for or expect credit for the service he has rendered humanity.

He once said of himself, "I live like a farmer, away from active happenings," and he never shows the slightest desire to meet people just because they are renowned or socially or financially important. Father and son are utterly devoid of any desire to get people to kotow to them just because they have money.

(Continued on Page 101)

Superlative Comfort, Style and Economy at Comparatively Low Cost

Kahn Clothes, being "individually tailored" to fit *you* in particular, not "ready-made" for men of your type in general, give you that delightful feeling of physical freedom and at the same time a positive sense of being well groomed.

Their style is never disputed—Kahn style for thirty-five years has been authoritative.

And they *wear*—never losing their built-in shape—remaining good clothes to the last.

Their reasonable price is the direct economic result of the co-ordinated work of more than one thousand highly skilled tailors, in one great tailoring shop. If you would be correctly dressed, and at a sane outlay, look up the nearest Kahn dealer and be measured.

KAHN · TAILORING · CO.

OF INDIANAPOLIS

MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

I Will Pay $10,000 For The Best Thoughts on One of My Problems

Thos A Edison

IN 1851, RALPH WALDO EMERSON said: "Could I only have music on my own terms, whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that are a bath and a medicine."

Emerson spoke the thoughts of millions, and voiced a need of all humanity.

It is obvious that the phonographic reproduction of music affords the only means of providing music of practically every variety, wherever and whenever it is desired; without this means, even those, who live in the great centers of music, can hear it only at conventional hours—and, then, not always the kind of music they most need and desire.

To make the phonographic reproduction of music serve the need expressed by Emerson, it is necessary that the reproduction shall preserve—undiminished and undistorted—the true beauties of the original music. The greatest shortcoming of the phonograph has been its lack of realism. It is this shortcoming which I have sought to remove. The result is a degree of realism in our new phonograph, which is baffling to even the most expert ears, when direct comparison is made between living singers or instrumentalists and the reproduction or RE-CREATION of their work by our new instrument.

Were Emerson alive today, I feel that our new phonograph would be accepted by him as a satisfactory answer to the need, which he expressed. At any rate, the psychological research work, which we have been conducting for nearly two years, indicates that the well known and almost incalculable benefits of music can be derived, in full measure, from the proper use of this new instrument.

Psychologists, physicians, and other scientists appreciate that our object is to provide music of the best sort, under conditions that will insure the largest benefits. The new phonograph, which we have developed, is merely the instrumentality by which I am endeavoring to place truly fine music at the command of every household.

A great many people have said that they regard this new instrument as the best phonograph in existence. While such statements are naturally gratifying to me, I find that the importance of our work in the field of music is somewhat obscured by the fact that so many people continue to think of this new instrument merely as a phonograph. They may think of it as the best phonograph—but it still is only a phonograph to them.

I want a phrase, which will emphasize that our new instrument is not a mere machine, but that it is an instrumentality, by which the true beauties and the full benefits of music can be brought into every home.

The phrase should not contain more than four or five words. I want a dignified expression, which will clearly distinguish this instrument from all other sound reproducing devices.

I have authorized that $10,000.00 in prizes be paid for the best ideas submitted.

(Signed) THOMAS A. EDISON

Details of Mr. Edison's $10,000.00 Prize Offer

can be obtained from the Edison dealer in your locality. If you do not know him, watch for his advertisement in your local newspaper. It costs you nothing to compete for these prizes.

If you are not already familiar with the New Edison, the Edison dealer will afford you every opportunity to become familiar with it, and will supply you with all necessary literature.

All ideas must be submitted upon blanks, which the Edison dealer will provide, and must be mailed prior to September 2nd, 1921.

You do not have to be a trained writer in order to win one of the prizes. Ideas are what count.

(Continued from Page 98)

No matter how much money the Rockefellers give away, the newspapers are always guessing as to how many hundreds of millions or even billions remain. A recent newspaper estimate guessed as high as three billions. In February of this year Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., wrote to the editor of the paper in question to say that his father's estate had never amounted to as much as one billion dollars, "and has been materially reduced by large gifts from principal which he has made during recent years."

It is not improbable that the estate will ultimately prove to be no larger than the estates of many other men of means, if as large. Even in the seventies Mr. Rockefeller gave away large sums, exceedingly large for those days, and it is not unlikely that the sum total of his gifts is greater than any figure yet published.

Some time ago Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., was quoted as having said in a public address that the only thing he had envied his father was the opportunity which the older man had had of making his own way in the world. I asked him if he did not regret never having had an active career of his own in business. He said:

"I was an only son. I had no opportunity to shape my life. There came great responsibilities which had to be met. I was not necessarily the best one to meet them, but I was the only one. I could not stop to think whether I would like to be a lawyer or a doctor.

"What my father needed was someone to help him, not to make more money, but to conserve and utilize what he had. I give no little time to the considerations of business and investment policies, although I do not actually manage any business. I am an interested student of the question of industrial relations and other kindred modern problems which are important, difficult and intricate.

"I suppose if I had had a decided bent for some other line of activity I would not have been at this work, but such was not the case. I felt that my duty clearly lay in this field; that the opportunities would be great. My life has proved enormously interesting. I enjoy the stimulation of the business contacts, while the broad and diversified relationships of our other interests are a constant source of inspiration."

The Son's Fine Tribute

"Never since I went into his office has my father indicated what he wanted me to do or given me any specific authority. From the outset I observed what was going on, sought to inform myself in regard to his general interests, to be of service where I could, to relieve him in every way possible, and gradually assumed responsibilities, often very heavy, without any authority from my father. He is always in a position to challenge any of my actions. But we know and understand each other thoroughly, and have always seen eye to eye. No father could have been more loving, considerate, patient or generous. I have counted these years of close association and service with my father as the highest privilege of my life.

"But don't get the impression that I am not one of the happiest of men. I don't like to be overworked, but on the other hand I am grateful for and humble in the presence of the great opportunities and openings which have come to me. Then, too, the burdens which I carry are not so oppressive to me as if they had come upon me in middle life. I was born into them and have never known anything else.

"My father often says to me, 'It is easier for you, John, to recommend my giving away ten million dollars than it is for me to give away fifty thousand dollars.' That is easy to explain, however, because I have always had to think in millions, while he began to think in dollars.

"But only in the face of a great emergency or crisis does one fully appreciate my father's extraordinary qualities of mind and true nobility of heart. I once asked him over the telephone to back to the extent of five million dollars a certain enterprise into which I had thrown myself. 'Do you think it is all right, John?' was the only question he asked; and upon receiving my assurance on that score he said, 'I will back you to any limit.' When such confidence is shown in one, and with the inspiration of such an example, a man is spurred to do his utmost."

So steadily does Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., apply himself to his work that he rarely takes a vacation without a secretary. Usually he keeps long office hours, and even when days are spent at home they are seldom free from several hours of work with his secretaries.

The number of letters addressed to him and his father at their office sometimes reaches a total of two thousand in a morning's mail, and even with a very large staff many letters must go on up to him.

"It is a constant study with me to seek how I can throw work on other people, but I haven't my father's genius for doing that. We all get accustomed to the harness we wear, however, and I find not only zest but great joy and a feeling of profound gratitude in my duties."

"Do you see results from the gifts which your father and yourself have made?" I asked.

"Remember," he explained, "that we merely supply the fuel and that money is useless unless you have men of the highest ability and finest spirit to work with it. We have been most fortunate in the capable and devoted men who have thrown themselves into these philanthropic enterprises with us, and without whom we could have done nothing. To them belongs largely the credit for the results which are shown. It is an enormous satisfaction to be instrumental in relieving distress and disease—to know, for example, that yellow fever may soon be stamped out, and possibly malaria some day. Then, too, the economic value of stamping out such diseases is colossal compared even with the cost."

Academic Freedom

An interesting feature of the Rockefeller gifts is that many of them are conditional—that is, are given on condition that other large sums are secured. Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., long ago said that this was for the purpose of rooting the institution to which money was given in the affections of as many people as possible. The general desirability of enlarging the circle of contributors to good causes requires no argument here. But it may be pointed out that Mr. Rockefeller also has given enormous sums to institutions which could make no such general appeal.

He has aided many causes which have no popular following or which make no heart appeal, such as teachers' colleges, and yet which may be of the greatest conceivable service to humanity in the long run. He has often been asked why he did not give more to local hospitals, but he has felt that money for such purposes ought to be easy to get locally because of the elements of local pride and heart appeal, whereas research, being a cold abstract thing whose benefit redounds to the whole world rather than to any one community, needs the sort of support which he is so well fitted to give.

Anyone who studies the Rockefeller gifts is sure to be impressed by the uniform and persistent refusal of the donor to have anything to say regarding the subjects taught in the educational institutions which he has aided. The directors of the foundations seek on principle carefully to avoid going into any movement where a false construction might be put on their action or where any controversial matter, especially economic, political or religious, might be at stake. Certainly there are no two sides to the question of health; there can be no controversy as to the desirability of good health; and the largest Rockefeller gifts have been made to the causes of public health, sanitation, medical research and medical education.

A few years ago, after Mr. Rockefeller had given thirty-five million dollars to the University of Chicago, he sent to the trustees the resignations of his personal representatives, saying that in making an end to his gifts he was acting on an early and permanent conviction that the institution should not only be supported but controlled and conducted by the people. The trustees in reply went on record to the effect that he had never suggested the appointment or removal of any professor or indicated either assent to or dissent from the views expressed by members of the faculty.

"He has never interfered, directly or indirectly, with that freedom of opinion and expression which is the vital breath of a university, but has adhered without deviation to the principle that, while it is important that university professors in their conclusions be correct, it is more important that in their teaching they be free. More significant still, this principle has been maintained even in his attitude toward the

Fashion

The vogue of wool hose has a widespread appeal. There is added satisfaction in the knowledge that yours are genuine Patrick-Duluth wool hose. For, aside from your greater physical comfort, you have the knowledge that the famous green and black Patrick-Duluth label which they bear has the same significance as when you find it on any other article of the renowned Patrick-Duluth line—whether overcoat, mackinaw, blanket, robe, cap or sweater. It is as standard as the word "sterling" on silver—for it means that every strand and fiber is 100% virgin wool, from sheep that thrive in the snow.

There is a further advantage in the fact that every operation from the spinning and dyeing of the wool to the finished product is performed in the Patrick mills and factories. This is one reason why Patrick products are so reasonably priced considering their *all virgin wool value.*

The Patrick line is sold only through good dealers. We will be glad to send you a copy of the new catalog if you will write us.

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Sole Manufacturers of both Cloth and Garments

Duluth, Minnesota

The Silent Policeman

PICTURE yourself in dire necessity of the strong arm of the law! You dash out of your house in the night to call a policeman. But, alas, he is nowhere in sight.

That is not always the policeman's fault. He has a good deal of ground to cover, and he may be at the other end of his beat.

But, each night, there is a silent policeman standing at your street corner. There are thousands of them in your city. They are the street lights operated by the big electric light and power company of your community.

Crime cannot exist within the circle of their protecting radiance.

During the war several cities, in their efforts to assist in the saving of coal, ordered the reduction of their street lights. In one great city the Mayor ordered that all such lights, outside of the central business section, should be extinguished at eleven o'clock.

Within an hour after the order was put into effect three murders, a score of hold-ups and innumerable robberies, including the theft of the Mayor's own car from in front of the City Hall, were committed. Before the night was over, the Mayor ordered the street lights turned on again.

It is due to the faith of some 1,450,000 investors in the securities of the electric light and power industry that these silent policemen stand at your street corners.

It is authentically declared that 1,500,000 homes, 500,000 factories, 5,000 churches, 60,000 apartment buildings, 15,000 theatres and 5,000 public schools must be built immediately in this country.

Many of these must be supplied with electric service. New streets will be developed and these streets must be guarded as your street is—with silent policemen. This means that, with public understanding and support, one billion dollars a year will be invested to develop the electric light and power industry during the next four years.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

teaching of a subject so intimate as religion, wherein the mind is keenly sensitive to differences of opinion. Although at times doctrines have been voiced in the university which traverse those the founder is known to hold, he has never shown a desire to restrain that freedom which is quite as precious in theology as in other fields of thought."

This formal statement of the trustees is borne out to the fullest extent by private statements made to the writer at various times by members of the faculties of that institution. Indeed, there are people who feel that radicalism has gained quite a sufficient foothold already among university faculties, and there are just as many teachers with progressive, liberal, advanced and radical views on the faculties of institutions which have obtained Rockefeller money as on those which have not. The increase of radicalism in university faculties, if there has been such an increase, seems to have no connection one way or another with the gifts of Rockefeller or anyone else: If Rockefeller expected to control the views of faculties by endowing their universities he has guessed very badly—has, indeed, made an exceedingly poor investment. And there are those who regard him as quite a skillful investor.

In discussing his father's gift of fifty million dollars to increase professors' salaries, Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., emphasized the tremendous need of keeping professors from going into commercial life.

"The crying need of the day is to hold the trained, devoted and cultured men in their teaching positions," he said. "Otherwise the children of to-day will get a mediocre education. The alternative of raising professors' salaries is to have them go into business life and have low-paid, inadequately trained people take their places.

"The chance of having children get biased views from ignorant, untrained teachers is greater, I submit, than any danger they are in of receiving wrong views on capital and labor from the trained and devoted type of professors who are teaching in our universities to-day."

Rockefeller and His Critics

It is rather interesting to note that the Rockefellers have always declined to support any newspaper or magazine, although they are asked to do so frequently. When I asked Mr. Rockefeller about this he said:

"We are frequently asked to give financial backing to newspapers and magazines for the purpose of inculcating various doctrines. However worthy the undertaking may be, our invariable reply is, 'We will join you only if you will print at the top of the paper, "This paper is owned or controlled by John D. Rockefeller."'

"Other people sometimes say to us: 'But your support won't be known. You can help along this cause without its being known.' People are so apt to suspect us on account of the size of our interests that we have to go further than most business men in being open and frank."

When asked the direct question if he did not think there was danger of public opinion's being improperly influenced by his father's gifts Mr. Rockefeller replied that if that were really the purpose behind the gifts someone would soon discover it, and if such a purpose could be proved in a single instance it would undermine the whole structure built up by their giving.

"How foolhardy would be such an attempt!" he said. "What intelligent man would run such a risk with so much at stake?"

Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., said years ago that he was willing to leave to the vindication of time the methods by which he made his fortune. On this subject his son said to me:

"My father is a marvelous example to me. He has smarted internally under abuse and criticism, but externally he has shown nothing but kindness. Many times he has said to me: 'Don't forget, John, that we have been successful while that man has not. It makes him bitter. We must have no unkind feelings toward him.' I do not say that abuse does not hurt, but that is no reason from swerving from duty as one sees it."

It is often said that Mr. Rockefeller made his fortune by the methods of his time. But are the implications of that statement what they are commonly supposed to be? Rebates ended in the nineties, and if every single unproved allegation of his having done the other fellow in the early days be admitted, the results as regards the size of his accumulations would be picayune, mere child's play as compared with the actual fortune which he did bring together. Rockefeller may have been guilty of every charge made against him. I am not attempting to prove or disprove them. The point I am making is that these alleged early practices do not seem to account for the size which his fortune attained. There must have been other factors at work which have been generally overlooked.

It must be remembered that Mr. Rockefeller's companies never engaged in stock watering or any other forms of Wall Street manipulation. As long as he was in active business, and for years thereafter, Standard Oil stock was not listed on the stock exchange. Even his worst enemy could not accuse him of having profited at the expense of his smaller fellow stockholders. There was never even a suspicion of inside graft in the management of these companies, no rake-offs, commissions or other dubious methods so commonly employed for enriching the insiders of corporations at the expense of the great body of stockholders.

Wisdom, Patience and Judgment

On the other hand, while substantial dividends were paid and kept up regularly for many years, they were comparatively moderate in view of the surplus profits and generally admitted undercapitalization of the company. It is true enough in recent years that enormous stock dividends have been paid, but Mr. Rockefeller's fortune had reached its colossal size before this stock-dividend, surplus-dividing, melon-cutting process, if you will, began. Also, as far as can be learned, Mr. Rockefeller was never in and out of the market in his holdings of Standard Oil stock. From very early days it was his policy apparently to hold a certain fixed percentage of the total stock, practically no more and no less.

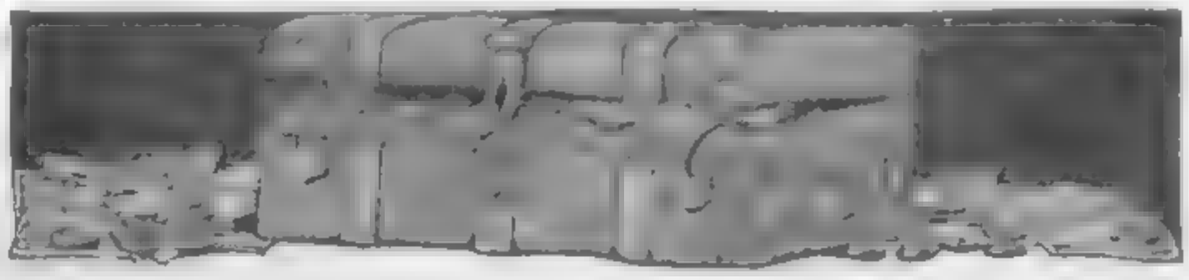
Nor did Mr. Rockefeller, like Carnegie, who had the next largest fortune, make his money on a single deal or trade. Carnegie, it will be recalled, sold out his interest in the Carnegie Steel Company for three hundred million dollars. Rockefeller never put through any deal like that.

The answer seems to be that, in addition to being one of the greatest developers of industry the world has ever seen, Mr. Rockefeller has been the most successful investor. It is true of course that he made one exceedingly fortunate investment and stuck to it. But he made many others. It is true that he made some mistakes, but persons who have studied his career closely say that his judgment in matters of investment is extraordinarily sound.

For many years Mr. Rockefeller bought securities when other people did not want them, in panics, at the bottom of the market. In the early days he entered the iron-ore business, built up the industry and carried his investment through many hard years before selling out to the United States Steel Corporation.

He always had certain policies in regard to his investments. Certain classes of securities he would not buy and into certain territories he would not go. His judgment was almost flawless and his patience was endless. Recommendations went into the almost infallible crucible of his mind without regard to the personal equation, and were considered on their merits.

We hear much about the prevention of great fortunes, but it is an interesting question whether men can be kept from growing rich who have the organizing and constructive genius of Rockefeller, coupled with his wisdom, his patience and his judgment.



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The more you delve into the vitals of the car and analyze its elements, the more you are impressed that here is something inspired by else than just commercialism.

If your bent is along the line of things mechanical, you perceive the hundreds of seemingly minor details developed to exceeding nicety—refinements which if absent the uninitiated would be none the wiser, at the outset.

You could, upon chemical analysis, discover rare metal combinations, and upon minute inspection discern literally thousands of mechanical operations precise to a fraction of the thickness of a hair, ensuring coordination of the units, and wear resistance to the limit of possibility.

You see strength where strength is needed, and lightness where lightness is practicable and without sacrifice of stability.

Many of these betterments reveal themselves immediately you experience the superlative riding and driving qualities of the car; others become more apparent as time goes on, and as they express themselves in greater constancy of performance and in longer life.

Viewed from the point of *stamina* and *endurance*, or from the point of *luxurious ease* and *roading capabilities*, the LINCOLN will impress you as a car quite beyond anything that has heretofore been known.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
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Elmer & Anderson, Architects, Cincinnati

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This is said to be the most completely equipped advertising agency plant in America—housing advertising executive offices, plan and copy study rooms, a data library, a scientific business research laboratory, an art studio, a graphic arts gallery and consultation room, and a complete printing plant and bindery.

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CAREY ROOFING PAINTS include Asphalt-Asbestos Fibre Coating for renewing and preserving worn-out wood, metal and composition roofs. Carbon paint, for hot metal surfaces. Noah's Pitch for stopping leaks. Universal coating for creosoting lumber, etc

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The Philip Carey Company

6 Mills Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

WEST BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 26)

"Thanks!" says we. "Good Luck!" And he says the same, but neither of us seriously hoping for it, and off we went again, with Grandma Peterkin, that was kind of feeble-minded, starting to cry.

Well, Devil's Canyon was a good name for that place all right. It come without warning. The surface of the treeless plain just stopped, that's all, and we went helter-skelter down a steep, winding grade covered with loose stones, and with the rocks above and below us jutting out in strange shapes, like fantastic buildings had been started there and then been left half finished and forgotten. Out we dashed again, leaving the terrible volcanic rock behind now, and coming onto something that faintly resembled a road. But such a road! Evidently it had been raining ahead of us again, and gullies that looked as if they had been put there on purpose crossed it, and we was supposed to cross them on little bridges, which we did by rushing them, but they hardly held us. Believe me, it was some exciting ride!

Then we plunged down into a second canyon—a smaller one this time, with a few tortured, twisted evergreens trying to grow in it, and there we seen what Dakota had meant. The earth around the approach to the bridge on our side was pretty nearly washed out. The Peterkins, who was ahead of us, didn't realize this, however, but made a rush for it and got stuck halfway—sort of with their forepaws resting on the bridge and their hind quarters on the road, if you get me—their differential having come into argument with a plank and refusing to go.

Well, we waited behind them, while they buzzed and buzzed and tried to back off and couldn't. And so finally they all got out and just simply lifted the flivver back where it belonged on the road. But none of us cared to try that bridge again, and so we took the ford instead, there actually being water in this river for once, and Tom was real brave and walked across first to see how deep was it, and found it wasn't, and that the bottom was all rock. So then, as I say, we done our first fording—and got quite a kick out of it, I'll say—and when we had got on the other side Ma Peterkin held us all up.

"Wait!" says she, and so we waited, and ma went around to the other side of her car and took off her red flannel petticoat, not alone on account of the heat but so as to pin it onto that dangerous bridge, which she done with two safety pins she found some place on the kids, and the handle of a busted jack made a pretty good pole.

Then Jim took the lid off my hatbox, which was busted anyways, and with a little axle grease wrote a sign—"The River is Safe to Ford"—and stuck it where it would do the most good, and then we went on our way rejoicing, and feeling my, how considerate we was and what a lot of good we done for humanity—you know the feeling—consequently in a very good temper.

Also, the road got slightly better, or at least recognizable as such, and led us down into a beautiful oasis all willow trees and fertile fields, with a ranch house as pretty as a set, built years ago by Mormans, and the ranch belonging to it had seventy-five thousand acres! Think of it! It's true! And then when we had a drink of water there we passed along out of this miracle of green coolness and come into Las Vegas, a big mining town, where I again saw the exact hat I was wearing in a milliner's window, and where we spent the night.

I mean we spent it in the town, and in also as good a hotel as we had struck so far out of Kansas City, and we had struck all of them that lay to the east of us. But Tom said no he thought he would not eat with us to-night. He had some place he wanted to go, and it was to the municipal camping grounds; and of all things, he took Alma to see a picture of me that was then showing at the Gem!

But Jim and I didn't go into the theater. Instead we took a look at the shop windows, where he bought a couple of his favorite collars, and if I seem to keep repeating that you can get anything you want any place in America it is merely to point out that we have no downtroddenness nor real poverty, or why should there be the demand and supply of these things from one end of the country to the other? And no matter what day of the year Mr. Trotzky was to come over here, it would always be the first of April for him!

Well, anyways, nobody tried to pinch us here, and so next morning early we stopped by the free camping ground, where dozens of cars was huddled together much like the old wagon trains must of at night, and picked up the Peterkins, because we was by now getting used to them, and Ma Peterkin had invited us to lunch in the public park at Santa Fé.

Well, we had the appetite for it, all right, when we got there, for it is some ride through the mountains and the Santa Fé Canyon to the ancient town of that name! Wild, and just nothing but mountains, mountains all the way—twisting, turning and always climbing, endlessly going up on a gravelly, awful dangerous road that certainly had ought to be a one-way affair, especially as there are three roads going from Las Vegas to Santa Fé, and all of them bad and steep, and you got to watch your engine and your step.

But it was almost the most beautiful country yet, with forests of these here strange twisted, stunted cedar trees all over it, and growing in loose gravel that didn't look like anything could live in it; but these trees did, and also big flocks of fat goats, and also even fatter prairie dogs by the million, and it's a mystery how they do it on the diet and remain so stout.

Jim stopped to ask the goatherder why, but he only spoke Spanish, and didn't savvy, and Jim said no wonder, he is a Mex! And Jim, it seems, speaks only a pure Castile Soap Spanish unfamiliar to the unwashed Mexican.

The grades was awful, and twice we had to stop and help the Peterkins lift their fliv over a thank-you-ma'am at the top of a mountain, but by noon we really did come into Santa Fé—an old, old, beautiful town, a wonderful location for a costume picture, and if we had realized how interesting it was going to be we would have fixed it so we could of stayed there longer. We come into it down a narrow, cobbled street with high old garden walls made of adobe on either side, and old churches that look like they had been there since the Year One, and some of them have been since 1582. Then we come to the square where there are more old, old buildings, one of which was the Spanish White House in the early days before this part of New Mexico decided it would like to take out its first papers. Jim thought these buildings was awful cheap to be palaces, and why didn't our present Government put up something dizzy and new instead of copying the old styles which, it seems, were invented by the Indians. But I didn't feel like that at all. To me they were beautiful—like a rich, plain dress made without any regard to fashion on a vivid woman, they fitted this vivid land and became it as nothing else could. They belonged. And when you feel a thing belongs it's O. K., and don't start trying to improve it.

In a way, it was hard to realize this really was in America, what with palm trees, strange flowers and prickly plants falling over the plastered garden walls and spreading gorgeously in the park, where we ate Ma Peterkin's very good lunch shamelessly from a basket. The crooked streets, the vivid yellow adobe houses, the hot, clear sun, the mules and the signs in Spanish—it was all foreign and queer. And the only thing made you realize it was America was the American Indians, of which quite a few was around and acting perfectly natural and as if there was nothing queer about their being there at all, but the green beholder feeling it mighty queer for all of that.

I think these was Prehistoric Indians, because we heard there was some awful interesting Prehistoric Indian dwellings just outside of town; but I don't know, they might of belonged to some other tribe. Anyways, we bought some post cards of them in the drug store, and wrote fine trip wish you were along and mailed them, and then we had to get started, because we had wired Albuquerque for rooms that night, and we would be behind our schedule if we didn't put some pep into it, and I hated to delay, because once I make up my mind to make a place I want to make it. But even so, we was sorry to leave that enchanting, impossible Santa Fé town—and I'll say that if we had known about the La Bajada grade we would of been even sorrier.

Well, that grade was all right when it was built way back in Archæological times, which are of course times that date way

back to the Ark. Because in those times mountains was for Arks to land on, not for cars to pass over. Also it was O. K. for the Spaniards to tease a mule or so up and down it just after Columbus discovered America and before America had discovered cruelty to animals. Well, believe me, the La Bajada grade is something that if you come out of it alive you are entitled to refer to it as a experience. Coming up to it from Santa Fé is all right. You are merely climbing a mountain with lots of Indians in wagons and other curiosities to divert your attention. But coming down - oh, boy!

I will give you a cold fact. In a sharp descent of one and one-half miles - it was over seven miles going up—there are eighteen hairpin turns on a 30 per cent grade and no side walls.

No, that's no use! I can't convey it! But how'dja feel if your car'd got a long wheel base and was too heavy for brakes, and the turns, hanging over the sheer edge of nothing, were so sharp you couldn't round 'em, but had to stop and back and try again on every single one? View? Who cares for views? The only view interested me was of myself safely in La Bajada village on the nice amooth level plain below—and of landing there by way of the road and intact! And somehow we did get there safely.

Now we begun to pass little Indian farms, with funny flat adobe houses, whitewashed and with strings of bright red peppers hanging outside the door—just like it had been done to please the picture postcard man, but real, not fakes, and the way those Indians live every day. Then we went through a pass that really was a pass—because it was a actual cut through some high, granite-looking mountain. We could see it from afar, as the poet says, like a giant gateway, and we come to it over a series of broad washes that would of been impassible if wet. But they was sandy instead, so that was all right. And when we dived into this giant canyon that might of been made by God with one blow of a superhuman ax I got a leave-all-hope-behind feeling, but quite unjustly, for before long we had passed through it over excellent paved roads, just like Raton, and wound our way down into Albuquerque.

Now it is a funny fact, but sometimes when things seem to go the most wrong it is all for the best. Probably some other writer has said this before me, but it is just as true as if it was new, and that is how things turned out about the fact of—in spite of our telegram—our not being able to get into the big hotel and having to go to the American House. Jim grumbled at it, and I was fed up with him the way a woman generally gets with her husband at the end of a long, hard day's trip. So we sat in our room and fought over which route would we take next day—the north one through Laguna, Grant and Gallup, where the interesting things are, or the south one, where the roads was said to be better. And we fought so hard and the night was so hot that even after a walk around the beautiful railroad station with its dozen of Indians and its marvelous shop—full of Indian treasures, where for once we bought something besides post cards, and Tom bought a blue alleged tourquoise necklace from a sqaw, although for whom I could give but one guess, and they do go well with red-gold hair—well, I couldn't sleep very good, and so it happened that I got up early next day, before Jim did, and I was mad at him because he had sent a telegram to Gallup to hold rooms for us there and I still wanted to go to the southern route.

Well, I got up and dressed, and while he was in the bathroom, but I with my things all on—and it's the truth, I never kept him waiting the whole trip except a few times—well, anyways, while waiting for him I stood looking out through the Nottingham lace curtains, and there what did I see but the big red car with the two bulls in it, exhausted and dusty and seeming to of been on the road all night, drive into the garage across the way—which was not, I may mention, the one where our bus was.

Then they left their car and staggered over to the other hotel!

Well, I just stood at the window frozen for a minute while I tried to think what to do. And then when I made sure those tired cops wouldn't be back for a little while I did what I had thought of. Saying nothing to Jim, I left the room and walked straight to that garage. There was nobody around but one man, and so I spoke to him, meanwhile spotting where the red bus was parked in a near-by stall.

"Any cars to hire?" I says. The man shook his head.

"Nope," he says. "There's a fair over at Laramie, and you can't hire a car in this man's town for love nor money."

"Too bad!" I says. "But maybe you got some platinum magneto points. They would help me just as good."

"Nothing doing!" says the bird. "Feller here waiting for them now—none in town. We don't handle that sort of thing—have to send clear to Indianapolis for 'em."

"Shucks!" says I. "Then would you mind phoning to the depot for me and seeing what train accommodations I can get to Las Vegas?"

Well, he fell for it, and while he was up in the office doing it I lifted the hood of that big red Mouser and pulled its teeth—quietly, quickly and effectively. In other words, I removed the magneto points, slipped 'em into my sweator pocket and strolled out of the garage at my leisure, after thanking the obliging garage boy for information that I didn't need about the 10:15.

"There!" I thought. "It will take 'em quite a while to find out what ails that bus, and another spell to get the cure!"

And then I rushed for the hotel and give Jim the razoo.

"Shake a leg!" I says. "And make it snappy! We are leaving this man's town inside of twenty minutes, and we're going by the southern route, where there are no railroads!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Yosemite Valley, Yosemite National Park

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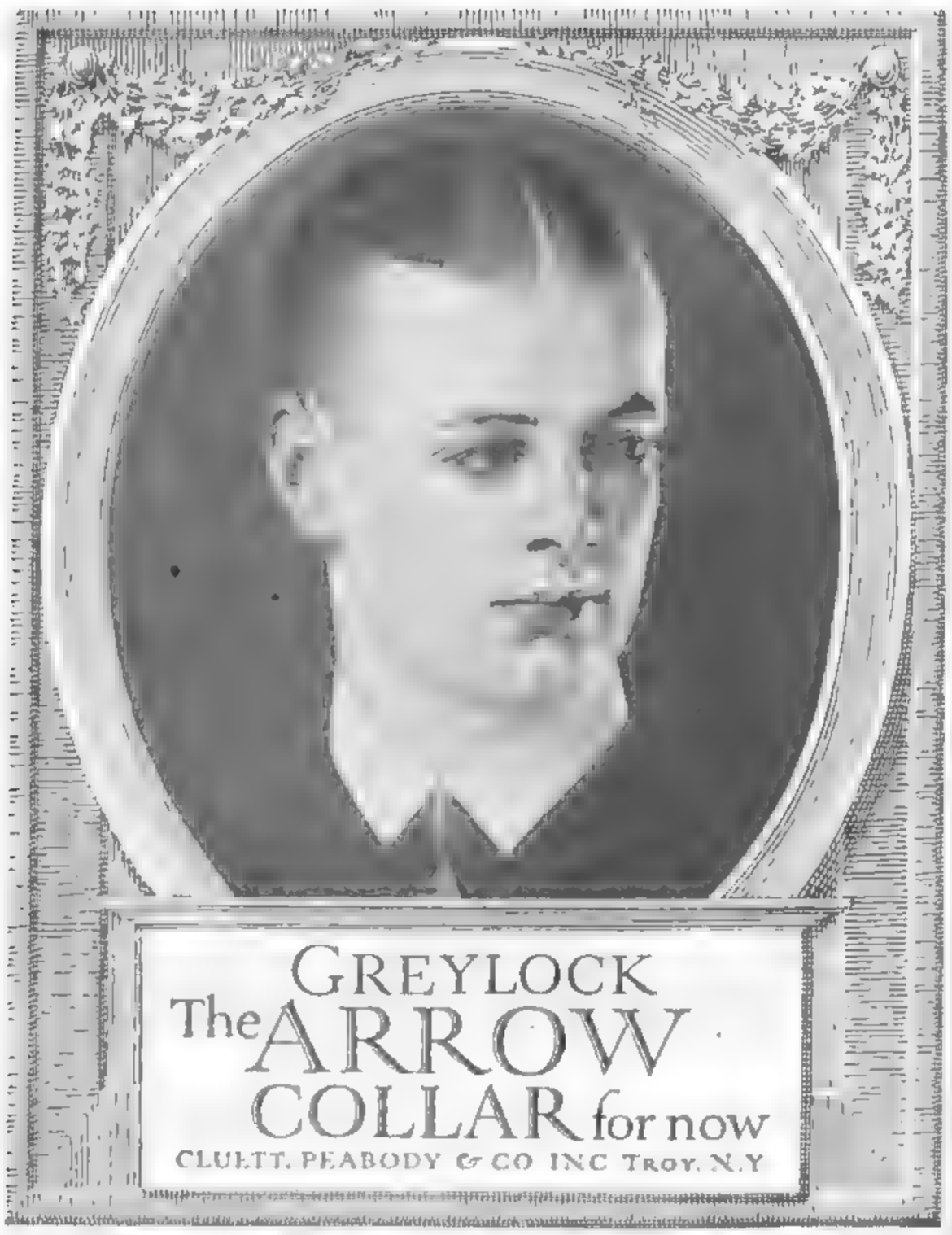

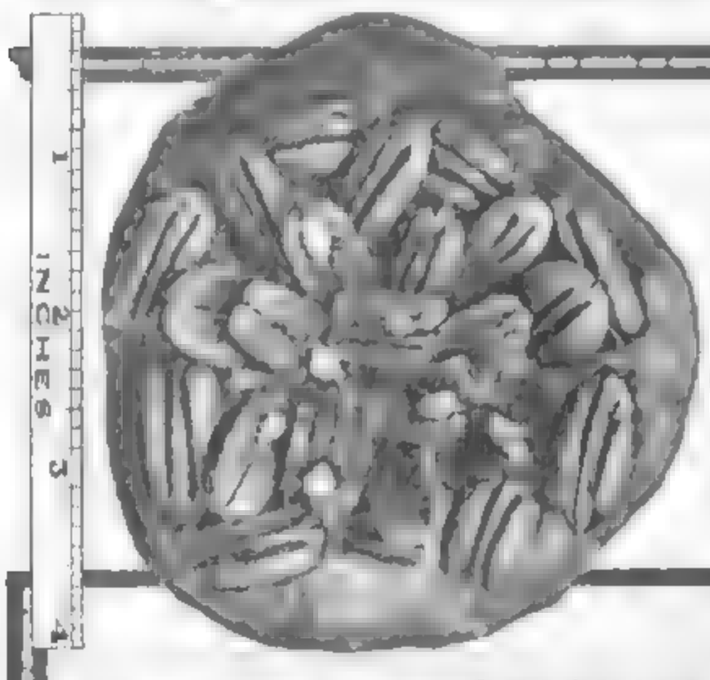

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Dept. P New Orleans, La.

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SWEET SYLLABLES

(Continued from Page 4)

married until, that afternoon, he found himself with Cynthia in the compartment of a railway train bound west. He sat staring across at this strange woman about whom he knew so little, his eyes thoughtful with the brooding wonder of the man not very used to women who suddenly finds stretching before him the prospect of a startling and intricate intimacy. The compartment was filled with the delicate perfume of Cynthia's clothes. She leaned forward and touched his long brown hands.

"Gee, kid," she said, "you oughta see a manicure!"

Out of the confused impressions of the first three months of marriage, into the dangerous doldrums of analysis that follow, Kilfoyle brought three outstanding observations concerning his wife: One, that she was afraid of mountains; two, that he couldn't for the life of him make out whether she cared for him very much or not; three, that as a lover of books and one of those fortunate—or unfortunate—people who thrill with the dulcet keenness of the English tongue it would be necessary eventually for his peace of mind that Cynthia pick up a slightly more accurate knowledge of that difficult medium. After a while "Gee, aren't they big!" as a description of everything from snow mountains to flowers, with a change merely in the adjective, or "Kid, I think you're kinds nice" as an expression of the deepest moments of affection, begin to pall on even the most easy-going of men. Not that Kilfoyle was a prig—at least he hoped he wasn't—or that in this last discrimination concerning Cynthia he was unaware that a delicate situation was presented. After all he had married her knowing her method of speech, and it was most certainly not her fault.

The need for constant repression got him into rather a mystic crusading mood in which he saw himself, with infinite tact, complete subtlety and a firm gentleness, leading Cynthia from the simple plains of "Well-Told Bits" to the ragged glories of George Meredith, and from the subversions of Broadway to the direct, linguistic vulgarities of the well-bred. A great many men find themselves in this state of mind regarding the women they love, but as a rule they never get very far with it. The mystic mood breaks down in a fit of temper.

Outwardly Cynthia fulfilled all demands utterly. She brought a darting delight to Kilfoyle's days. In her blue linen smock and big hat, working in her vegetable garden—she really liked vegetables and flowers—in the early mornings of a high country, she stirred his heart as a swift bird might, or a floating cloud; so, too, when at night she sat near him in some filmy, diaphanous dress, reading, in the circle of the lamp, with a grave intensity, the latest work of Ethel Dell or the newly discovered ancient glories of Elinor Glyn. He took a particular delight in her riding clothes, and rejoiced in the way she showed a fondness for horses and a natural ability to handle them. The violet circles beneath her eyes were gone, and her eyes were clear as the skies they lived beneath, and her cheeks were cool with healthy blood. She sang a great deal nowadays.

"You like this country, don't you?" Kilfoyle asked.

Cynthia screwed up her eyelids.

"Oh, I don't know!" she answered. "I've never thought."

"You've been here three months, and never thought?"

Cynthia made a face.

"Aw, come on, old sour-face!" she objected. "What do you care? You're always askin' some question like that!"

Kilfoyle's face suddenly went white, and he leaned over and caught the rein of her horse and turned him about.

"You come home!" he said.

They rode back to the ranch in silence, through the iridescent dusk of the August evening. Cynthia cast startled glances from time to time at the big flannel-shirted man sitting his saddle so easily beside her. She had never seen him angry before. What was he angry about?

Thinking about it afterwards, Kilfoyle realized that it wasn't so much the trivial incident of three or four days later which caused the first serious break in his carefully guarded self-control as the continual overthrowal on the part of the unconscious Cynthia of his especial moments of pride and heightened affection in her. There was almost a fatefulness in the way in which she brought him down to earth from the flights his fancy took in her absence; almost a genius of wrong word and wrong gesture. He felt that if she called him kid any more he would probably strike her. And yet he loved her; that was the desperate part of it.

At this period he was, as a rule, away from the ranch most of the day, off on some business that took him miles into the adjoining country, and during these long warm days in the saddle, particularly when at twilight he was headed home through the placid evening interval, Cynthia's charm and sweetness alone seemed real to him, the rest immaterial—bad habits not her fault, which, if only he were patient, she would in time overcome. A moment or two with Cynthia would completely change this point of view. There was a baffled, trapped feeling about this predicament he had never before experienced in his life of somewhat ruthless directness.

On this particular late afternoon he rode down from the hill back of the ranch to find Cynthia, in company with one Henry, a boy who worked for him, sitting on the fence of the vegetable garden, swinging her heels and engaged in a conversation so humorous that at times it looked as if both she and Henry were trying to hold each other from falling off. She waved a casual hand.

Kilfoyle unsaddled his horse and patted him on the flank and sent him off in the direction of the pasture; then he walked over to Cynthia and her companion.

"When you get through, Cynthia," he said, "I'd like to see you in the ranch house."

She jumped down immediately, flushed and sparkling, and walked beside him up to the house, swinging by its strings her wide linen bonnet. She seemed unaware of his state of mind.

"Gee," she chuckled, "he's a funny kid, that Henry! I think they're all funny, these cowboys. Talk of Will Rogers!"

She had no premonition that anger was in search of her until she was seated opposite Kilfoyle before the big empty fireplace in the living room. Then, when she had lifted her eyes and had seen the look in his, her own were abruptly shadowed by long eyelashes. It was as if a child had been dragged from the heightened mood of play into the presence of unintelligible punishment.

"Well?" she asked sullenly.

Kilfoyle was not altogether at ease.

"You are aware, aren't you," he asked, "that you are my wife?"

"Why not?" she retorted with a swift glance.

"Because"—he sat up straight in his chair, his sense of wounded dignity recovered—"if you are you should be a little more careful how you behave, for my sake, if not for your own."

"What've I done now?"

"I don't mind you in the least being on good terms with these boys here. That's right and proper—they're good boys. It's a democratic country, but ——" He got to his feet, and thrusting his hands in the pockets of his riding breeches began to pace up and down the room. "What's the use?" he complained bitterly. "What's the use of my talking to you? You wouldn't understand if I did."

"Wouldn't I?"

It was Cynthia's turn to ask questions. She drew herself up, her expression changing from one of mute rebellion to one of swift determination.

"Come here!" she said.

Kilfoyle came over to her slowly. She looked up at him with wide violet eyes.

"Jealous of me?" she asked.

Kilfoyle flushed.

"No!" he stammered hotly. "No, of course not! If I were you'd know it! It's a question of common sense, of fitness, of decency."

"You need never be jealous of me, kid." Cynthia's voice was unexpectedly husky. "I guess I'm not like any girl you ever met before. Remember, I've been on my own ever since I was eighteen. If I'm going to throw you over I'll do it in the open. And I guess, too, I know all you've done for me. I'm square, anyhow." She looked down and thoughtfully plaited a fold of her skirt

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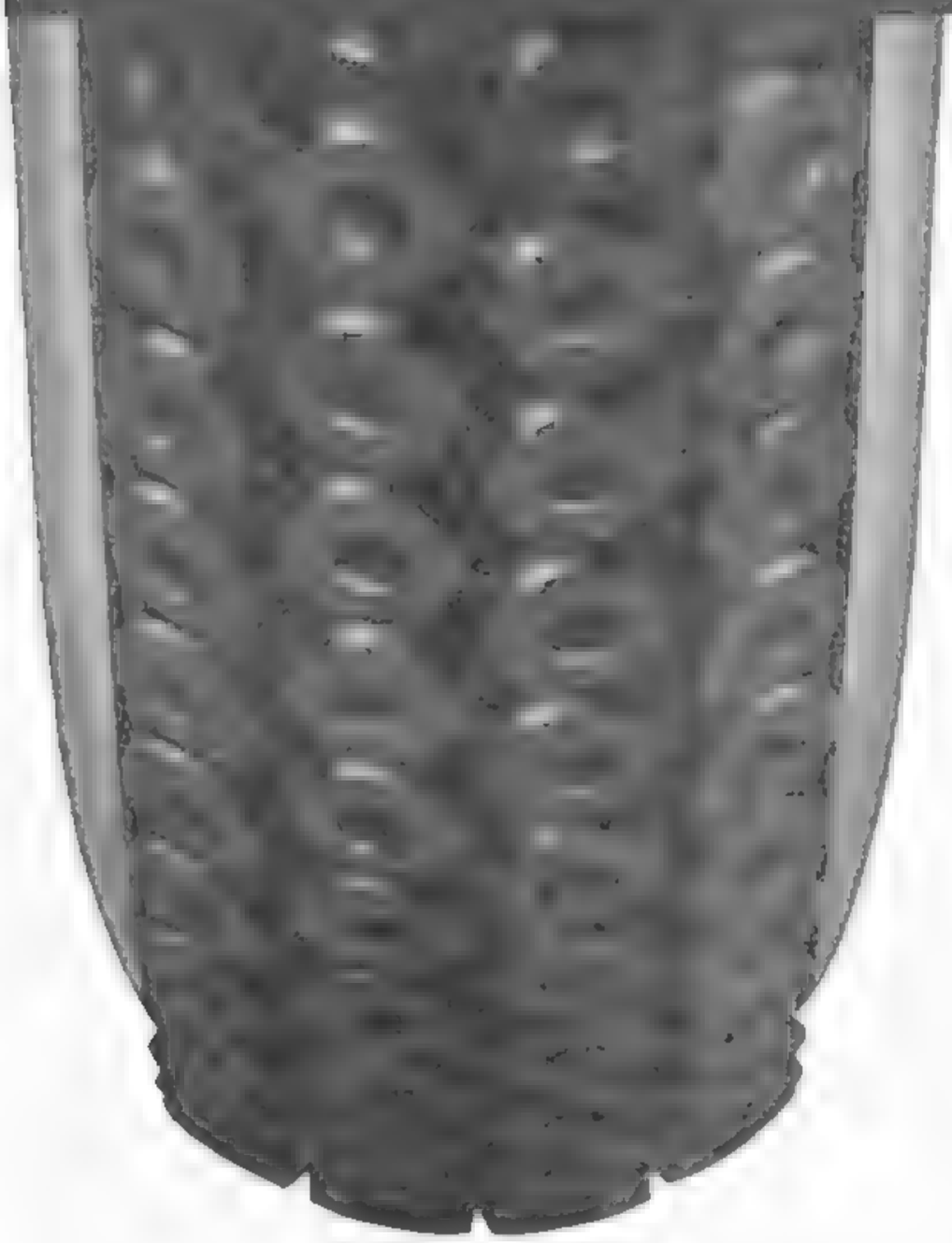

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(Continued from Page 106)

between her fingers—those delicate appealing fingers. "Not that I don't sometimes get lonely," she admitted, "and miss the old crowd. But if I go you'll know beforehand. I don't think I'll ever get used to these big ugly mountains, though."

"Ugly?"

Cynthia nodded.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Kilfoyle. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" Here was once again calm dismissal of the secret ardors of his soul. He leaned over her fiercely. "Look here," he asked, "are you satisfied at all?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Doesn't being with me take off some of the loneliness?"

Cynthia's eyes wavered, became confused.

"I"—she began. "I ——"

And then she stopped helplessly, as if the muscles of her throat were taut.

"Well, go on."

"I"—she spread out a despairing hand—"I—I never know what I oughter—I mean, ought to—say to you."

"You mean ——" Kilfoyle suddenly threw up his head and stared at the wall opposite him. When he looked down again his eyes were shining. "Oh, my dear!" he said thickly, and began to stroke her hair. "I'm—you're afraid of me—is that what you're trying to say? I—what a stupid fool I am! Don't be afraid of me, Cynthia, and—and don't be lonely. We're going to California this winter, aren't we? Is that all right? I'll—I'll go anywhere you like; I'll do anything you want. Don't be afraid of me!"

He was bending over her now, completely absorbed in self-abnegation, his hands gripping her shoulders.

A smile began slowly to turn the corners of Cynthia's mouth and to release a dimple in her cheek. She looked up shyly.

"Go on!" she said. "You needn't worry about my loneliness. Look here, I've had plenty enough excitement to last me a long time, kid. Besides, I like the country. Honest, I do! I wouldn't have married you if I hadn't. My folks came right off a farm." She struggled to her feet, giving him an affectionate little push as she did so, and picked up her hat. "I'll have to see what that Chink cook is doin'," she explained affably. "Gee, we're serious guys, ain't—aren't we?"

Kilfoyle allowed her to depart in silence.

His sense of defeat was entire. The complete lucidity of the mountain night which enveloped him, contrary to its usual effect, rendered him only the more dissatisfied. Here was something needing no explanation, yet entirely competent, with no medium save light, to carry its message. Why couldn't the relationship of human beings be the same? Why was each one shut off in his or her little air-tight compartment, able to communicate only through the muffled symbols of speech? He felt a grievance against words in general. It was so little more he wanted of Cynthia, and yet that little meant so much. Above all, it was so difficult apparently to explain what that little was. He realized clearly how undeservedly fortunate in the main he had been. Marrying as he had, he might have found himself entangled in all manner of disastrous and unbeautiful circumstances. But there his intuitions had been correct. At the bottom of the curious opaque little well that was Cynthia there was a foundation of firmness, a shining solidity. That was not what was troubling him. It was a discoloration of the surface; a total of little things, laughable, maybe, separately, but in the aggregate tragic.

The cook came out to tell him that dinner was ready. He found Kilfoyle smoking a cigarette, standing erect and immobile in his high-heeled boots, a stately shadow in the slim length of his tucked-in overalls and the long line of his flannel shirt, staring at the moon.

"Tell Mrs. Kilfoyle I won't be in," he said. "I've that sick mare I want to look after. Save me some supper."

He stepped from the porch into an encompassing brilliance that seemed to shut him off in a world in which he and his thoughts were alone. . . . About certain trains of disconnected incidents there is often what appears to be a fundamental logic deeper than the logic of human intention; or perhaps it is the mood of certain hours that makes continuous all that comes within their scope. Kilfoyle, later on that night, was to be made aware of a miracle, basic and tender and silver as the moonlight itself. . . .

In his duties about the barn, unnecessarily prolonged, close to the warm sweetness of hay and the homely smell of animals his dissatisfaction began slowly to drop from him and be replaced by a cooler, more rational frame of mind. Barns were especially invented for ratiocination. There is in the measured munching of grain, the occasional stamping of hoofs, the slow soft breathing something that invites thoughtfulness. It began to dawn upon Kilfoyle that he was an absurd person; and that Cynthia was not without her absurdity; and that, above all, the situation, largely created by him, was absurd almost to incoherence. Why should he be afraid of Cynthia and Cynthia afraid of him? Marriage, after all, was a contract, and it should be possible to discuss differences of taste or opinion with the amiable, unflurried intention of the business intellect. He would set Cynthia down in a chair and tell her in detail and with a gentle implicitness what he meant. Surely she could not be hurt. She would realize the utility, the importance of what he was saying. Intelligent frankness seldom failed of its intention. Besides, everybody wanted to learn—he had said it enough to believe it. He picked up his lantern, eager with this newly achieved wisdom. If Cynthia had not gone to bed he would seize the present moment to talk to her, while the common sense of it was strong upon him. The way to the ranch house skirted the mystic transformation of the vegetable garden, where on illumined nights long rows of common things changed to goblets and bowls of still fire.

The dark living room was warm with the heat of lamps just blown out and of human presences recently gone—the actual ghosts that haunt the actual world—and passing through it he paused before the door of his own sitting room. There was no light showing between the cracks. Cynthia was in bed then. He opened the door noiselessly and stood in the presence of his miracle.

At first it seemed a simple miracle—almost no miracle at all. Cynthia, stepping from one of the tin tubs that afforded the ranch's only means of the kind, had paused halfway across the room. She was standing completely still, gazing towards the window as if she too had been touched by the immense quiet; as if she were some Undine, some naiad engaged in rites older than the memory of man. There was about her slight figure a glimmering radiance, a lucent quality that seemed to Kilfoyle more than human. She must have been greatly absorbed in her thoughts, for she had not heard his entrance. The moonlight turned her hair to spun gold and touched her shoulders with whiteness. Then she heard Kilfoyle, and turned about and raised a protesting hand and laughed. He hurried into the bedroom beyond.

Kilfoyle leaned upon the window sill and stared at the brooding glamour of the night. Before him wide fields shimmered with brightness. He remembered that somewhere George Moore, that beautiful, unbeautiful, quaint little man, had spoken of the essential smallness of women that lay beneath the penumbra of their outer wrappings; their essential fragility; the something heartbreaking about it. But it was more than that—much more. It was the essential heartbreaking smallness of all mankind; the essential defenselessness; the pathetic childlikeness that falls upon all, rich and great and poor and humble, once the manners and the defenses of the day are put aside. How easily hurt they were, and open to the winds of harm! And by night this lying down and closing of the eyes and utter trust in a sleep that was the drowsily smiling—perhaps sardonically smiling—brother of death! His yearning reverence and pity were filled with surprise at the amazing bravery of it all. Something atavistic, too, something of worship stretched down to him from the dim ages when the lonely courage of aspiration had first made out of rebellious material the sensitive star-gazing wonder of the human body. He saw himself and Cynthia not merely as a man and a woman, but as symbols of countless men and women who, coming together defenseless, had made for themselves a frail defense against the terrors of the dark. How could he wound Cynthia, even ever so slightly? How could he cause her a moment's pain? Without looking back, without a question, she had stepped out to him from the confused labyrinth of the world, trusting to him utterly with a courage ridiculous and sublime. She was a little thing, easily hurt.

He stared across the fields at the placid glory of the mountains.

"Marriage isn't such a simple affair, after all," he said to himself.

Then he lit a candle, and drawing a pad and pencil towards him left a note for Cynthia where she would be sure to see it.

"I love you," it ran, "very much indeed. More than I can ever possibly tell you. Take my word for it, and forgive me. I will see you to-morrow morning. Don't be afraid of me."

When he had finished he slipped out through the window into the night.

Poor moments of enlightenment! Poor tendernesses of men, and sentiment, or sentimentality, or whatever you choose to call it! Men have died because just juries wanted their suppers, and wars have started from the indigestion of kings. Kilfoyle awoke the next morning to a hot, sticky day, with rain threatening the hundreds of tons of hay that were down in his fields and with his eyes feverish from the emotions of the night before and the restlessness of an uncomfortable bed. He went up to a breakfast table where a cool and dewy Cynthia, obviously self-satisfied with the note he had left for her, none the less felt it apparently a duty to chide him for his lack of consideration.

"You don't seem to care whether I worry or not. Honest, I was frightened! You act kinda—kind of, I mean—nutty—that is, crazy."

"Nutty?"

"I said it!"

"I—I do things on the spur of the moment, Cynthia."

"I'll tell the world you do!"

"May I beg you ——" Kilfoyle began. He raised a somber face which, if feelings expressed themselves more concretely, would have been blurred with the marks of Cynthia's dainty feet. "And so that's all you got out of it?" he concluded with a dangerous calm.

Cynthia was aware of an atmosphere of peril.

"Oh, no!" she fluttered. "I—I liked your letter." There were signs that she was trying to make a little joke. "Gee, kid," she added with a propitiatory, not very assured, smile, "you certainly do know how to write notes! You must have had an awful lot of practice before you met me. I'll say so!" She stopped as if she knew she had been wildly saying just the things she shouldn't.

Kilfoyle had been staring at her with eyes slowly widening to incredulous astonishment.

"Look here, Cynthia," he asked in the same even voice, "does it make any difference to you whether I love you or not?"

She caught her breath sharply and fumbled with the coffee percolator.

"Oh," she pleaded, "kid—for the love of God!"

Kilfoyle's anger broke like the thunderstorm that threatened above the hills. This seemed to him the final disillusionment, the final wrecking of his hidden temple of pride.

"I've told you," he said—"I've told you a thousand times not to call me that! In itself it's a small thing, but it's a sign of the whole damnable business. Is it impossible for you to learn anything? Is it because you don't care—because it's nothing to you what I think or what I feel? I thought I had married a woman anyhow. Not a sign from you—not one single sign! Now I'm through until you learn better. I'm done! I'm going away!"

He arose from his chair and turned on his heel. Cynthia called him back. He faced about reluctantly.

"What d'you mean?" she asked.

"What good would it do to explain?"

"Tell me!"

"Then I mean just this, although you won't understand what I am talking about: When I married you I thought I could do something; that—that you might learn something. Now I know you can't. You can't even begin to know what it is that it is necessary for you to know. You can't imagine it, because your imagination can go only so far as the words you use will let it. And you haven't any words, and the ones you have don't mean anything. You're spiritually dumb. I see at last that between the mouth and the heart there is a connection that can't be put aside. And there is no use in your trying, for you don't know even how to begin."

It was true! The human mind was capable of rising only to the level of the words it knew. How could it go farther? How could it assimilate images when the phrases needed to describe them were lacking? Poverty of speech, twisted metaphor, was a tragedy of the soul much more than of the tongue. Cynthia and her kind were blind people in a world of smell and color and movement; were tongue-tied in the midst of imperishable lovely sounds. He turned again toward the door.

"You mean ——" Cynthia began. She raised her head with a dogged courage. "I guess you mean I'm ignorant. Is that it?"

"It's as good as anything," said Kilfoyle wearily over his shoulder.

"Come here, ki—I mean, dear!"

"No!"

"Come here!"

"No!"

"All right!" Cynthia arose slowly. "Can Hanson take me to the station in a car? I'll pack a few things—you can send the rest after me."

Kilfoyle faced her.

"Where are you going?"

Cynthia's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were starry.

"I'm goin' home," she said. "I'm goin' back where people don't care how I talk. Get out of my way!"

For a moment Kilfoyle was on the point of stopping her, then he stepped aside.

"You can go," he said, with an effort towards calmness. "Perhaps it's the best thing for a while. In a month or so I'll come on and get you. Be—be careful what you do. It—it's a big decision."

He threw himself moodily into a chair. Yes, it was their one chance of salvation. It would give them time to think things over anyway. To go on as they had been doing was hopeless. Cynthia would taste again in New York the heat and confusion and despair of making her own living, and when eventually he went on to find her she would be in a frame of mind to listen patiently to what he had to say; to that gentle, logical, carefully tactful speech he had thought about so much!

He instructed Hanson concerning the car—a truck to carry Cynthia's baggage—and gave Cynthia money for her ticket and her journey East.

"Can I help you pack?" he asked.

She did not look up from her task.

"Can I help you pack?"

"No! Go away! Oh, damn!" It seemed to Kilfoyle there was a sob in her voice.

"You—you mean you've changed your mind?" he faltered, with an eagerness he had not intended.

"I was cursing the tray," explained Cynthia coldly.

At eleven o'clock she left in the truck. The station—a water tank, a ticket office, and a semaphore in a fold of dark hills was distant forty miles of bad roads down the valley, and the train left at three. Kilfoyle thrust into Cynthia's hand a box of sandwiches and a vacuum bottle filled with coffee. She took them listlessly. Her other hand, ungloved, lay in her lap. Kilfoyle looked at it and his throat hurt.

"I'll be back in about a month to get you," he stammered.

"You needn't bother," said Cynthia.

He watched her depart in silence and then went back to the house. How abruptly unlike itself it had become! How silent and empty! He had never realized before the loss an intimate presence brings, once it is gone, to all other intimate things. It was an hour or so before he plucked up sufficient courage to go into the bedroom.

It was littered with the discarded odds and ends of hasty packing. Here was a ribbon Cynthia had dropped, and here an abandoned hat. He picked these up and put them away. Suddenly a cold fear

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assailed him. Suppose this was the end! Suppose Cynthia really did not care for him, or suppose he had angered her beyond forgiveness! No, that could not be true! His sober reasoning told him better than that. But—well, it wasn't going to be a very happy experiment for him. Not in the least—not in the least!

He began opening and shutting the drawers of the dressing table. Cynthia was not the neatest of women. There were piles of unarranged fresh handkerchiefs, a broken lip stick or two, hairpins, a torn hair net, several photographs of actors and actresses cut from illustrated papers. In one corner was a brown thick little book lying on top of a heap of gloves. Kilfoyle picked it up and turned idly to the flyleaf. On it was written in Cynthia's round, unformed hand, "Cynthia Collins Kilfoyle. July, 1920," and below were a number of penciled notes. Kilfoyle's forehead wrinkled as he read them.

"Kid!" ran the first. "Don't use—he doesn't like it."

"You betcha—bad!"

"Honest to God—bad!"

"Hell—not sure. Uses it himself."

"Gotta—bad!" And so on.

At the bottom was written again, "Kid—especially bad!"

Kilfoyle looked at the cover of the book. It was a child's book of grammar!

For a moment he stood perfectly still, then he slipped the book into his pocket and strode through the ranch house to the outer door.

"Dayton!" he called in a terrible voice.

A boy came running from the kitchen.

"What time is it?"

"One."

"Can the car make the station in two hours?"

"I don't know. Maybe.

"Bring it around. I'll try."

He did—in a cloud of running dust and with a thunder of open muffler. He passed the truck, homeward bound, with no reply to the greetings of the open-mouthed Hanson; but as he rocked down the final hill to the isolation of the water tank he knew it was too late. A kindly but absorbed station agent assured him of the fact.

"The missus? Oh, yes; she left on Number Two half an hour ago."

"And there's nothing till to-morrow at the same time?"

"Nothing but the Wendon local at six. But say, if you take the westbound at 5:40 you can get off at Perfection and overhaul Number Two at White River. Sure! They lap there."

"To-night?"

"Yes."

"I'll do it."

The hours seemed interminable. Kilfoyle paced up and down the unshaded platform, where the boards creaked in the heat. In the surrounding sagebrush the cicadas whirred like sticks dragged across palings. The encircling hills, shimmering like bronze breastplates beneath the cloudless sky, turned to gray silver as the sun began to approach the west. The absorbed station agent appeared and disappeared upon mysterious errands like a rabbit in a vegetable patch. Far off, Kilfoyle saw the glitter of the westbound train coiling its way through the ochre buttes like one of the prehistoric serpents they had formerly sheltered.

He picked up his bag and stepped forward. A white-clad porter swung down; a conductor; and then, looking about a little helplessly, appeared the slim silhouette of Cynthia. Kilfoyle stared. He was quite sure about it! He was awake! He walked over to her.

"Coming home?" he asked in a muffled voice.

She nodded.

"I've got the car here."

He led her over to it. The train pulled out as he released his brake. The car crawled up the hill in the growing dusk. The smell of sweet clover was everywhere. As a ranchman, Kilfoyle detested it; but he liked it now. He reached over and seized Cynthia's hand. Suddenly she put her head down on his shoulder and wept.

"I left my purse!" she wailed. "I forgot it in the truck! I had nothing but my ticket and enough change to get back from Wendon! I—I was afraid! Even these old hills seemed homelike! I—I—I guess you've got me, ki—dear, I mean!"

"There, there!" said Kilfoyle soothingly. "There, there! It's all right—all right!" He clung to her captured fingers.

Damn fingers! Little heartbreaking fingers!

He wasn't altogether happy. He failed to see utter contentment; there was no perfection about it; but he was happier than most.

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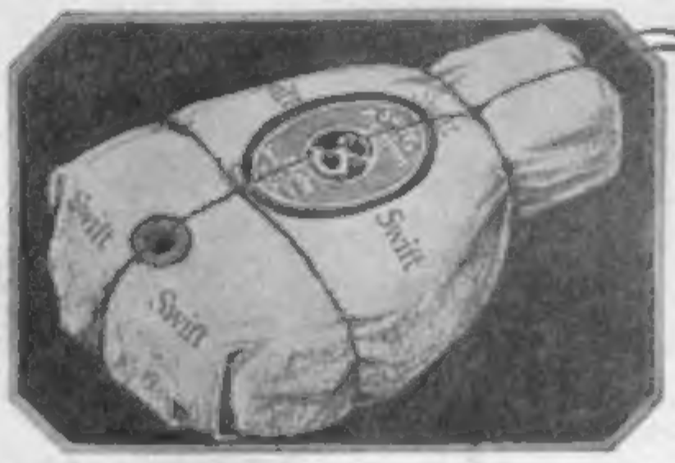

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